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Under the Direction of

MOST REV. EDMOND F. PRENDERGAST, D. D.

RIGHT REV. MGR. JAMES P. TURNER, D. D., ASSOCIATE EDITOR,

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

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THE NEWER GOSPEL.

THOSE who in the sixties or seventies of the last century were still young have passed through a change of spiritual and religious atmosphere as great in its own way as the change from the stage-coach to the railway period. Looking back fifty, forty or even thirty years, the difference shows when realized as enormous, and for Catholics, who alone among professing Christians can afford to recognize these facts with perfect frankness, the phenomena presented are not only of serious, but of singular and absorbing interest. For while the Catholic Church stands where she has ever stood, the world which faces her seems to have undergone a sort of kaleidoscopic transformation, and her own work, while still the same, is having to be carried out within a vastly altered medium.

Sixty, nay, fifty years since many things, now burning questions, had for the majority of even well-educated men and women no existence whatever. Protestantism had its recognized place as part of the universal scheme of things. Within it the High, the Low and the Broad parties had each their somewhat restricted standing ground, while beyond this territory there was a sort of "no-man's-land," the reputed haunt of "freethinkers" and "infidels," but within whose territory exceptionally daring spirits now and then scandalized their friends by penetrating. A survival, when we meet one, of this older order seems almost archæologic in its value, and what

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it was and how much it stood for in its working prime this only the oldest among us can recall.

But this is by no means the whole, for with the early years of the present century what was for most people a startlingly novel conception of Christianity appeared above the religious horizon and declared itself to be, in fact, neither more nor less than a new recension of the older Christian Gospel; a recension specially adapted to the changed and enlarged requirements of the modern mind.

Nearly four hundred years since now there occurred a very similar phenomenon. An "Evangelium," or "Message of Salvation," was then proclaimed by the Reformer Martin Luther, and declared by him to be a rediscovery of the true doctrine of Christ—and the Protestant Christianity which thus stepped into being drew to itself on a variety of counts so large a following as to split European Christendom into two hostile camps.

Is there any connection between these two Gospels? Are the attractions they offer in any degree the same?

Neo-Christianity, the Christianity of the "modern mind," says "yes" here, for though it affects to be as much Neo-Catholic as Neo-Protestant, it is the work begun, but not finished, by the Protestantism of the sixteenth century that it more particularly claims to be now carrying out. It is into the meaning of this claim that I here propose to examine.

Taking the "Gospel" of the sixteenth century to begin with—e. g., that special belief—in which, as Luther tells us, he himself found "a wide and unbarred door through which to enter Paradise" —what was it, and where lay its essential difference from the "Gospel" of the Catholic Church?

To this question obviously there would be no lack of answers. It might be described as "more spiritual," as "more Scriptural," as "making no account of human righteousness," as trusting not in "creature mediators," but only in the "finished work of Christ;" or again, from another point of view, as a "religion of sturdy commonsense," or of "freelom," or of "broadminded tolerance," or of "free inquiry," or else as a religion not of priestly tyranny, but of spiritual equality.

On examining what these kind of definitions come to, however, none of them, we shall find, go much beneath the surface, or touch the true root of the matter, this being comprised altogether in the fact that while Christianity in its Catholic interpretation rests upon one metaphysical basis, Christianity in its Protestant interpretation rests upon another—Modernism or Neo-Christianity taking its stand here, quite uncompromisingly, not with Catholicism, but with Protestantism.

How are we to locate the difference which thus has to be reckoned with?

There is no religious problem, no problem, that is to say, connected with the "why," the "whence" and the "whither" of man as a rational, self-conscious being, whose solution does not (at least tacitly) force on us, one or other, of two mutually exclusive assumptions; we are obliged, that is to say, before we can get any further, to postulate one or the other of two quite different relationships, as existing between ourselves and the final or Absolute Cause (whatever this may be) which brought us into being.

The assumption that all things stand in a necessary connection with some sort of first or final cause is a fundamental one, or, at any rate, it is one from which the mind cannot really escape, but, this once granted, a genuine choice of alternatives opens before us. For we may figure all things, ourselves included, either as having been created *by* this First Cause, or else as having been emanated or extended *from* it; and it is according as the mind finds its rest in one of these solutions or the other that its outlook becomes, speaking philosophically, that either of *Dualism or of Monism,* or, speaking religiously, that either of *Theism or of Pantheism.*

Of the two groups thus formed, Catholic Christianity belongs to the first, and Christianity which is Protestant or Modernist to the second. For convenience they may be distinguished as the "Two-will" and the "One-will" groups, and, practically speaking, the main difference between them lies in the attitude assumed by each towards the cardinal question of man's moral freedom.

Now, both Theism and Pantheism are able, at least theoretically, to exist as purely speculative opinions; but should either of them be called on to undertake the part of a "religion"—e. g., to offer any explanation which the general mind can receive of the problems of human life, or to furnish any even seemingly intelligible motives for human action, then for each some concrete means of expression becomes necessary; in the case of Theism because, without a mouthpiece, its utterances, however peremptory, would remain inarticulate, and in the case of Pantheism because this in its abstract condition has nothing of any particular moment to say at all.

Abstract Theism, however, and abstract Pantheism, in entering on the concrete state, do so under unequal conditions, theism bringing with it a capacity which in pantheism is lacking. For while abstract Theism, in face of the problem of evil, is able to point to this as at least connected in some way with an abuse of moral freedom, to Pantheism, in its abstract state, no such resource is open. For viewing as this does all things as manifestations of a single Essence, it is impossible that good and evil should be

anything more than names to it, and it can suggest no answer for those questions as to the purport of human life and the meaning of sin and suffering on which it is the special function of religion to throw some sort of light.

In taking on itself the religious office, therefore, pantheism labors under an initial drawback from which theism is altogether free, and it is in consequence of this disability on the part of *abstract* pantheism that all *concrete* pantheisms, however much they may otherwise differ among themselves, have come to exhibit one particular feature in common; for all of them, in becoming concrete, have found it necessary to become (after a fashion of their own) dual likewise; dual, however, not like theism, with the absolute and irreducible dualism of Creator and Creature, but with a dualism which is arbitrary and relative, and which, by locating good and evil in previously fixed conditions, gains, at least apparently, the power of discriminating between them, and this without at the same time forfeiting anything of the "group quality" of determinism.

In all concrete pantheisms or "Working Monisms," accordingly, one variety or another of this "spurious" or deterministic dualism is to be found, and whatever shape it may take—whether of "Spirit and Matter," "Essence and Will," "The Old and the New Adam," "Divine and Human" or "Human and Sub-human"—its function is always the same—that, namely, of providing a means whereby "good" and "evil" action may be set down to the working of separate and (in some sort at least) hostile powers.

The title of Protestantism to a place within the "One-will" or "deterministic" group is what we must now examine.

Protestant Christianity, from its infancy, has claimed, and claimed truly, to be in possession of a distinct "message" of its own. Through this it says something to human nature which Catholic Christianity does not say and to which human nature is often well inclined to listen; and if we wish to learn what this message really is and where its specific attraction lies, we cannot do better than follow the uniquely interesting process through which the cardinal doctrine of Protestantism—the doctrine of "justification by faith only"—came to be worked out in the mind of Martin Luther himself.

The common portraits of Luther, whether by friendly or unfriendly hands, are, taken as a whole, singularly unconvincing performances; indeed, they may be described without exaggeration as a sort of polemical "posters." The genial God-fearing Evangelist, held up to admiration on the one hand, would have been no more likely than the blatant beer-swilling stump orator, pilloried on the other, either to have experienced the Reformer's spiritual torments

or to have fled for refuge from them to the recondite theory which he finally thought out; and had it not been for the record left by him of experiences, wherein his own extraordinary mentality is reflected, the key to what he called his "Gospel" *par excellence* must have remained to a great extent, if not altogether, missing.

Luther is often represented by Protestant biographers as having remained, up to the time of his "conversion," an excellent, nay, even a super-excellent Catholic, but if his own account of himself is to be taken seriously, this was anything but the case, for even the most elementary acquaintance with the theology of the Roman Church as to "merit" and "good works" is enough to show the Reformer's earlier views on these points as no more orthodox than his later ones.

Taking his own evidence here simply as it stands, he seems, when he first entered religion, to have viewed man as possessed of an independent power in no way the result of any divinely given grace, by which he might propitiate God for his sins and extort from Him eternal salvation. God Himself figures for him as a hard Master and Lawgiver, reaping where he had not sown, gathering where he had not strewed and looking out for any pretext on which to overwhelm his vassals with his wrath. In the saints, as having themselves successfully stormed the gates of Paradise, he beheld screens between himself and a merciless Judge; in the sacraments, charms for turning aside Divine vengeance, and in good works and mortification the means of running up a counter bill of credit, through which he might cancel or diminish the debt he owed to heaven. "A Papist of the Papists," a "most presumptuous saint," seeking to appease God's anger by his own works and his own righteousness, is the description he applies to himself at this time.

Entering the cloister with, to all appearances, no vocation and in pursuance only of a vow made in sudden terror, precisely what in such a case might be expected to happen did happen. The restraints of the rule before long became intolerably galling, and with no will to observe, while fearing to disregard them, he alternated between fits of complete negligence and of self-imposed and almost suicidal austerity. His spiritual safety depending, to his imagination, altogether on such puny defenses against Omnipotence as he could himself contrive to rear, he was forever impelled to be testing the quality of his work, and an exuberant growth of scrupulosity was the result. The sacrament of penance brought him no consolation, because he could never satisfy himself that his own part in it had been sufficiently carried out. The words of his novice master and of his confessor fell on deaf ears, when, as was often

the case, these exhorted him to think less of his own sins and more of the mercy of God and to see the Divine purpose towards himself as exhibited in the wounds of Christ. Again and again, on the contrary, he returned to weigh his own deeds in the balance, but only to find them still more wanting; fear magnified every flaw and invented what it did not find, and he seemed to see himself exposed, naked and helpless, in the presence of impending doom.

"Following on my false confidence in my own righteousness," he says of himself, "came doubt, despair, fear, hate and blasphemy. I was such an enemy of Christ that when I saw His picture or His image as He hung upon the Cross, I turned away mine eyes and would sooner have seen the devil." The words St. Paul uses in speaking of the Gospel, viz.: "that therein is the righteousness (or 'justice') of God revealed," especially seemed to him as if fraught with a sinister significance. "Though I lived as a holy and irreproachable monk," he says, "I felt myself before God no less a sinner and could have no confidence that I had appeased Him with my satisfactions. Therefore I did not love—nay, I hated —this just and angry God. 'As if,' I said, 'it were not enough that sinners, miserable and ruined by original sin, should be crushed with all kinds of calamity by the Law and the Decalogue: but that God in the Gospel must needs add grief to grief and by the Gospel itself inflict further on us His justice and His anger.'"

It was Luther's idea of "good works" and "merits," as constituting a sort of legal tender—a *quid pro quo*—which their possessor might offer in his own behalf to heaven, that kept him for a long time engaged in this sort of defiant struggle; but when no enduring conviction ever followed that he had successfully removed himself beyond the reach of Divine vengeance, a process of change gradually set in which led not merely to the collapse of his earlier persuasion, but to the substitution for it of another, its exact opposite. For in the wake of his angry despair at feeling he had never done enough the suspicion at last intruded that if the truth were but known he had been all along really disqualified for doing anything at all; that the Almighty had in fact been playing a sorry game with him, first setting him, as it were, to make ropes of sand and then leaving him to take the consequences of failure.

For a time his mind seems to have worked doggedly at the problem thus raised. This "School of the Law," what was it, which according to his own experience could do so little? And the conclusion by and by shaped itself that the real purpose of God in giving commandments to men was not that men should keep these, but that they should learn, as he himself had learned, that to keep them was impossible.

This was the "slough of despond" into which his earlier creed plunged him, and it was out of this that the gleam rose which later on steadied itself into what grew to be his beacon light. If poor humanity was really as incapable, as he now saw it, of meriting Divine favor, might it not be—such was the idea which next suggested itself, that in this very impotence security might lie? If a man, that is to say, was powerless to save himself by his own works, might he not for this very reason trust that God would save him without his own coöperation?

An ecstasy of hope, proportionate to his earlier despair, seemed to seize him, and turning with renewed courage to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, an interpretation came to his assistance, which while robbing its most dreaded passages of their terror, contained, though he did not then recognize this, the germ of a theological revolution; for the conclusion he shortly reached was the momentous one that the "righteousness or justice of God," the thought of which had been used to haunt him like a nightmare, was not God's *righteousness in punishing sinners* at all, but simply the "righteousness of Christ," which, while remaining external to the sinner, is yet freely imputed to him, and in consideration of which alone God accounts him righteous and admits him to eternal life.

Thenceforth, Luther said, the meaning of the whole Divine Word became clear to him. The Scriptures, which had hitherto bristled with threats of vengeance, now glowed with promises of indemnity, and he felt himself to have been altogether born anew and to have found a wide and unbarred door through which to enter Paradise.

This, then, was the "good news," the "message of salvation," the "Gospel of Gospels" which Luther had at once accepted as coming to him straight from heaven. The rock on which it was founded was man's impotence except for evil, and its consolation to the sinner lay in the assurance that, since he could do nothing towards his own salvation, he might safely rely on God to do all things.

In its bearings on the history of Protestantism the conception which here meets us is of primary importance; and the two points which we should here note in regard to it are:

(1) Its close relation to what is sometimes called the "just as I am" theology, and

(2) Its specific determinism.

For the birth of the notion "safety in impotence" the ultra-morbid psychology of the Reformer himself accounts; but for its earliest theological setting this was supplied to it by a school of Mystical Pantheism, which was carrying on in Germany at that period a sort of parasitic existence within the Catholic Church.

Luther seems, soon after his conversion, to have fallen under the

influence of the "Friends of God," as the members of this school called themselves, and when in 1516 a small Latin book, called by Dr. Döllinger their "catechism,"[1] was republished in German, he wrote a preface to it, in which he describes it as "having taught him more than aught else of "God, Christ, man and all things."

That God is all and all that is not God an "evil nothingness" is the leading idea set forth here. The human individual is represented as made up of two things—the *being* which is in essence divine and the *will* or *self* (these two being identified), which is "nothing" and "evil." Man sins consequently, not when he *misuses* his will, but when he *uses it at all;* and he does his duty conversely, not (as according to the Catholic Church) by acting in conformity with the will of God, but by passively yielding to the action of the divine *force* (e. g., the divine *being* or *essence*) within him. Man's deliverance from the domain of evil, showing itself therefore as a consequence, not of the purification of the human will, but of its elimination or paralysis, this, and this only, being assumed as necessary in order to allow the higher or divine element to assert itself.

In the antithesis which here meets us of "Divine Essence" and "human will" we have a sample case of the "determinist" or "spurious" dualism already spoken of. With the truest perception of its suitability, Luther grafted his own doctrine of Justification on the stock thus furnished; and as an outcome of the combination we have the "Wittenburg Theology," or the *essential Gospel of the Reformation,* in its earliest and at the same time its most sublimated form.

The extent to which Luther had adopted the system of the Pantheistic mystics is shown clearly enough by such propositions as the following, all of which were maintained by him, either in the pulpit or in public disputations, during his theological professorship at Wittenburg:

(a) The just sin necessarily, even in their best actions.

(b) Man, since he became an "evil tree," neither can nor will do anything but evil.

(c) The will cannot choose between two lines of action, for it is not free, but captive. Man has not the power, Luther says, referring to this last point, of having, "as is vainly babbled among the pulpits of Christendom, a *good* will, a *good* intention or of making a *good* resolution." "Where there is no will," he adds (practically summing up the whole contention), "there is the will of God, which is best of all."

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[1] "Theologia Germanica," translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth.

Propositions such as these cut at the root of man's duty to God, to himself and to his neighbor in its Catholic acceptation; but owing to the fact that Luther had, to begin with, located the quality of impotence in the *will* only, and not (as he afterwards found himself obliged to do), in the *entire human entity,* room was still left for a note of austerity which afterwards disappeared, and a kind of thorny screen wove itself round the cradle of the new theology, which for many people, and notably for Luther himself, kept its real drift very much in the background.

An antagonism so deep, however, only waited occasion to manifest itself, and such an occasion was, as it happened, supplied in the first instance by the Catholic doctrine of indulgences—a doctrine which, apart from the Catholic recognition of human free will, is destitute of any intelligible meaning whatever.

The history of the Protestant Gospel as a fighting force opens with Luther's campaign against Tetzel and culminates (so far as its primary effects are concerned) in its rejection of the Catholic doctrine of the sacraments and the conversion of these from *vehicles of sanctifying grace* to mere reiterated *pledges of indemnity.*

That Protestantism scored at least one victory in the struggle of the sixteenth century may be freely admitted, for wherever it really "took hold" it obliterated, with a surprising thoroughness, the idea of man's duty to God as something with whose neglect or discharge spiritual consequences of some sort are unavoidably connected, and it was in fact the very magnitude of its success here which brought it face to face with the first great crisis of its life history.

As often happens with movements which are partly popular, as being "agin the government," "knocking down" in the case of Protestantism had turned out extremely easy, and it was not until the question of rebuilding became importunate that its real troubles began.

Luther's early optimism had made him prodigal of "Gospel liberties," but these had by no means borne their expected fruits. His own theory was, that so long as one did not feel obliged to do a thing, one would be quite ready to do it; but, in the case of the multitude, this had proved fallacious. But few of the converts had shown themselves moved to keep the law by the assurance that they might safely break it, while through the privileges bestowed on the faithful in general, in the matter of Scriptural exegesis, doctrine and discipline had been alike cast into the melting pot. The balance which the Catholic Church holds between faith and reason had been upset, and Reformed Christianity stood stripped, by its own hands, of any means of restoring it: for setting reason aside,

it could do no more than maintain an arbitrary dogmatism or nourish a subjective spirituality; while allowing reason free scope, it would, as it was well aware, soon find its own hands bound and its house despoiled.

But the need it had itself created was an urgent one; so urgent that something—almost anything—had to be done to meet it. Tyranny or no tyranny, a law of some sort had to be reërected; filthy rags though it might be, a certain modicum of human righteousness could not be done without; in short, the time came when the Gospel of the Reformation found itself so far compelled to bow to the necessities of the hour as to place some of its chief jewels in pawn to avoid bankruptcy.

"Assurance," "Inwardness," "Liberty," had to suffer some degree of eclipse. "Good works," chiefly through the ingenuity of Calvin, became reinvested with a certain face value, as "inseparable tokens" of previous election. The inner kernel of the Gospel, in short, passed, as a biologist might say, into a sort of "resting" stage, becoming encrysted within an exterior husk of "Creeds," "Articles," "Confessions" and "Catechisms."

In essence a "Religion of the Spirit," Protestant Christianity assumed under compulsion some of the trappings and played, as far as might be, the part of a "Religion of Authority;" and it is from this stultification of its higher aims, this falsification of its inner nature, that the Modernism of our own day is now anxious to deliver it.

There are two tendencies which, present from the first within Protestantism, have throughout its history never ceased to be more or less active. These are (a) the *Evangelical* tendency, or tendency of the mind to seek emotional solace in the idea of a Divine energy, working *within,* but not *with* man, to sanctification; and (b) the *rationalizing* tendency or tendency of the intellect to claim complete freedom from control and to exalt itself as the sole measure of all things.

Working more or less continuously within the limits of orthodox Protestantism, both the one and the other have from time to time made rifts in its dogmatic fabric, and, in their future development, have so far acted upon each other as to lead in the event to something of an understanding between them, the whole external world of objective fact being in the terms of this made over to reason and intellect, while faith in the "religious sense" appropriates for its share "the Kingdom of the Spirit."

Thus was born Modernism, with its claim to be a "transformed" Christianity; and in offering now to Protestantism a new and widely extended Gospel Liberty, it is but offering to lead it out of the same

house of bondage from which it has already made its own escape. Its cry, like that of the old woman in the "Arabian Nights," is "New Lamps for Old," and its promise that under the illumination these bring neither the most modern thought, nor the most advanced science, nor the highest criticism shall be able any more to injure the integrity of the Christian's faith; nay, further—that the very differences which now separate believers shall all shrink to nothing beneath a wider synthesis.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in a novel published not very long since, "The Case of Richard Meynell," has given us, together with a forecast as to the possible methods of a Modernist Crusade, a presentment of the Modernist point of view, which makes the book very instructive reading; and as she is not only a fervent sympathizer with the cause in the present, but has been for many years one of its most staunch protagonists, her witness cannot be questioned as a hostile one.

It is nearly thirty years ago now that Mrs. Ward first came prominently before the public as the author of "Robert Elsmere;" and "Robert Elsmere" was the first of a series of "novels with a purpose" which culminated, a little over a year since, in "The Case of Richard Meynell." Following each other at considerable intervals, "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve" and "Helbeck of Bannisdale," each reflects a stage in the movement which was all the time going forward in the direction of the Modernist ideal; while in "The Case of Richard Meynell" we have this depicted as fully fledged and in working, or rather "fighting," order.

The first and the last of these volumes stand, as the writer herself tells us, in a definite relation to one another, the different action taken by Elsmere and Meynell, under very similar circumstances, being made to serve as an index to the change, undergone by the *Zeitgeist* between the earlier and later periods.

The three earlier books, taken in order of time, furnish a very interesting study in connection with the present subject. What we find exhibited in "Robert Elsmere" is the loss of hold on the supernatural element in Christianity, sustained by a religious mind, under the blows of scientific materialism, and also in addition to this a rather tentative adumbration as to some possible method of recovery.

In "David Grieve" a further step is taken in the same direction, this time by the hero's frank acceptance of an Ideal Monism. In "Robert Elsmere" the Catholic Church scarcely appears at all. In "David Grieve" we get a fugitive glimpse of it, bracketed with Ritualism, only as "rather more so." But in "Helbeck of Bannisdale" we have what in the writer's intention is a stand-up three-

cornered fight, the combatants being the Catholic Church, represented with much cleverness as it appears to many outsiders: "Modern Enlightenment" of the purely scientific order, and—destined to succeed where both the others fail—"Reconceived Christianity"—the "Church of the Free Mind"—in which the risen spiritual nature of the man of to-day may look to walk, no longer stooping, but upright, no longer a servant, but a son; delivered from the crushing burden of the sense of sin, of abjection, of humiliation, which the old religions of fear and of the law had laid on the childhood of a race, now outgrowing its earlier needs.

In "Helbeck of Bannisdale" the vision was pictured as one shortly to be realized; but in "The Case of Richard Meynell" it is represented as even now with us—the book, in fact, carrying something of a suggestion of having been meant as a sort of "trumpet call" to the Modernist contingent within the Church of England.

Richard Meynell, who plays the part of *choraegus* here, had been more fortunate than Robert Elsmere in coming into the world of thought some twenty years later. The difference being that while Elsmere's beliefs were pulverized beyond repair by the smashing blows of the terrible "Squire Wendover," Meynell, just as his earlier faith was collapsing under pressure of "typical modern problems," sees the vision of the "New House of God" rise before him, and experiences at the same moment a "crystallization of doubt" and "the passion of a freed faith."

Meynell, when we meet him, is an active leader of the Modernist Cause, and this, we are given to understand, is represented in the Church of England by a "minority" sufficiently powerful to "dare" the authorities to meddle with them.

To provide a test case, therefore, a new Liturgy of a Neo-Christian character has been put together, and its introduction into their own churches determined on by the modernist clergy.

Of a preliminary experiment by Meynell in this direction we have an enthusiastic account. On this occasion some things were left out and some put in. The Lord's Prayer was said once only. Some of the Psalms were omitted, "the rector explaining from the chancel steps that they were not fit to be read in a Christian church." Several of the commandments (we are not told which) were also set aside; but to make amends, the Beatitudes were chanted. The Apostles' and Nicene Creeds supplied the text of the sermon, and here much "fascinating" information was apparently given, as to their great value, as expressions of an outworn Christian consciousness, while in conclusion the congregation were told that if they themselves were only now "faithful," "another Christian creed" "would flower out of their lives and souls," just as the older one

had done out of the lives and souls of an age now passing away. A Communion service followed, with "lights," "flowers," "music," with everything "symbolic," "mystic," "poetic," with all the "magic," the "mystery" of Catholicism; the one difference here being apparently that there did not seem much to make mysteries about, as no particular belief appeared to be expected from anybody about anything.

Of the regular Liturgy, by means of which later on "Militant Modernism" threw down its glove to the Anglican episcopate, we have also some particulars—of a sort, however, which, though fervently given, seem scarcely in themselves impressive.

People, we are told, find they can now attend divine service without being distressed by scandalous mistranslations, cursing psalms and "old semitic nonsense about God resting on the seventh day." The marriage service has undergone a certain amount of expurgation to suit modern ideas; "a few new prayers of great beauty" being introduced instead of the "ugly primitive legend" of Adam's rib.

Mourners, it is true, have no longer the fallacious consolation of the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" but, then, though the arguments in St. Paul's great chapter are dead, its "cries of poetry and faith are immortal;" and these, apparently, give a new and thrilling impression when heard apart from their context.

Under the touch of Neo-Christianity religion thus shows itself as a thing primarily of imagination and emotion, and we require in fact only to enter into the Modernist theory to see that this could not be otherwise. For the "religious sense," as Modernism understands it, is held as apart from all other senses; as being in fact the "sense experience" of an interior upwelling of divine force—an "experience" which, shadowing itself on the screen of consciousness, produces just those subjective images which traditional Christianity has exteriorized and translated into objective religious beliefs.

A point on which Modernism lays a vast deal of stress in connection with its own advantages is the "security" acquired by the faith of the Christian from the exaltation of this to a wholly spiritual plane.

For let Christianity as a religion, it is implied, still remain entangled with material happenings, and how can its professors ever know a moment's peace? Modern enlightenment will be always ready to pounce on them like the wicked Squire Wendover on poor Robert Elsmere. The "critic" will have only to show that the "mind of the first century" knew too little about the probable to be capable of witnessing credibly to the improbable; and there will be then

nothing to prevent him from making any hay he pleases of what used to be called "Christian evidence." But once let dogmas be changed to symbols and the office of an "historical Christ" transferred to an "eternal Christ-spirit," and at a faith so founded there will be no one who can ever shake a finger; a treasure such as this can indeed be safely garnered!

Meynell is particularly strong on this point, and his treatment of the subject of the Resurrection is a good sample of the Modernist "transformation method" as applied to historical Christianity.

"These Resurrection stories," he is represented as having said, in a volume of published sermons, "have for our own days mainly a symbolic—perhaps one might call it a sacramental importance. They (the stories) are an outward visible sign of an inward spiritual mystery. As a simple matter of fact, the continuous life of the Spirit of Christ in mankind began with the death of Jesus of Nazareth. The Resurrection beliefs, so far as one can see, were the natural means by which that Life was secured."

But how is Protestant Christianity to be raised to this higher level? Are the points which Protestantism and Modernism possess in common of a sort to make the task of thus raising it an easy one? Both, as already pointed out, are in essence religions not of "authority," but "of the Spirit," and both are quite agreed in attributing the sustenance of the spiritual side of human life altogether to the interior workings of a special form of divine energy.

Here, however—and this is in truth their only radical point of difference—Protestantism and Modernism join issue. For the "energy" thus postulated, and which, in the eyes of Protestantism, is that of a Personal God and Saviour, represents for Modernism the action of a universal, impersonal "Christ-Spirit," and thus arises, as to what sort of pressure has been or is likely to be most effective in inducing Protestantism to take what is in fact the one step needful to bring it into line with Modernism.

Its own history exhibits Modernism as the output in the near past of a spirit of destructive criticism, acting on the subjective illuminism inherent in Lutheran Protestantism, the products of these being "fluxed," as one might say, by a philosophy which recognizes no truth other than what is relative.

For resistance to combined forces of this description Protestantism is very ill adapted, since whether in its proper quality of a "religion of the Spirit," or, to use Sabatier's phrase, as "an inconsequent and acephalous Catholicism," it has enemies within its own gates. Thus, for instance, the saying that "religion is purely spiritual" is among its most cherished aphorisms, and the notion of a "spiritual Christ," therefore, seems naturally to bring its welcome with it, while, on

the other hand, no claim that Protestantism can make on its own behalf to the *status* of a "religion of authority" needs more than pressing home in order to show as fantastic.

Such being its case, then, let the "higher critic" tell it on the one side that "the Jesus of history" was a dreamer and enthusiast, over whom the grave closed as over his fellow-men; and Modernism, with its "faith venture," reassure it on the other by letting it know that this same Spirit which uniquely animated Jesus during life has since His death lived on with an increased intensity in mankind, and in proportion as these ideas bite home, Protestantism will find itself unable to repel them. Hardly consciously the image of the Personal Saviour will begin to yield before that of the "eternal Christ-Spirit," while the continued reference to the latter as the "Man from Heaven," the "New Adam," etc., will help to throw a veil, at least for the time being, over the full import of the change.

Persons to whom the Modernist appeal is a strong one are eager to represent the "old wine" of Christianity as having lost nothing of its essential quality through its transference to new bottles.

"We deny nothing," says one of these, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, "that Christian devotion has ever affirmed" (of Christ) "but we affirm the same things of humanity as a whole, though in a differing degree. . . . Our view of the subject does not belittle Jesus, but it exalts human nature; . . . Jesus was God, so are we . . . Jesus expressed fully and completely, so far as a finite consciousness ever could, that aspect of the nature of God which we have called the "Eternal Son," or "Christ" or the "Ideal Man;" and we too are expressions of the same primordial being."

Meynell, speaking for Mrs. Ward, delivers himself in much the same vein: "The Christ who thus speaks to you and me, my brethren, is no longer a 'man-made God'—a 'God-made man.' Those categories of thought for us are past.[2] But neither is He merely the Crucified Galilean, the Messianic Prophet of the first century. For by a mysterious and mighty destiny, unique at least in degree, that life and death have become Spirit and Idea. The Power behind the veil, the Spirit from whom issues the world, has made of them a lyre, enchanted and immortal, through which He breathes His music into men . . . and as we listen to it to-day, expressed through the harmonies of that thought which is ourselves . . . we are listening . . . as the Disciples listened in Nazareth, to the God within us, the very God who was 'in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.'"

"To the poor the Gospel is preached," our Lord said. Was it this sort of Gospel? Was it anything even remotely related to this?

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2 "Case of Richard Meynell," p. 542.

However, Modernism tells us, this is the "Christianity of the Future," and is really come to stay; and if so, we may at least ask what it is going to bring us in exchange for what it will certainly do away with.

As to one benefit that may be expected, Mrs. Ward, writing some years since,[3] said what was very much to our present purpose:

"It is the personal abjection of Catholicism," this passage runs (and the same thing is true of all theisms) "which jars upon us most and divides it most deeply from the Modern Spirit," and in the mental attitude thus exhibited the signal attraction of Neo-Christianity is exhibited also. Catholicism "jars" upon the "Modern Spirit." Why? Because it asserts, as every theism must assert, a right of absolute sovereignty on the part of God and a debt of absolute obedience on the part of man; and Neo-Christianity does not so jar, because, though the identification it effects, between the "truly human" element in man and a "universal divine force," this right and this debt are both extinguished together.

"The fear of the Lord," we used to be told, is at least "the *beginning* of wisdom." There is, at any rate, not much room for it here; and the optimism, it may be safely said, will be a hardy one which can look forward complacently to a future for mankind in which, whether as an incentive or a restraint, such fear shall have entirely ceased to operate.

The New Theology is much given to reproving the Old Theology for failing to "honestly face facts." It might do worse than occasionally follow its own advice.

"Things that are different can never be the same," to quote a trite saying. "Traditional" or "historic" Christianity (even as crystallized within non-Catholic formulæ) is a theism; Neo-Christianity, whether its exponents like the name or not, is a pantheism.

In regard to difference of inherent properties, the two stand related to one another something as an ellipse to a circle. The demands they make severally of human nature are altogether diverse. Always laboriously, often painfully, the moulding of the wil lof man to the will of God is what is called for by the one, while the other asks nothing, can ask nothing, except that a "Something" which it calls "the divine will or purpose in each of us" shall be simply given the rein. The difference is not one of degree. It is a difference in kind.

M. M. Mallock.

Eastliegh, England.

[3] "Helbeck of Bannesdale."

STATE INTERFERENCE IN THE ELECTION OF BISHOPS.

THERE are few intelligent Catholics who have not heard or read something of the serious deadlock which exists at the present moment in Italy with regard to religious affairs. The Pope has nominated to the Archbishopric of Genoa Mgr. Carron, an able and zealous prelate. Genoa, however, is one of the sees for which the Bishop-elect must obtain the permission of the Italian Government—or the Exequatur, as it is usually called—before taking formal possession of his diocese. Now, Mgr. Carron does not happen to be a persona grata with the present Government. The reason is not far to seek. He had on several occasions manifested a spirit of uncompromising loyalty to the Pope with regard to the question of the Temporal Power. For this reason the Government has seized upon this chance of punishing him and has refused to grant him the Exequatur. The Pope, nevertheless, has refused to cancel the election, and in consequence there has arisen a very delicate situation, for which, up to the present, no solution has been found.

The whole affair brings back to our minds a somewhat similar conflict which took place only a few years ago; both of which go far to show that whenever modern States have been permitted to dabble in ecclesiastical affairs the result has been disastrous to the Church. The most notable example in our own time has been the case of France. That the divergence between Church and State in that country was very wide is quite evident from the fact that when the Concordat was broken up in 1905 and the State completely severed from the Church no less than nineteen French sees were without a Bishop. Each side, of course, held the other responsible, and the man in the street formed his opinions on it in accordance with his religious and political prejudices. For the question was a historical one, and in the pages of history, just as in the Bible, every one seems able to find exactly what suits him.

In the fourth and fifth articles of the Concordat drawn up between France and the Holy See in 1801 were laid down the respective rights of the two powers with regard to the election of Bishops. These articles—or rather their interpretation—were the main cause of the dissensions which took place in France in the beginning of this century and which were only partially remedied by the drastic law of separation passed in 1905. The articles in question run as follows:

"Article 4. The First Consul of the French Republic within three months after the promulgation of the Apostolic Constitution will nominate the Archbishops and Bishops to be placed at the head

of the new dioceses. The Supreme Pontiff will confer canonical institution upon them in the same manner as was observed in France before the change of government.

"Article 5. The First Consul shall likewise nominate the new Bishops to the sees which shall fall vacant in future, and on these, as was laid down in the preceding article, the Holy See shall confer canonical institution."

That these articles gave the State some power in the election of Bishops is quite evident, but how much precisely they did give was the disputed point, the unsatisfactory solution of which may be said to have brought about the separation law of 1905. The Vatican held that the right of nomination conceded to the State meant merely the power of proposing what it regarded as suitable candidates, leaving to the Pope, however, the right to inquire into the merits of the candidates proposed and to pronounce upon their fitness from a canonical point of view. For very naturally the politics of a candidate was the only thing that would receive attention from the State. The power of the State, therefore, consisted in this, that no Bishop would in future be appointed in France who had not been nominated by the State, but the Church by no means pledged itself to create Bishop each and every candidate whom the State nominated for that office. Anybody can see what terrible consequences the Church would have exposed itself to had it promised to do that; and in solemnly pledging itself to some course of action the Church does not look to probabilities merely, but to possibilities as well.

Far different, however, was the interpretation which the present Ministers of France wished to put upon these articles. According to them, the power granted to the State was an absolute power of election. What part precisely the Pope had in the transaction was by no means certain. According to some, his only power was to ratify the selection made by the State. Others, however, though holding this same opinion, did not wish to express it in such blunt fashion. The State, they said, confers on a candidate the temporalities of a see, the Pope then invests him with the spiritualities. But as they meant by this that the Pope should confer spiritual jurisdiction on each and every candidate whom the State thought fit to rule the temporal affairs of a diocese, this opinion was not an iota different from the first. It was a distinction without a difference.

Two great conflicts had their origin in the disputed interpretation of these articles. The first of them was the controversy known as the "Nobis nominavit" question. It received this name from two words contained in the Bulls issued by the Vatican whenever a new Bishop was appointed in a French diocese. The exact words con-

tained in the Bulls, however, were "Nobis nominaverit," but somehow or other during the course of the controversy the "nominaverit" got changed into "nominavit," and that is the word that is always applied to the controversy now. The Bulls to the Bishop-elect were drawn up as follows:

"Since, in virtue of the Concordats entered into between the Holy See and the French Government, the nomination of a suitable candidate to the vacant diocese of N. to be made to the reigning Pontiff, belongs now to our beloved son in Christ N., the actual President of the Republic, and since our beloved son N. has, by his letters patent, nominated you to us (Nobis nominaverit te) for this office, etc."

All through the last century this was the form in which the Bulls were drafted, and none of the governments which succeeded each other in France took any objection to the words which were used. But in 1902 the republican Ministers suddenly came to the conclusion that the word "Nobis" contained in the Bulls was contrary to the terms of the Concordat and an infringement on the rights of the State. In consequence, M. Nisard, the French Ambassador at Rome, sent, in December, 1902, an official note to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, demanding that the word be omitted in all future Bulls.

In the early part of the following year Cardinal Rampolla replied in a long memorandum to show the necessity of either the word "Nobis" or at least some equivalent expression. Absolutely speaking, the demand could have been refused for three reasons. In the first place, the etymological meaning of the verb "nominate" implies the putting of a case before some ulterior authority. Hence, for example, when a man is nominated as a candidate for a parliamentary constituency it does not mean that there and then he becomes a member of Parliament. It does not even give any hard and fast guarantee that he ever will become such. It simply means that his name is put before the electors of the division, but with them rests the power of rejecting or of accepting it. In the very same way if the French Government nominated, it must have been to some authority having power to reject or to accept their selection. Now, who was likely to possess this right of saying the last word? We need only remember that there was question of electing Bishops, and we must see that to the Pope, and to him alone, could this right belong. If the French Government wished to get the power of electing the Bishops, it would have been far more sensible for it to have striven for the abolition of the word "nominaverit." But, allowing the "nominaverit" to stand and attempting to get rid of the "Nobis" was an extremely foolish performance. For it simply

meant that the Government did not object to admitting that it referred the names of its candidates to some outside authority, but objected to that same authority making a casual mention of the fact.

From a historical point of view the attempt to strike out the "Nobis" was wholly unjustified. For the word was contained in practically every Bull issued by the Vatican since the drawing up of the Concordat. Immediately after the reception of M. Nisard's note the ecclesiastical authorities set to work to find out if the word had been generally in use during the nineteenth century. The Vatican does not keep a verbatim copy of the Bulls issued for the consecration of Bishops, but only a summary of them, and these summaries are preserved in the Vatican archives, where they may be seen by everybody. When investigations were made in this case, it was found that 510 Bulls had been sent to France between 1801 and 1897. In the summaries of these the word "Nobis" is contained expressly in 427; in 67 others it can easily be comprised in the comprehensive, etc., by which the concluding phrases of the Bulls have been summarized; in only 16 was it beyond all doubt omitted. The Vatican contended that the omission of the word in these cases was due to the carelessness of the man who drew up the summaries. This was all the more probable from the fact that the omissions all occurred within the space of a few years. At any rate, the fact that for every one Bull which had not the word there were twenty-five which had was in itself quite sufficient to justify the Vatican from a historical point of view.

But even these important considerations might have been overlooked by the Pope were it not that a principle of the highest importance lay behind the controversy, and that it was what the word implied rather than the word itself that the Pope wished to defend. For the Pope could not under any circumstances accept a system which would force his hand in such an important matter as the election of Bishops. He could not think for a moment of allowing the civil power to pronounce upon the canonical fitness of a candidate and leaving to him the mere power of ratifying their choice. This was in reality the position into which the French Ministers wished to force the Pope. Their argument was that if he possessed the power of rejecting one candidate, he possessed the power of rejecting twenty, so that in the end the power of the State came to nothing. This was the sort of argument that was scattered broadcast through France in the years immediately preceding the separation law, and it no doubt induced many honest men to regard that measure as the only means of remedying a state of things that had become intolerable.

The argument is one, it must be admitted, which is not without a certain amount of truth. For the Pope did as a matter of fact claim the right to reject twenty or twenty times twenty candidates if he deemed them unfit for canonical reasons to be promoted to the episcopal dignity. But it is by no means easy to see how this fact reduced to nothing the power of the State. It may more truly be said to have protected the rights of the Church rather than to have infringed upon those of the State. Nor is it to be supposed, as some seen to think, that Pius X. was the first Pope to claim this right. Before ever the Concordat was promulgated, or even signed, this very right had been strongly insisted upon by the Pope. We find certain evidence of this in a letter which Pius VII. wrote to the Emperor Napoleon on May 12, 1801, concerning the question of the election of future Bishops in France.

"With regard to the nominations which shall be made in future," wrote the Pontiff, "we are fully persuaded that in choosing the subjects whom you will propose to us you will take principally into consideration their love and sincere zeal for the Catholic religion and their solicitude for the welfare of souls, to which qualities must be added sufficient learning and virtue, for if unworthy subjects are proposed to us, we shall regretfully be obliged, as is done in all countries where the Bishops are nominated by the rulers, and as was done in France itself in the time of the monarchy, to insist upon the nominations being withdrawn and more suitable and more worthy candidates being proposed."

It was then no innovation on the part of Pius X. to claim the power of rejecting a candidate proposed by the State. The innovation indeed was on the side of the State itself in asking the Pope to relinquish this claim. For that was, of course, what the whole controversy was started for and that was what the omitting of a seemingly unimportant word would have meant. That the Pope could never relinquish this right very few people will fail to see. For if he gave up this, what would he have become? He would have become a mere figurehead, expressing his approval of all the actions of the civil power in a matter of entirely spiritual interest. Pius X. very naturally had no intention of doing this. But he, nevertheless, was not the man to make much ado about trifles, and, provided the principle implied by the "Nobis" could be safeguarded by other means, he expressed his willingness to have it struck out. He was the more willing to do this from the fact that while this controversy was in progress two French Bishops had died and no attempt had been made to fill up the vacancies. As a result of the Pope's conciliatory disposition a satisfactory way out of the difficulty was found. The solution finally accepted by

both parties was one suggested by the Vatican. The terms of it were that in future the French President should nominate the candidates to the Pope in letters patent, drawn up in a form which clearly admitted the Pope's right to pronounce upon their canonical aptitude, while in return the Pope agreed to omit the word "Nobis" from the Bull of institution.

But even after the clearing up of this controversy troubles began to multiply round the interpretation of the fourth and fifth articles of the Concordat. Many persons at the time found it hard to understand how, after matters had run smoothly for more than a century, these articles should quite suddenly have given rise to hopeless complications. The very fact that matters had run so smoothly was used as an argument against the Vatican. The Pope, said the French politicians, has invariably accepted our candidates for the last hundred years, but now he has adopted a policy of aggression and candidate after candidate is rejected. And to many persons who only just heard these things stated, but never heard the reason of them, it seemed certain that Pius X. had deliberately set himself to complicate the religious situation in France.

But the action of the Pope was neither autocratic nor in the least inconsistent with the actions of his predecessors. If Pius X. did what none of his predecessors had done, the fault was not with him. The whole reason was that in the beginning of his pontificate the French Ministers threw aside the very means which had made matters run so smoothly during the past century. The real meaning of the fourth and fifth articles of the Concordat, according to the Pope's idea, was this: In a country which had just gone through the horrors of a revolution, overthrown one régime and established another, it was quite natural that the clergy, like the laity, should be very divided in their political opinions. Some were in favor of the new régime, others against it; many idolized Napoleon, others sighed for the return of the Bourbons. Nobody could fail to foresee that if a priest of the latter class were to be elected Bishop, serious trouble might arise between Church and State. His leanings being known, his words or actions would easily be construed in a sense unfavorable to the constituted authority. Now, this was what the Pope was as anxious to avoid as was Napoleon himself. The Pontiff therefore by these articles guaranteed that no priest hostile to the reigning dynasty would be appointed Bishop in France, and to make this certain he promised that no Bishop would be appointed who had not been nominated by the head of the State. But that was entirely different to the construction put on these articles in the beginning of this century. To promise to elect no Bishop who had not been nominated by the State is one

thing; to undertake to elect each and every candidate nominated by the State quite another.

Not merely was this the meaning intended by the Pope, but it was the interpretation given to these articles by the State itself up to a few years ago. To avoid, therefore, the possibility of any nomination being rejected, the Ministers of the State invariably held a conference with the Papal Nuncio before submitting any names to the Pope. The Nuncio was in touch with the clergy of France as well as with the Vatican; he could always obtain accurate information as to the character, the zeal, the piety and the ability of a candidate, and he could in consequence inform the representatives of the State whether any objection would be made against the candidate they were about to propose. There was nothing humiliating or underhand in this transaction, commonly known as the *entente préalable*. It was a perfectly open diplomatic negotiation, which helped to preserve religious peace in France throughout the last century, and, had it not been abandoned, it is safe to say that there would never have been a separation of Church and State in that country.

No sooner, however, had M. Combes assumed the reins of power in France than he broke through this method of action and bluntly refused to hold any conference with the Nuncio before nominating the candidates to the Pope. In a speech delivered on March 21, 1903, he stigmatized the *entente préalable* as "a humiliating transaction, a trick, or, more correctly, a culpable abandonment of the rights of the State." If all these charges were true, it is strange that they should have remained undiscovered from the time of Napoleon down to our own days. M. Combes was no doubt a man of very high ability, but few will deny that there existed equally able men among the Ministers of Napoleon. Yet none of these seem to have discovered all those terrible arguments against the *entente préalable*. The fact of the matter was that the *entente préalable* was a method of peace, but M. Combes was out for war.

And very soon the conflict began. In December, 1902, three French bishoprics were vacant, and, without previous consultation with any one, M. Combes proposed three candidates, two of whom were already Bishops of other dioceses. The third candidate was a priest whose name had on several previous occasions been submitted to the Nuncio, but had always, at his suggestion, been withdrawn.

On January 1, 1903, the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, replied to the note of M. Combes. Having first expressed his regret that the *entente préalable* had not been held, he proceeded to give the reasons why the Pope found himself compelled to reject each

of the three candidates. As regards the only one of them who was not already a Bishop, the Cardinal pointed out that his name, when put forward previously, had invariably been withdrawn, and as the same reasons against him still held good, his nomination could not now be accepted. With regard to the other two, the rejection was rather a question of principle than anything else.

Many people will doubtless be surprised to hear that a man who is already Bishop of one diocese is canonically inapt while so to be nominated for another. For there exists between a Bishop and his diocese a spiritual matrimony, and until this has been dissolved by the Pope himself there can be no question of his being united to another. Now, the Pope does not do this; indeed he cannot do it without some very cogent reason. Unless it can be clearly shown that the welfare of souls will in some special manner be benefited by the change, the Pope never transfers Bishops from one see to another. This was the defect in the nominations made by M. Combes. He in the most offhand manner demanded the transfer not as a favor, but as a right, and without offering a single reason as to the benefit to be derived from the change. He did not even go through the customary formula of requesting the Pope to free them firstly from the bond which united them to one see and then consider them nominated for another. His note merely came to this: Canon Law and every other law is to be set aside; you are only to know that I want a certain thing done, and do it at once. To such arrogance the Church had but one course to adopt, namely, to reject the nominations till M. Combes should comply with the conditions which not merely Canon Law, but even etiquette rendered necessary on such occasions. The Cardinal made it clear that if these were complied with, there was little fear of the candidates being rejected on any personal grounds.

The answer of the Holy See was conveyed to M. Combes on January 9 by Mgr. Lorenzelli, the Papal Nuncio. M. Combes bluntly replied that the candidates would not be changed "until it shall have been shown that any of them has led a scandalous life or has taught heresy." To his mind, the Pope was quite unjustified in refusing any candidate against whom one of these charges could not be proved. "You have no idea," he said, in conclusion, "how far I am prepared to go if my candidates are not accepted."

On the very next day he sent a note to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé, to be conveyed to the Papal Nuncio. Having explained how he had, in December, made his nominations to Rome, M. Combes proceeds:

"To-day Mgr. Lorenzelli has been with me and has brought me a verbal response to my communication. This response is nothing

but a long criticism—a very polite one, I grant—of our manner of acting with regard to the nomination of Bishops, as well as of the candidates we have proposed. According to the Nuncio, the method we have followed is altogether new. The Government, he says, when it wished to nominate a Bishop to a vacant diocese, was accustomed to confer with the representative of the Holy See regarding the candidate to be put forward and thus arrive at an agreement before the nominations were made."

The letter goes on to describe the reasons why, in his opinion, the candidates he had proposed had been rejected. "I replied to the Nuncio," he continued, "that, as far as my method of acting was concerned, I, as Minister of Worship, have but made use of a right formally conceded to the State by the Concordat, and that I most emphatically refuse to forego this right by the holding of a conference, which was nothing but an undisguised abdication of the rights of the State. I added that I have not introduced an innovation, for I acted in precisely the same way in 1895, with the explicit approbation of the Government which was then in power. Finally, I observed that it seemed strange on the part of the Nuncio to insist on the holding of an *entente préalable,* the past results of which were not calculated to commend it very favorably to the Government. For it is because of these pretended agreements that nine out of every ten candidates favorable to the Government have been withdrawn and their place taken in the hierarchy by Bishops of whom the majority are entirely opposed to the Government, and in consequence disobedient to the instruction of the Holy Father himself." M. Combes next proceeds to criticize the reasons which had been given by the Holy See for its rejection of the three candidates. The criticism, though scathing, is entirely unconvincing, for the simple reason that it is more or less irrelevant. The only thing which the Minister proves—or even attempts to prove—is that the candidates he has proposed are men against whom no public scandal has ever been proved. This the Pope had never attempted to gainsay, but that fact alone was surely not sufficient to explain why it was necessary, or even advisable, to transfer a Bishop from one diocese to another. "Most assuredly," the note continues, "the Holy Father is at liberty to confer or to refuse canonical institution to the candidates whom the Government has selected. But if he should refuse to do so, the sees will remain vacant. I shall make no more nominations, as I have already declared expressly to the Nuncio. I have made use of a right, and I will stand by my action as a necessary safeguard for the working of the Concordat."

M. Combes then points out the serious calamities that will befall

the Church in France should the Pope continue to hold out against the Government. This note has been written, he concludes, to warn the ecclesiastical authorities of these dangers and to shake from himself the responsibility for them, should they come to pass.

On February 15 Cardinal Rampolla, in the name of the Pope, replied to the note of M. Combes. The Cardinal's letter is, we need scarcely say, a masterpiece of sound reasoning and clear exposition of Catholic principles. It could hardly be anything else coming from such a man. In the opening passages Cardinal Rampolla passes in review the arguments brought forward by M. Combes in his offiical note.

"I have not failed," he continues, "to submit the contents of this highly important letter to His Holiness, and the Holy Father, after having given it his most careful attention, has ordered me to notify your Excellency that, notwithstanding his desire to accede to the wishes of the French Government, he finds himself reluctantly compelled to confirm the reply aready given many times and repeated now by your Excellency. Nevertheless, by order of His Holiness, I am instructed to add some observations which make clear the canonical foundation of this determination and will help, moreover, to answer some questions of the highest importance."

The Cardinal treats first of the action of M. Combes in abandoning the *entente préalable*. Such a conference, he says, has been the chief means of preventing the unpleasant situation which of necessity must arise if the Church is obliged to reject any candidate proposed by the State. That this must almost inevitably happen if the State makes the nominations without any consultation with the ecclesiastical authorities, is evident from the admitted fact that about what are known as canonical impediments the majority of laymen know little or nothing. Hence, he says, the holding of a conference beforehand, while diminishing in no way the rights of the State, is of the greatest importance in helping to bring about the peaceful and harmonious working of the Concordat which both parties must naturally desire.

"But far more serious," continues the Cardinal, "are the various questions of principle which M. Combes has raised in attempting to maintain the two candidatures rejected by the Holy See, questions to which the Holy See must give a clear and definite answer."

Special circumstances, he goes on to say, very often require special qualities in the man to be appointed to a vacant diocese. Thus it may happen that a man who would be a very suitable Bishop for one diocese would be entirely unsuitable for another. Of this fact we have examples every other day. Perhaps the most prominent one that came before the notice of the people of this country

in modern times was the case of the present Archbishop of Dublin. All Irish and English Catholics must recognize that the very qualities which rendered Dr. Walsh a most suitable candidate for the See of Dublin would have rendered practically impossible his candidature for, let us say, the See of Westminster, had it been vacant at the time. This was one of the many things which M. Combes seemed quite unable to understand. Provided a man was not a heretic or a public sinner, he could not understand his not being eligible for the episcopal dignity. For this reason, Cardinal Rampolla continues, the Pope might sometimes be compelled to reject for one diocese some candidate whom he would willingly accept for another. He next goes on to consider the question of the transferring of Bishops. To change a Bishop from one diocese to another, he says, is a thing strictly forbidden by the Sacred Canons, unless there be some very strong reasons for the change. For the Sacred Canons compare the union of a Bishop and his diocese to the union existing between man and wife and even apply to the union the words of the Redeemer: "What God hath joined together, let no man separate." But though this bond can be dissolved by the Pope, yet he is by no means at liberty to do so arbitrarily. Before changing a Bishop from one diocese to another the Pope must have solid grounds for thinking that his doing so is, if not a matter of necessity, at least of the greatest utility to the welfare of the Church and the progress of religious interests. Hence, the Cardinal concludes, the nomination of a candidate already a Bishop must always take the form of a request, namely, that the Pope would inquire into the case and find out if sufficient grounds existed for making the change. Until, therefore, M. Combes had acted thus, the Pope would be compelled to reject the candidates who were thus, in a manner, uncanonically proposed.

There is very little doubt that the calm and clear defense of the Church's action made by Cardinal Rampolla was just the thing that M. Combes did not want. It would have suited his purpose admirably at the time if the Vatican had plunged into a torrent of abuse and denunciation. But nothing could have been a greater blow to him than the manner in which the Cardinal, with unanswerable arguments, showed who it was that was responsible for the whole conflict.

To Cardinal Rampolla's note M. Combes never made any official reply. His admirers claim that the speech which he delivered in the Senate on March 21 was a crushing rejoinder to the Cardinal's arguments. The speech in question was an answer to nothing or to no one; it was a fiery, illogical and most impolite exposition of grievances which never had any existence outside of his own

imagination. He accused the Vatican of everything that could tend to arouse passion in the minds of his hearers. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in parliamentary annals an instance in which a Minister attacked a foreign State with anything like the violence with which M. Combes on this occasion attacked the Catholic Church. The late Mr. Gladstone's tirades against Austria do not equal it either in bitterness or in unfairness.

A temporary lull in the storm occurred just about this time. The reason was that Pope Leo XIII., now in his ninety-third year, was stricken with an illness which every one knew must be his last. In July the venerable Pontiff passed away and was succeeded by the Venetian prelate, Cardinal Sarto, with Mgr. Merry del Val as Secretary of State.

In the meantime the Diocese of Ajaccio had become vacant. On September 27 M. Combes made the nomination, without, of course, the holding of any *entente préalable*. The Minister's choice for this diocese could scarcely deserve serious consideration. The candidate he proposed was a priest who was seventy-six years of age, and even had there been no other objection, the idea of a man of that age governing an immense and scattered diocese like Ajaccio was entirely absurd. So ridiculous indeed was it that M. Combes made no public protest when the rejection of his candidate was officially made known to him by the Papal Nuncio. He did not, it is true, propose another candidate or in any way recognize the rejection of the one he had proposed. But he did not, as on former occasions, make a "case" out of it, for he knew that nobody, except those absolutely blinded by prejudice, would sympathize with him in this case.

Towards the end of the same year the Dioceses of Vannes and Nevers fell vacant, and on January 5 M. Combes made the nominations. On March 2 Mgr. Lorenzelli conveyed to the Minister the decision of the Vatican, which was that the candidate he had proposed for Nevers had been accepted, but the one for Vannes rejected. As on the previous occasion, M. Combes took the decision quite calmly—we might almost say, philosophically. But he made no attempt either to make the necessary arrangements for the institution of the accepted candidate or to propose another instead of the rejected one.

Meanwhile the zealous mind of the new Pontiff was sadly grieved by the numerous and prolonged vacancies in the French dioceses. Wishing, therefore, that the unpleasant and injurious situation should be righted as soon as possible, he expressed the desire that Mgr. Lorenzelli should seek a personal interview with M. Combes, in the hope that a calm and friendly exposition of things may lead

to some good results. In accordance with this wish, the Nuncio on several occasions asked the favor of an audience with the Minister. Without actually refusing to grant his request, M. Combes invariably found some excuse for not granting it just then. Not even the decision of the Vatican with regard to his most recent nominations succeeded in drawing any definite statement from him as to whether he thought the interview advisable. At last a rather unforeseen circumstance drew from him an expression of the opinion which he had evidently always held, namely, that things had now arrived at a stage which made peace impossible. The occasion in question was a state banquet, given by the President of the Senate, at which all the members of the diplomatic corps were present. What took place on this occasion we can learn from the official dispatch which Mgr. Lorenzelli sent to Rome on March 23: "In the evening of March 19," he says, "after the state banquet given by the President of the Senate, I conversed with M. Combes. He began by excusing himself for not yet having fixed a day for the interview which I had asked, owing to his being constantly occupied. Besides, he immediately added, he did not see much use in it, for, he said, since we approach the question from conflicting principles, we cannot hope to come to an understanding. I endeavored to mitigate the significance of his words. I told him we were concerned not so much with principles as with hard facts. But M. Combes did not seem to be of this opinion. Just then our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of other guests who approached to chat with us. A quarter of an hour after, while I was speaking with M. Millaud, M. Combes passed by us. M. Millaud made him a sign, as if to invite him to join us. M. Combes pretended not to have noticed; he went to seek his wife and daughter in the ladies' room and quitted the Luxembourg Palace."

Feeling, however, that such flagrant want of courtesy would do much to prejudice public opinion against him, M. Combes on the very same night sent an official ultimatum to Mgr. Lorenzelli, stating his reasons for refusing to hold the suggested conference. Having explained how he had, for more than a year, protested against the action of the Vatican, the letter continues: "The Government then finds itself faced at the present moment by five vacant bishoprics, for only one of which the candidate it has nominated has been accepted. It considers, therefore, that it cannot make any further nominations as long as its first nominations, which it maintains absolutely, shall not have been accepted, for the bishoprics which have more recently fallen vacant cannot be considered until the earlier vacancies shall have been filled up. The President of the Council in consequence cannot agree to the holding of the conference

which has been suggested, experience having proved that such methods have been instrumental in establishing in France a hierarchy composed for the most part of open opponents of the Government, which possesses the confidence of the majority of the national representatives."

The chief obstacle insisted on by M. Combes, namely, that sees should be filled up in the chronological order in which they fell vacant, was an entirely new doctrine. No such rule, it is almost needless to say, will be found in any book of Canon Law. Nor did M. Combes himself appear to be consistent when, holding this view, he nevertheless went on nominating candidates for the different dioceses as they became vacant. His action seems entirely at variance with the principle he professed to hold.

Mgr. Lorenzelli replied to M. Combes by a private letter written on March 27. In it he informs the Minister that the Pope has been extremely grieved by the fact that several dioceses in France have been left for so long without a Bishop. The Concordat, he continues, recognizes the right of the Pope to inquire into and pronounce upon the canonical fitness of any candidate proposed, and that in doing so the Pope was fulfilling a duty rather than claiming a right. As regards the accusation made by M. Combes that the Pope was rejecting the candidates merely because of their attachment to the republican régime, the Nuncio said that it was without a shadow of foundation. All the past instructions of the Papacy had tended to inculcate into the clergy a spirit of genuine loyalty to the Republic, and the fact that the candidate for Nevers, who had been accepted, was, it might almost be said, an ultramontane republican, was sufficient to prove that Pius was imbued with precisely the same spirit as his predecessor, a spirit of good will towards the established government. The Nuncio concludes by saying that the filling up one diocese before another, which had been longer vacant, was neither contrary to any of the articles of the Concordat nor an infringement in any way on the rights of the State. A few days later the Secretary of State sent a note to Mgr. Lorenzelli containing substantially the same ideas as had been set forth in the letter of March 27.

On April 2 M. Combes replied, but only touches in a very general way on the questions at issue. He seems rather to take his own case for granted, and therefore, very naturally, assumes the tone of an injured innocent.

"It has never been denied," he says, "that the Concordat, while giving the head of the State the right of nomination, recognizes the right of the Sovereign Pontiff to refuse canonical institution. But the abuse of the power of refusing, as is carried on at present,

amounts in practice to an abolition of the right of nominating. All protestations to the contrary are fruitless in view of the fact that out of five nominations made by the Government only one has been accepted, although the candidates selected all occupy high positions and one of them has for a long time been a Bishop."

In the concluding passages M. Combes renews his old argument against the holding of a conference, namely, that it was by means of these that the Holy See had invariably succeeded in thrusting into vacant sees prelates imbued with strong anti-republican prejudices.

"As for nominating candidates to the bishoprics fallen vacant more recently," he says in conclusion, "that would be a process absolutely contrary to all logic and to all sense, and the State will not tolerate it."

The letter of M. Combes did not cause any great surprise at the Vatican. The ecclesiastical authorities at Rome had got to know him by this time. Nevertheless, his attack upon the Church, and more especially his accusation that the Pope was encouraging opposition to the established régime, was too unjust and too damaging to be allowed to pass without an answer. Mgr. Lorenzelli, having communicated the letter to Rome, replied to it on April 23. There is nothing in this letter which had not been said, in substance at least, in one or other of the documents from which we have already quoted. One cannot fail to recognize in it a certain dispirited tone, for Mgr. Lorenzelli, like every one else, had come to the conclusion that a pacific termination to the negotiations was out of the question now. M. Combes had set his face against peace, so there was no remedy but to prepare for war. No reply was ever made to the Nuncio's letter, and a complete deadlock set in between France and the Holy See. Bishoprics in the course of time became vacant and no attempt was made to fill them up, and thus it came about that when the separation law was passed in December, 1905, nineteen dioceses in France were without Bishops. What would have happened if the Concordat had been allowed to stand for much longer no one can say. As far as human eyes can foresee, it looked certain that in a short time France would have been without a single Bishop. But the Providence of God ordained otherwise, and thus it brought about that the cruel and unjust cloud of persecution was not without its silver lining. For the very first action of Pius X. after the separation law had been passed was to appoint to the vacant dioceses nineteen worthy, zealous prelates, men who may be relied upon to carry out in France, in the teeth of injustice and tyranny, the work which the saintly Pontiff himself is striving to carry out throughout the whole of Christendom, "renovare omnia in Christo."

The question of the election of the Bishops in France presents in itself very little resemblance to the question of the Genoa Exequatur, which is now occupying public attention in Italy. Yet the principle underlying each of them is the same. The truth is that modern States cannot safely be trusted with any part, however small, in the management of ecclesiastical affairs. Legislators of to-day are imbued with principles which leave no room for hoping that they would use all their influence to forward the real interests of the Church. There is no reason that this should be so; there is, on the contrary, every reason that it should not be so. No Catholic could for a moment think of casting a shadow of doubt on what Pope Leo has laid down, that a natural, healthy union ought to exist between Church and State, similar to the natural union which exists between the body and soul of any human being. Nor can anybody doubt that these words apply as forcibly to the twentieth century as they did to the tenth. But the very comparison made by the Pontiff is full of suggestion. For the union between body and soul ceases at the very instant that the body becomes inanimate, or, as we commonly say, when the body dies. And similarly we cannot help thinking, when a State becomes imbued with the spirit of incredulity, false freedom and atheism, which are, we might say, the characteristics of the present age, it may be said to have died as far as Catholicity is concerned, and the Church does not stand to lose, but to gain by separation from it. This no doubt would be altogether false if said about what we may call the ideal State. But, then, the ideal State can hardly be said to exist to-day. More than any others, the Latin countries fall far short of the perfection which would enable them to carry on harmonic relations with the Church. We cannot dwell in the air and dream of ideals; we must descend to earth and consider hard facts. And a hard, undeniable fact it is that most States of to-day—most European States at least—are imbued with a strong spirit of antagonism to the progress of the Catholic Church. Under such circumstances the separation of Church and State cannot always be regarded as an unmixed evil. Anybody who considers the freedom of action possessed by the Pope over the French Church to-day and contrasts it with the galling restrictions to which he was subjected in the days of the Concordat cannot help admitting that in this case, as in many others, out of great evil has come much good.

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THE LIBERATION OF THE CHURCH BY CONSTANTINE.

IN the year A. D. 284 the son of a Dalmatian slave put on the imperial purple. Diocletian was a cool-headed but superstitious man, endowed with an iron will and superior qualities of generalship. It was these latter which had helped him to a throne on which he felt very comfortable. He wore silks and satins with as much vanity and love of display as any fair, foolish damsel; was decked in gold and gems in right regal Oriental splendor; delighted beyond words that his predecessors had vindicated for themselves and their successors the honors of divinity. He came to the throne with a programme of reform in the system of government by which he hoped to restore the prestige and power of the empire, which were vanishing like snow before the sun. He understood aright the significance of "the Reign of the Thirty Tyrants," which meant that Rome would most certainly and inevitably degenerate into a mere historical centre of authority unless the pretensions of the hardy barbarian peoples were annihilated by a centralization of power in Rome, constructed out of their suppressed local rights and abrogated liberties. He was an autocrat (as might reasonably be expected of any slave come to power) after the mingled Persian and Muscovite types. Byzantine politics began with him. Now, Rome was the last city in the world to scruple at injustice to others, because her instincts were hopelessly wolfish. But the Golden City desired no autocrat within her own splendid republican walls. Diocletian, therefore, tried to placate the Romans and win their sympathies and allegiance for his schemes by proposing the abolition of the hereditary succession of their rulers. The best man at hand, he contended, the clearest-headed and most dauntless was alone worthy to be adopted as ruler of the city by the Tiber and its fortunes.

Diocletian diagnosed the popular feeling well, for men, since the days of Tacitus, had made their own that daring sentence which he had written: "To be born of royal blood is the purest of chances." Now, as the empire was too large and unwieldy to be governed easily by one man, and as the prætorian guards arrogated a power which might become dangerous if not broken, Diocletian put his theories into practice by adopting as co-emperor, in A. D. 286, Maximian Herculeus, a valiant general, popular with his troops, to whom he gave Italy and Africa as a command, with Milan as capital. He transferred the seat of his own rule to the Orient, selecting Nicomedia as his own city of residence, where from the shores of the Sea of Marmora he could keep watch on

the Tigris, the Danube and the Euxus, by which the outlying peoples must pass into Asia Minor, which, with Egypt and Thrace, he reserved to his own command. In this he followed a sure political instinct. Later on Constantine will ratify this course of action by recognizing the strategic superiority of an Eastern city over the City of the Cæsars. History also shows that the Oriental outlived by many years the Occidental portion of the empire. To himself as Cæsar (or under-ruler) he associated Galerius, who received the Balkan States, with a capital at Sirmium; Maximian took Constantius Chlorus as Cæsar, who got the "præfectura Galliarium—Spain, Gaul, Britain—with a seat of government at Treves. These four military commands were subdivided into twelve dioceses, each ruled by a vicar, and ninety-six provinces. Diocletian, who had shown himself a good general, betrayed himself, in this splitting up of the empire, a poor organizer.

But he also showed himself an even less efficient and sagacious politician. At the very moment of the division of the empire he began to persecute the Christians, amongst whose number were his own wife, Prisca; his daughter, Valeria, and many trusted officials of his household, like Gorgonius, Peter and Dorothea. Lactantius assures us that at the beginning of his reign Diocletian did not wish to shed blood on account of religious convictions; and we know that his first measures of intolerance were restricted to the destroying of churches, the books of the Gospels and so on. What, then, induced him to dip his hands in Christian blood?

There were a number of causes which we can best discover by a study of the psychology of this man who was at once very strong and very weak. The Christian writer Lactantius and the pagan historian Aurelius Victor agree that the unscrupulous Galerius exercised a preponderating influence over the conduct of Augustus. Galerius was a rough soldier, savage in manners, as he was a barbarian by birth; an eminent general, violent, astute and slippery of speech, who could bring men in an incredibly short space of time to see things in his own light, which was nearly always sinister. By instinct and family traditions he was a sworn enemy of the Christians. Hardly invested with power, he commanded all his soldiers to sacrifice to the gods on the plea of strengthening discipline in the army. He inflicted death on those Christian soldiers whom military degradation and withdrawal of pension did not bend. If we may believe Lactantius, he now began to prey upon the fears of Diocletian by sly insinuations, menaces and threats pronounced in his hearing by large bands of soldiers and officers who had been hired for the purpose. Toleration of the Christians who were stubborn and insubordinate must inevitably bring on the disruption

of the empire! Now, Diocletian, like all ungloved reformers, tried to persuade himself that he was sanely conservative. The people must believe the same if his authority was to pass undisputed. But it was commonly believed in the empire that political success was inextricably bound up with respect for the national gods, whom the Christians flatly refused to adore. Diocletian was at heart a religious-minded man, who frequented the temples, punctiliously sacrificed to the gods out of reverence for one of whom he officially took the name of Jovius. He was, therefore, precisely the sort of man whom religious sincerity and apparent political conservatism and expediency might easily turn into a bigot. And Galerius saw to it that Diocletian was never allowed to forget two occurrences which were made to appear symptomatic; the Christians on one occasion had interrupted the priests who were on the point of sacrificing to the gods, and the oracle of Apollo at Milet had denounced the Christians as enemies of the State.

Diocletian's first edict against the Christians was very lenient. It was posted in the city on February 24, A. D. 303. At once a foolish Christian on his own initiative and responsibility tore it down. Shortly after fire broke out in the imperial palace on two occasions, caused by lightning, Constantine, who was present, assures us. Galerius saw his golden advantage. Simulating fear of the Christians, he fled from the place. Diocletian was made to believe that he had been betrayed into the hands of his enemies, of whom there were many in his immediate entourage. In fear he ordered all the Christians of his household, as also many priests of the city, who were falsely suspected of connivance in the plot against his life, to be thrown into prison. Though he strictly forbade the shedding of blood, blood yet flowed in profusion. A second edict called still more urgently for the incarceration of the Christians. By another, which was published in that same year of A. D. 303, the Emperor granted liberty to all who should sacrifice to the gods. The prisons everywhere were filled to overcrowding with confessors of the faith, who looked upon their noisome dungeons as the vestibule of heaven. In the early months of the year A. D. 304 Diocletian, enraged, it was said, by the sight of his crowded jails, let loose the hounds of persecution in whose nostrils was the smell of blood. None, it was designed, should escape the clutches of the penal laws. Bread and wine were offered to the gods before being put up for sale in the shops, and whoso refused to buy or carry home this defiled food was suspected of sympathy for the hated sect. The Christians soon realized that they must carry their lives in their own hands on the red ridge of battle, where the circumstances of the times forced them to take a stand,

and that he who had succeeded in preserving his life must now make ready to cast it from him like a worn garment.

For two long, weary years the persecution lasted. Then partial relief came, because the tetrarchy, like the huge, cumbrous machine it was, became dislocated. Lactantius relates that Galerius preyed so mercilessly and unrelentingly upon the fears of Diocletian that, mentally unbalanced, he abdicated on May 1, A. D. 305, withdrawing to Saloma, in Dalmatia, where he proposed to seek for health and quiet as a gardener. At Milan Maximian Herculeus laid down his command unwillingly, out of compulsion.

The events of the following years succeed one another with the rapidity of moves in a game of chess. Constantius Chlorus now shared with Galerius the office of Emperor. The latter—pushing aside Constantine, son of Constantius Chlorus, and Maxentius, son of Maximian Herculeus, whose right to succeed as Cæsars had already been agreed upon—intruded in their stead the drunkard, Flavius Severus, who staggered through his provinces of Italy, Africa and Rhætia until he fell upon his own sword in A. D. 307, and a half-savage nephew of his own, Maximin Daza, who received Egypt and Syria as his command. In three-fourths of the empire, especially the Oriental sections, the persecution which raged was characterized not only by a thirst of blood, but by a debasing quest of the virtue and innocence of the Christian women. When Constantius died at York on July 25, A. D. 306, Constantine was called out as Emperor by his father's loyal troops. He received from Galerius as Cæsar an astute politician, Licinius. Now, Maxentius, who lived near Rome, having murdered the prefect of the city, was proclaimed Emperor by the prætorian guards on October 28, A. D. 306. And forthwith Maximian Herculeus, who had reluctantly laid aside the purple, appeared before men as a candidate for the throne. There were now six Emperors in the empire: Maximian Herculeus and Maxentius at Rome. Severus in Italy, Constantine in Gaul, Galerius and Maximin Daza in the Orient. The work of Diocletian was forever undone!

The lot of the Christians in the Occident was tolerable because Maxentius overlooked them, Constantine befriended them and Maximian by his death in A. D. 310 was removed from them. In the Orient, however, the political status of the empire changed little, which means, in other words, that Galerius maintained his hierarchical preëminence, whilst the Christians by enforced labors in the mines of Cilicia, Palestine and Cyprus supplied him and Maximin Daza with the riches that were required for war and luxurious living. But in A. D. 311 Galerius, like his prototypes, Antiochus and Herod, was struck down with a hideous disease, the result

and wages of a vicious life. No remedies could alleviate the pains of the sufferer, who lay on his rich, soft bed, moaning like a wounded beast; the wisdom of Apollo's oracle could suggest no relief. And as the physician who had waited upon him was being led out to death for his failure, he reminded the Emperor that no earthly remedies could heal the disease which a just God had sent upon him as a punishment. Galerius, reduced to the last extremity, sought to wrest a cure from the God of the Christians. The edict of toleration which he published concludes with these words: "In exchange for our clemency the Christians must beseech their God for the restoration of our health, for the State, for themselves, so that the Republic may enjoy full prosperity and they may live in security." The edict was signed by Constantine and Licinius. Lactantius read it on the walls of Nicomedia on April 10, A. D. 311.

Maxentius did not sign it because his authority was not recognized by Galerius. Maximin Daza enforced it half-heartedly up to the time of the death of Galerius on May 5, A. D. 311, when, becoming Augustus for the Oriental division of the empire, he revoked it and began at once to persecute the Christians in good earnest. He went about in person from city to city to see that the penalties which he had attached to the profession of the Christian faith were scrupulously enforced by his magistrates. With a shrewdness which shows the depths of his hatred of the Gospel he began to organize paganism on a hierarchical basis, in order thus to galvanize its waning power and declining influence. At Antioch the cult of a new Jupiter was inaugurated, with priests and adepts and an oracle whose first word was an injunction to extirpate the Christians. Maximin caused to have circulated throughout the Orient, Asia Minor and Egypt a parody of the Christian Gospel, the so-called Acts of Pilate, which had been composed many years before by an archenemy of the truth. This blasphemous parody was placarded everywhere on the city walls; its study was made obligatory in every school; snatches of it were recited at every public entertainment. The Emperor tried by this subtle means to bring the Gospel into disrepute among the people, but the faithful put its chief lesson—charity—into execution during a famine which raged with especial vehemence in Syria. The poor, hunted, outlawed Christians, by their lives, their devotion and their alms during the famine and the plague which followed upon it like a shadow, won the good esteem of their fellows, frustrating thus the deep-laid plans of Maximin. He was now preparing for an expedition against the inhabitants of the five satrapies beyond the Tigris—vaguely known as Armenia—which though they had been subdued by the Roman legion in A. D. 297, had never been made provinces,

as Mommsen has clearly shown. On the eve of departing he received a menacing letter from his colleague in the Occident, to this effect: the God of the Christians had shown Himself propitious to Constantine.

And Constantine, because he was a magnanimous man, determined to adore the Christians' God and to show himself the friend of His people.

Now, there was nothing overpoweringly strange in this resolve. Aside from supernatural motives which we may not hope to scrutinize, heredity and education are elements which we must reckon with in this as in every conversion. There is a fund of truth in that profound observation of Schopenhauer's that, as a rule, a child inherits his character from his father and his mental gifts from his mother.

Constantius Chlorus, the father of Constantine, was an able general and a better administrator of the law. He had subdued the enemies of the empire in his own command, and had applied the Roman law when its peaceful operation was bitterly resisted by a people who were led by Druid priests whom the Roman eagle had never done to death in their impenetrable sacred groves hanging heavy with mistletoe. It may be that Constantius learned from his wife, St. Helen, that it was not necessary to stamp out Christianity by force in order to preserve peace in the State. If the prestige of Rome depended upon the gods, then surely the gods ought to be able to take care of themselves; surely they could not need the powerful protection of the State. If Christianity was but a human institution upon which the divinity had not breathed its saving breath, then it must of a certainty fall of itself. Only a divine work could hold out against Rome. Hence when Diocletian bade the entire empire to rise up like a man to extirpate the Christians in defense of the national safety by a protection of the national gods, Constantius Chlorus, "not to appear to be acting against his colleagues," Lactantius wisely remarks, caused a few Christian meeting places to be pulled down, that is, a few rural churches, thus preserving the true temples—man—in whom God dwells." This was the only safe course of conduct for Constantius. During his rule "Gaul never knew the scourge of persecution," the Donatist Bishops remarked later on in an address by whose fine praise of his venerated father they hoped to win the good will of the son for themselves.

Constantine, therefore, inherited a deep-seated disdain and aversion for polytheism from a father who, though he never embraced the Christian faith, was nevertheless a firm believer in one God. There seems to be no ready reason at hand why we should exclude

the influence of his mother, St. Helen, from the causes which made of him, even before his conversion, a warm sympathizer with the Christians. He could see for himself to what heights the Gospel of Jesus might lift the daily life of man from the conduct of the several Bishops whom Constantius, as Eusebius informs us, always kept at his court. This may have influenced him to engage the services of Lactantius as instructor of his children—and that ardent Christian was not the manner of man to maintain a stolid silence about the teachings of the Divine Master in the presence of his royal master. But Constantine was early removed from this congenial atmosphere to Nicomedia, where Diocletian hoped to wean him from any possible thoughts as to his presumptive right to succeed to his father's throne. Later on he passed to the lascivious Court of Galerius, where he found himself in the humiliating position of a hostage, or semi-prisoner, whom all tried to rid themselves of by ruses which were made to look innocent and unintentional. The noble instincts of the youth rebelled vehemently against this mean plotting of his royal keepers, and his heart sickened at the sight of the gilded vice and intolerance against the Christians which obtained at the court. He himself confessed later on with what fierce indignation he was seized when reading the edict of Diocletian against the Christians—a feeling which betrays to us unwittingly the contempt he entertained for the tyrants. Right gladly did he prepare to join Constantius when the latter on the eve of an expedition into Britain reclaimed his son from Galerius. Fearing to be recalled by the latter, Constantine gave to his departure all the appearances of flight. To forestall any danger of capture, he caused all the horses of the relays on the way to be lamed by mutilation. He arrived in Gaul—Gessoriacum, the modern Boulogne-sur-Mer—in time to take ship with his father. In Britain he stood by the side of Constantius during several engagements with the Picts. At York he watched his father's brave soul leave a body that was writ all over with the hieroglyphs of war. Over the dead body of the Augustus, Constantine was proclaimed Emperor by the troops. At once, as was customary, he sent to all the princes his portrait surrounded with laurel leaves. Galerius received it with fury, and would have dashed it to the ground had not his advisers begged him to keep an eye on the complications which might arise from such conduct. In sullen rage he must recognize and confirm the new Augustus. The plans which Galerius had carefully laid for the reorganization of the empire were completely overturned. He wreaked his revenge upon the innocent Christians.

Constantine took up his command forthwith. He enjoyed the

love and confidence of the soldiers, to whom he had been recommended by the dying Constantius. They had not forgotten the tales of valor which were told of their new leader when he was still a mere boy at the courts of Diocletian and Galerius.

Now, it chanced one day that Maxentius, who lived in luxury near Rome, passed through the city, where at every turn the eye was distracted by statues of the great dead and the successful living. He saw in the forest of statues that of Constantine, his brother-in-law—a man who had been pushed aside from the throne on the very same day of May that Galerius had dispossessed Maxentius himself at Nicomedia. He was devoured with a desire to emulate his success. Like most blindly aspiring men, he dreamed that he was able to rule the world when in very fact he had failed all along to rule himself. He swore on the spot that he would wrest Gaul to himself. The sorcerers whom he consulted promised him victory because they were his tools; the interpreters of the Sibylline books insinuated that, since they read on the sacred page that Rome would carry off victory, it must evidently mean that victory would descend upon the banners of him who now held Rome; in the viscera of strangled lions he read favorable omens; the blood of women and children augured success for his venture. Maxentius was satisfied of victory because the gods were propitious. He drew Maximin into his place; he levied troops in Southern Italy and Mauretania; he mobilized all available guards in Rome; he forced the prætorian guards of the city to do him homage as Augustus; he sent a messenger to Constantine to ask the cause and reason of the death of Maximian Herculeus in A. D. 311; he threw down from their pedestals the statues of Constantine, whom he called a tyrant because he envied him his success. Would Constantine accept the challenge which had been offered him with such outrageous insolence?

Now, Constantine stood in friendly relations with Licinius, to whom he had given his sister, Constantia, in marriage. By reason of the alliance which this marriage sealed, Maximin Daza was practically excluded from engaging in the war. For should he make common cause with Maxentius, he would come into conflict with Licinius, who jealously resented any encroachments on his rights and territory.

Against Maxentius Constantine now prepared to march. His army was not large, because he been compelled to leave ample garrisons behind to defend his frontiers on the Rhine. Zosimus puts down the total number of his men at 25,000 to 100,000, whilst Maxentius had mustered together no fewer than 190,000 men.

As he rode at the head of his forces, be it in his own Gaul or

on some difficult if lovely Alpine pass, Constantine was lost in thoughts which Eusebius reproduces faithfully for us in his own alert style. In the first place, he could not deny that his numbers were small. Worn out by long, fatiguing marches, his soldiers would soon have to come to close grips with the superior forces of Maxentius—renowned prætorian guards of Rome and the picked fighters of Italy and Africa! Besides, the enemy was in a state of high mental exaltation as to the providential mission of their leader. Would not the gods be by his side again as they had been in the riot which followed upon the death of Severus, and, once more, when Galerius had taken to flight? Had not the augurs and haruspices indicated victory to the Roman troops? This assurance of victory acted like old wine to their courage. Then the thought of fighting with the prætorian guards on a foreign soil, where the methods of warfare differed much from the guerrilla skirmishing of provinical woods and marshes, had lain like a wet blanket on the enthusiasm of his troops. Had this undefined hesitancy of his generals not induced him to give immediate orders for a quick march across the Alps? Indeed, Constantine's mind was troubled. The heart that had not quailed as he stepped down into the arena at Nicomedia to kill a starved lion now trembled with fear and a superstitious awe. Of one thing he was certain—the issue of this battle depended upon more than military valor and prowess.

But whence must help come if he could not succeed with the men he was leading towards Rome? To whom could he turn, since all were turned against him? Certainly, not to men—much less to the gods who had so often failed the men whom they had promised to assist in battle. Of all the warriors in the past who had attempted to accomplish the work which he was now undertaking all had failed—save one—his own father, the brave and valiant Roman who, despite—perhaps on account of his love—for Rome had ever adored one god. But where was this "one god" whose arm was strong and whose help was never-failing? How could He be known, because, men said, He was not visible? Where must one turn to obtain His protection?

And as an answer to all the questions which rose to his lips wakened by the cold, bitter logic of his present need, as a sign of the forthcoming victory over Maxentius, and a still greater victory over his own ignorance and pagan hesitation and unbelief, there appeared to Constantine somewhere on the way between Colmar and Saxa Rubra a Cross in the heavens.

"And whilst the Emperor prayed with supplication," Eusebius writes, "a marvelous sign was sent to him by God. If any other

persons should have reported it, his hearers would with difficulty believe it. But who can longer doubt it, since the victorious Augustus, a long time afterwards when I was admitted to his intimacy, told it to me and swore to it on oath. He declared having seen with his eyes, after midday when the sun was already going down to the horizon, a luminous cross appear in the heavens, just below the sun, with this inscription: 'In this thou shalt conquer.' This apparition struck him with astonishment, as also the soldiers who followed him and were witnesses of it. He asked himself, so he told me, what this sight might have meant. He thought a long time; then night came, and during his sleep Christ appeared to him and commanded him to make a military standard similar to the one that had appeared to him and to make use of it in his battles as a salutary protection."

Constantine believed the sign that had been given him. Though the pagan soldiers of his army, believing the soothsayers and haruspices, wished to discontinue the march on account of this "adversum signum," or bad sign, the Emperor gave instant orders for the preparation of a standard on which appeared, in abbreviated form, the name of Jesus Christ. This standard was carried by Constantine in every march and in each of his armies. It later became known as the "Labarum."

It is Eusebius, the learned Bishop of Cæsarea, "Father of Church History" and confidant of Constantine, who relates the apparition of the cross in his "De Vita Constantini." In his earlier work, "The History of the Church," he is less explicit, simply stating that before commencing the battle Constantine "piously called upon the God of heaven and his Son Jesus Christ," who gave the Emperor victory. The account of Eusebius bears on its face the hallmark of truth and genuineness. He states the facts simply, soberly, without any effort at embellishment or any apologetic pleading for the cause of Christianity. He does not flatter the Emperor with fulsome praise, but shows him to us in all his weakness and human limitations. He reproduces the fears and hesitations of a man who knows that he is going to a battle whose odds are all against him. He allows the less spiritual, more earthly, motives that lay at the back of Constantine's prayer appear in all their nakedness. Everything he says accords with the character of the Emperor as we know it from his life and all his actions. If the story were an invention of the Bishop, we would find more of the idealistic in it than in fact we do. There is no hero-worship here. We must therefore accept Eusebius' words if we are ready to accept Constantine's oath to the truth of the story which he told the Bishop.

But there have not been wanting rationalistic historians who,

if they cannot impugn the veracity of Eusebius, question the good faith, sincerity and mental sanity of Constantine. These special pleaders at the bar of history are guided by the sole preoccupation of removing from the history of Constantine the miraculous apparition of the cross in the heavens. In the first place, we cannot believe that Constantine would have staked his good name on a fictitious story which the many soldiers who were with him at the time could have easily contradicted. Moreover, he had nothing to gain from such a fiction, first, because he had already gained the victory and was enjoying its glory, and, secondly, because the friendship of the Christian God would not go far in increasing his popularity with the mass of the Roman people, who were still pagans. Truth to tell, he would have acted more in accordance with the tastes of Rome had he ascribed the victory to the pagan gods or to his own valor. His reign would have been less wearisome had he left the Christians severely alone. He could have found an easier way to surround his victory by the Milvian Bridge with the glory which some modern historians make out he was desirous of obtaining than by the invention of this story. It could not have been thrown out as a bait for the favor of the Christians, for they were far less numerous in the empire than the pagans, less influential. If, then, we may not suspect Eusebius, who wrote of the apparition in A. D. 338, nor the pagan Nazarius, who wrote in A. D. 321, nor Lactantius, who wrote in A. D. 314; if we may not put down Constantine's own account as a wilful deceit, we can, at least, according to another class of modern historians, ascribe the vision to hallucination. This is the explanation suggested by the last writer on the subject of the apparition. In "The Cambridge Medieval History," edited by H. M. Gwatkin and J. P. Whitney, we read: "But we need not, therefore, set it (the apparition of the cross) down for a miracle. The cross observed may very well have been a halo such as Whymper saw when he came down after the accident on the Matterhorn in 1865—three crosses for his three lost companions. The rest is no more than can be accounted for by Constantine's imagination, inflamed as it must have been by the intense anxiety of the unequal contest." It is just as well to say at once in answer to this insidiously plausible explanation that by means of subtle insinuation and the heaping up of analogies any one who knows the force of words can explain away any occurrence whose outer effects and appearance come under the senses of man. Thus the miracles of Christ have been gotten rid of by daring rationalizing historians and critics. It is true that the senses of Constantine may have been defective; of this we have no knowledge, and we can hardly suppose it in a general way.

But if he was deceived by what he saw, imagining it to be a cross in the heavens, then also were the thousands of soldiers who were with him. Now, we know that soldiers are the least imaginative men, never hysterical and, as a rule, not over religious-minded. It would be preposterous to maintain that all were deceived together. So far we have discovered no contemporary who has denied the apparition. It matters little whether it was a halo, or nebula, or any other aerial substance. What matters alone is whether something unusual appeared in the sky. Of the appearance of a cross we cannot doubt—antiquity is entirely in favor of an apparition. Constantine, having called upon the God of the Christians for help, saw in the cross a sign from the Christian God that his prayer had been heard. And because, good general that he was, he knew that he could not win by his own forces, he ascribed the victory to the help which he believed he had received from above. This is the verdict also of those who were in the best position to judge for themselves—those whose lives were conterminous with the appearance of the cross and the gaining of the victory at the Milvian Bridge—the pagans and Christians who were one in looking upon the whole affair as mysterious. Nazarius, a pagan writer of Gaul, reëchoes the tradition of his fellows with regard to some wonderful apparition made to Constantine; the Roman Senate and people when erecting the Arch of Constantine, in A. D. 315, mentioned in the inscription on its base that he had overcome the tyrant "instinctu divinitatis;" the Christians on their sarcophagi in the Catacombs reproduce the cross and words which they believed the Emperor had seen in the heavens; the Augustus himself ordered his statue in the Forum to bear a lance in the shape of a cross, with this inscription below: "By this salutary sign, emblem of true courage, I have delivered your city from the yoke of the tyrant." No one demurred. No one contradicted the popular belief. If Constantine was a victim of his imagination, then the same is true of all antiquity; or else antiquity allowed a huge lie to be foisted upon itself without protest or contradiction. Besides, the careful editions of the classics which were then prepared show us that it was a hypercritical age; the system of espionage which obtained in Rome succeeded in laying bare the truth of every important statement, as Seneca and Philostratus assure us; pious fictions could not expect a long lease of life at the hands of the people and the colleges of priests who were never listless and indifferent to tales that spoke of the oracles and the intervention of the divinity in favor of man. Being pagans and enemies of the Gospel, it is but natural to expect that they would exercise an especially rigorous censorship over a story which made in favor of Christianity. If

all this be true, it would seem to be the part of ordinary prudence and good sense to accept the story of the apparition of the shining cross for what all antiquity took it to be—an intervention of the God of the Christians in favor of Constantine. And he, believing the sign that had been given him, marched on quickly to the Milvian Bridge.

But before giving orders to march into the land that had taken up the sword against him, Constantine received another vision of the Prince of Peace, who bade him to engrave upon the bucklers of his soldiers the monogram which every Roman took as the badge of a most stupendous defeat and lost cause—the sign of the cross, which already glimmered on the Roman standards. And under this new ægis the soldiers, having crossed the Alps, captured in quick succession Susa, Turin, Milan, Brescia, Aquileia and Modena. Near the borders of Etruria the army suffered a defeat. But strong in his trust, Constantine continued, by forced marches, to swoop down on Rome.

Now, Maxentius was living at Rome in great splendor and ceaseless feasting. His mind was busy with preparations for the feast which was to mark the sixth anniversary of his accession to the throne. He believed in his own good fortune. He trusted the gods, whom he called his own, because they had promised him success. There was nothing to fear except the fickle Roman populace, whom he must keep from revolt by games and gratuitous provisions—Panem et Circenes! The rival who was descending upon his city with the rapidity of an avalanche would yet learn to walk slowly in the triumphal procession through the city streets. It would be sweet to see him doing homage, in the dust, at the feet of the Roman Augustus! Hence Maxentius did not leave his banquet table and his pleasures, though the best of his generals kept ever close to him expecting orders. Without, in the camp, the soldiers paced up and down restlessly, eager for the carnage of war. At last Maxentius did give the command: the army was to march out by the Flaminian Way to meet the invader. The forces were to cross the Tiber and leave their rear guard on the right bank of the river. It was a blind order, foolish, dangerous, because there was no way of retreat left to them in case of need except the Milvian Bridge, made of small boats. But the hoary generals durst not speak out their minds to their master. It was the Roman's to obey—and here were Romans of the Romans. And the prætorian guards and the skilled warriors of Southern Italy and Mauretania did as they were commanded.

About two hours' march from Rome, on the further side of the Tiber, close by the Red Rocks, which overlooked the former villa

of Livy, the advance guard of the Roman army met the oncoming thousands of Constantine. A slight skirmish took place. It was but the foretaste of the morrow's battle. It was but as the first tentative crossing of swords in a duel. It was but the tuning of the orchestra which was to play the sad dirge for those who were to fall and to be beaten!

On October 28, A. D. 312, the anniversary day of Maxentius' coronation, Constantine marched on swiftly towards the river.

In the distance lay the Golden City, early alive with the thousands of people who were to be feasted that day by the Emperor. The gladiators bathed their nimble limbs, oiled with the choicest balsam of Africa, in the morning sun. The keepers of the wild beasts of the circus prodded the lions and panthers with long, sharp sticks in order to stir up their instincts of killing. The streets, which were decorated with festoons of flowers and laurel wreaths and arches, surged with people from the surrounding country who had come to the Eternal City as guests of their own generous Augustus. A few birds, uninvited, came to the celebration. Maxentius, sure of the victory which the gods had promised him—the spoiled child of fortune—watched from his imperial lodge the games of the circus.

The entry of Constantine into the City of the Cæsars on the morrow of the battle—October 29, A. D. 312—was a real triumph, because a people's soul was in it. The pleasure-mad Romans, for once in their lives, did not seek by ovation to satisfy their own love of display and diversion, but meant in downright earnest to show their gratitude to a hero who had broken the oppressor's chains from their necks. The procession was œcumenic in character, because in it marched those whom we should never have expected to find there—the poor, the lowly, the women, the children—in a word, all Rome. There, too, we might have seen the several Senators whom Constantine had freed from the jails, where these patriots, who had refused to keep a servile silence, had been confined by Maxentius for their freedom of speech. The crowd was mad with enthusiasm. It was drunk with the new wine of freedom. It followed Constantine to the Palatine Hill, cheering him whom the heavens had protected and, forgetting the pagan prejudices of the past, bowing in reverence before the sign of the cross which glistened on the Roman standards and the soldiers' bucklers. And no one asked himself the question why Constantine had foregone the sacrifices to the gods and the visit to Jupiter Capitolinus which were customary on such occasions. And as the banners fluttered in the air a mighty cry went up from the people when Constantine appeared on the balcony of the palace which stood on the hill—

and the cry seemed to come from one throat, probably because it came from hearts that were one in gratitude to the hero. Eusebius tells us that the people almost forced their way into the palace in their efforts to show visibly to the man who had freed them the great love that was in their hearts.

Later on, the Senate decreed that two days each year should be set aside as national holidays in veneration of him whom they honored with the official title of "The First Augustus." The small temple which Maxentius had built on the Appian Way to perpetuate the memory of his son Romulus was turned into a shrine bearing the victor's name. An arch that was to stand between the Cœlian and Palatine Hills began to rise from the ground, fair and beautiful with the sculptured blocks that came from other arches which other men had built for themselves in their vaulting ambition and desire of immortality in the minds of men. On the crest of the Esqueline Hill the Consul Junius Bassus built a basilica, on whose walls costly mosaics perpetuated each phase of the recent battle and victory—a basilica which was destined to become the Christian Church of St. Andrew, in which, for many years, there was enacted early each morning the victory of Christ over the devil. Throughout the empire there was rejoicing; processions passed through the cities almost daily for a month. Especially true was this of Africa, which Maxentius had devastated and trampled upon by his ceaseless pursuit of Alexander. In the name of the Roman Province of Africa the authorities instituted colleges of priests in nearly all the important cities, priests who were forbidden to offer sacrifices to the gods, but whose duty it was to preside at the periodic games in honor of the Flavian "gens." Cirta changed its name into that of Constantine, from whose wise rule it hoped to regain its lost splendor, importance and opulence.

Constantine's great heart must have gone out in love to his people, who clung to him with the affection and abandon of children. Be that as it may, he set about at once to heal the social wounds from which the empire bled. Radium-like, his measures of reform brought light into a world that had lost its way in the worse than Etruscan darkness of Maxentius' misrule. He suppressed the debasing system of informing which wrought much havoc amongst the people, because each man watched his neighbor narrowly, like a criminal, in order to draw pecuniary profit from his mistakes past and present. By this very means, too, he was able to protect the men who had formerly cast in their lot with Maxentius and were for that reason hated by a people burning with resentment for past evils suffered at their hands. Indeed, the Emperor showed great leniency for the partisans of his former opponent—he did

not require fresh hecatombs of victims to satisfy his outraged honor —that had been avenged at Saxa Rubra—now only the sons of Maxentius and his most intimate agents were led out to the second milestone beyond the walls on the Flaminian or Salerian Ways to be beheaded. In order to guarantee his own safety, strengthen his own rule and save the city from military oppression, he disbanded the prætorian guards and dismantled their camps, which had always been nurseries of insurrection. He reduced the number of civic guards. Rome, because it was his Rome, must be a free city. As long as he ruled no one could dare snatch the pearl of liberty from the proud front of Rome where he had set it.

Soon strange faces, devastated by fear, corrugated by suffering and disfigured by the hot irons of torture, appeared in the streets—those who had long memories tried to recall what these ruined human temples had once looked like! Men whose limbs had not been mutilated in war or maimed in some great catastrophe of nature hobbled painfully through the Eternal City—they were those the muscles of whose legs had been cut before going down to work in the pestilential mines. Widows and orphans wended their way daily to booths where money, clothing and foodstuffs were dispensed by carefully chosen almoners, whose hands were generous because the Emperor's heart was warm. These pitiable remnants of humanity were the salvage from the storm which had raged against the Church. They streamed into Rome because Rome was the city of their souls, and their souls were Roman because Catholic, and Constantine was the Church's Deliverer.

From the first the Emperor took a decided stand in favor of Christianity. He not only opened his hand to the Christians, but encouraged them by his sympathy for the Gospel. He issued an edict shortly after the victory at the Milvian Bridge granting freedom to the Christians. It has never reached us. We know of this edict only from the words by which several months later he recalled some of its regulations. As we shall see, he regretted these restrictions of his first edict of tolerance as utterly unworthy of his clemency.

The Romans, so Eusebius tells us, were struck dumb with wonder at the sight of humble ministers of the Gospel at meat with the Emperor on the Palatine and moving freely in his council chambers. For the first time in the history of the world the Roman exchequer received orders to contribute to the erection of Christian churches. The old Lateran Palace, which had recently been named in honor of the Empress Fausta, was handed over to Pope Miltiades for his residence. Here the seat of ecclesiastical administration was transferred. In the following year a council of eighteen Bishops was

convened in the palace, since it was but just that the convention of Church legislators be held in the "First Cathedral of Christendom." By order of the Emperor, all ecclesiastical property which had been stolen or confiscated by State or individuals was returned to the rightful owners.

In the Orient, where the rule of Constantine was not recognized, the persecution against the Christians still pursued its bloody and unholy way. For Maximin Daza was not the man to let go the throats of the Christians. Now that his power was becoming more dominant every day throughout the empire, and his name was a talisman to conjure with, Constantine resolved, with the concurrence of his colleague, Licinius, to force Maximin to put aside the rack and torture-wheel. Together they wrote a menacing letter to the Oriental Augustus, which he did not dare, as was his wont, to leave unanswered. He prepared for the bitter business of replying to the summons by first drowning several Christians. Then he took up his writing materials. In a shifting, shuffling, non-committal letter to Sabinus, the prefect of his prætorian guards, Maximin wrote among many other things that "I have wished to remind you that our provincial peoples must be brought back to the gods by leniency and persuasion. If some return of their own free will, you must receive them with open arms. But if others prefer to persevere in their religion (Christian), it is necessary to leave them to their own free choice. This, then, is the rule which you must henceforth follow: Grant no one permission to oppress the inhabitants of the provinces; gain them to our religion by clemency." There was not a single Christian who trusted the half-hearted promises of Maximin. This was but a truce, a cessation of open hostilities; Maximin was, obviously, trying to gain time. If fortune should smile upon him, he would not tarry to unsheath the sword. Hence the Christian fugitives remained in their caves and hiding places; priests still wore their careful disguises; the name of Jesus was still pronounced behind locked doors, with caution, as if it were an execrable name. Men still prayed hard and earnestly for the breaking of the new day when Christian justice should shine forth like the sun after the long night of oppression in which Maximin had tried, by dark ruses, to promote the universal spread of paganism in the Orient. The "potestates tenebrarum harum" were at work like the darkest powers of hell.

But Constantine, too, understood the trickery of the hypocritical Augustus. He had unearthed at Rome a long correspondence between Maximin and Maxentius, where they had made common cause against him. If he got as much as one favorable opportunity, Maximin would undoubtedly declare war on him. But Constantine

feigned to be satisfied with the edict of Maximin. He knew what he was about. After having received in Rome the insignia of his third Consulate, Constantine departed for Milan, where Licinius was awaiting him.

Though the obvious purpose of this convention at Milan was to celebrate the wedding of Licinius with Constantine's sister, Constantia, important business pertaining to the empire was to be despatched. It was probably for the latter reason that Diocletian was invited to attend the meeting. But when he refused to come, alleging old age and infirmity, and was on this account openly accused of collusion with Maximin, he took poison in order to escape a worse death, Victor Aurelius assures us. The Christians looked upon his tragic end as the work of divine vengeance. Like nearly all the persecutors of the Church of the fourth century, he ended miserably. The Senate inscribed his name amongst the gods and the people erected a magnificent mausoleum for him. But what he would have preferred to all this posthumous honor was denied him: to join his name to the great work that was being inaugurated at Milan.

Diocletian had let loose a storm in the empire in the driving mists of which Christianity was enveloped as in a halo—a halo as beautiful as is the milky white mantle of mist with which a shower sometimes clothes the sombre moutains of Scotland. But the long duration of the storm had caused much internal disorder in the empire, which was far more really dangerous than the troubles whose ominous warnings came from without. Galerius, it is true, had tried to stay the arm of the persecutor, because his own was no longer able to deal out blows. Gaul, Spain and Belgium, which were governed by Constantine, and the land that lay between the Adriatic and the Bosphorus, which was governed by Licinius, were the only parts of the vast Roman Empire where humane treatment was dealt out to the Christians. The rest of the empire was at the mercy of every whimsical ruler. The edict of Galerius was too flexible to satisfy the juridic mind of Constantine, who had signed it. It was open to any kind of interpretation at the hands of the magistrates' lawyers. These were commanded "to do nothing against the law" with regard to the Christians. What was the law? In theory it was tolerance for Christianity. In practice, however, the lawyers and magistrates could take refuge in several restrictive clauses which were appended to the edict and were an annulment of the liberty which it had granted. These regulations were prototypes of the later Napoleonic "Articles Organiques" and operated in the same destructive manner. Finally Galerius had made no privisions as to the restitution of the confis-

cated possessions of the Christians. The Galerian edict, therefore, was not fit to stand upon the law tablets of Rome.

Constantine was convinced that this edict was an inefficient charter of religious liberty. In content and form, by reason of the circumstances which had dictated it and in view of the application which it had received in certain quarters, he determined to publish a new law in favor of the Christians. Eusebius gives us, in Greek, the preamble, whilst Lactantius preserves for us in Latin the official text of the Edict of Milan.

"For a long time we have been convinced that liberty of conscience in religious matters must not be limited, but that it is necessary to allow every one to obey the dictates of his own conscience. Thus we have permitted all—and this includes the Christians—to follow the teachings of their religion and worship. But because many and diverse conditions were enumerated in the rescript by which this privilege was granted them, many have, perhaps on this account, renounced it after a time." (Here the preamble ends.)

"Hence we, Constantine and Licinius, emperors, having met at Milan to treat of all the affairs which concern the interest and safety of the empire, have thought that among those matters which must occupy our attention, nothing would be more useful to our peoples than to regulate first of all those things which regard the manner of honoring the divinity. We have resolved to grant to the Christians and all others the liberty of practicing the religion which they prefer, so that the divinity who resides in heaven may be propitious and favorable to us as to all those who live under our rule. It has seemed to us good and reasonable not to refuse to any of our subjects, be he Christian or adherent of any other cult, the right of following the religion which seems best to him. As the result of this action, the divinity, whom each one of us will honor freely hereafter, will grant us His wonted favor and good will. It behooves, therefore, that your Excellency should know that we suppress all the restrictions contained in the edict which we sent you with reference to the Christians, and that henceforth we permit them to observe their religion without being disturbed or molested in any way. We have taken pains to make this known to you in the most precise manner, so that you may not be ignorant of the fact that we leave to the Christians the most complete and absolute liberty of practicing their worship; and because we grant this to the Christians, your Excellency will understand well that all others enjoy the same right. It is worthy of the age in which we live and it is conducive to the peace which the empire now enjoys that a full liberty be given to all our subjects to adore the

god of their choice and that no religion be deprived of the honors which are due to it.

"Moreover—as regards the Christians—we have decreed that their accustomed places of worship (of which there was question in the instructions sent to your office) which have been alienated by the State or individuals are to be returned to them without indemnity, without any payment, without delay or civil process. Whoso has received or even bought the same will be obliged to hand them over as soon as possible; if he think that, in exchange, he is entitled to some mark of our liberality, let him address himself to our vicar (or the prefect of the province). But all these possessions must be returned immediately to the Christian body. And as these same Christians did not only possess meeting place, but also properties belonging to the corporation, that is to say, to churches, and not to private individuals, we ordain, in virtue of this same law, that the said possession be given back to the corporation and community without any excuse or discussion, in observance of the forenamed law: those who return these possessions without demanding payment are to receive an indemnification from the State. In all these matters you will seek the advice of the Christians, so that our command may be quickly carried out, since it makes for the public peace. May the divine power, which we have experienced in great things, as was said before, assure us continued success and the happiness of all our subjects. So that this act of our benevolence may not remain unknown to any one, you will see that it receive official promulgation everywhere."

From the most casual reading of this important document we can see that Constantine spared no pains to make himself understood by the people. This was all the more necessary, since he spoke a language of clemency that was unknown to the Roman jurisconsults. These lawyers would, undoubtedly, exercise their ingenuity in foisting upon the people forced interpretations of the law, since they would have considered themselves hopeless legal failures had they been unable to discover another side to the edict. Constantine, who knew this chicanery of the lawyers, prevented all possibility of subterfuge by repeating, five times, the central idea of the edict. It was a moded of precision. It was definite as every Roman law ought to be. It was an absolute permission—not a mere pardon, as was the edict of Galerius—in straightforward and unmistakable language. There was no misinterpreting its purport or mistaking its meaning for the present and for the future.

As it was an unusual law, and by its very nature liable to surprise and scandalize the pagan Romans, Constantine insists that in making it he had followed true wisdom and palpable good sense. He

does not frame this law like a weakling—like Galerius, for example —giving way to an opposition which he could not defeat; he does not allege motives of political expediency or national safety; he does not invoke philosophic reasons for his assertion. The only reasons he knows and sees fit to mention are religious reasons: "that the divinity who resides in heaven may be propitious and favorable to us and to all those who live under our rule." And to leave no doubt as to his motives, he repeats the same idea three times: Only a Catholic could have made such an humble profession of dependence on God. He thinks only of the Christians in drawing up this law; he mentions them alone; the pagans receive tolerance only because he has granted it to the Christians. The pagan jurists and advisers of the Emperor had nothing to do with the drafting of this law. It goes counter to ethnic ideas of religion and statecraft. For though Constantine as Emperor was by that very fact the "Pontifex Maximus" of paganism, he yet is the first ruler in the history of the pagan world to deprive the cult of the gods, definitely, of its essentially political and national ethos. It was a Christian emperor who first engraved on the law books the principle of liberty of conscience, just as it was a Christian apologist who first defended and justified the thesis.

In the fewest possible words the Edict of Milan meant this: Christianity was a licit religion in the empire, on an equal footing, juridically, with paganism. The Roman police could no longer watch the Christians like lynxes, nor hunt them out for persecution like ferrets. Their measures which had defiled the edict of Galerius in A. D. 311 are abrogated, formally, by the edict of Constantine in A. D. 313.

Some modern writers have attempted to disprove the Christian origin and authorship of the edict by insisting that expressions are to be found in it for which no Christian would wish to stand responsible. Constantine, they say, could not have been a Christian at the time he published the edict, because he uses a word for God's name—"Divinitas"—which belongs to the terminology of the syncretists. For the lovers of moderation, these outspoken religious pacificists tried to make Christianity the equal in all things of paganism. The concept of divinity was made flexible enough by them to fit any religion. Syncretism was the clearing-house of the Roman pagan world. It was an early form of a doctrine which is heard to-day from the mouths of theists and indifferentists that one religion is as good as another, because all are equal amongst themselves. Hence a phraseology was invented which would wound the sensibilities of none. That Constantine was no syncretist is clear from the dominant ideas and measures of the edict, which

are plainly Christian. If, however, he used the pet word of syncretism, it may well have been for the purpose of not unduly rousing the pagans, who, he knew, would take umbrage at a law which ran counter to the traditions of the law schools and the religious prejudices of the people. After all, the edict was throughout Christian in tenor, and the ambiguous word was capable of a Christian interpretation; nay, use, for we find it sometimes on the graves in the Catacombs. But by using it Constantine assured himself of the good will of the pagans, their fidelity, their loyalty. Besides, he had to give to the pagans some proof of his continued interest in the old State religion, since he maintained the office of "Pontifex Maximus" for political reasons. After all, the words are not more pagan than many which we find in professedly Catholic writers of the Renaissance, at which no critic takes scandal. And yet Constantine was guided by political considerations which the later word-brokers could not have had. Some writers—it is all too evident—have sworn amongst themselves that Constantine must walk by the help of the crutch of paganism in order to catch up with their theories and hypotheses.

It might also be ventured as an explanation that these phrases were due to the scribes who wrote out the edict. We know that the Roman chancery remained pagan in terminology a long time after the State had embraced Christianity and all the clerks had stepped down into the baptismal font. The Roman law, even after it nestled under the wings of the Church, still persisted in speaking its original language. It is, therefore, just possible that the scribes who were drawing up in writing a new law in behalf of Christianity used a few of the current phrases which were familiar to their lips.

The presence of these phrases in the Edict of Milan disposes of another objection which has been urged. Since not even a novice in theology would have been hardy enough to make use of these terms, we can dismiss the objection of an episcopal or clerical authorship.

The edict as it stands is the work of Constantine. To him alone belongs the glory of having dictated to his secretaries—sometimes in a halting language, for he was speaking of a subject that was still new to him—the famous document which like a sun was to shine in the sky of politics and statesmanship for many years to come.

The second part of the charter, which had reference to the Christians alone, was a public and official act of reparation by one who had the courage to be just. For it required a fair-minded man to admit that Rome had in the latter times been guilty of grand larceny in no small degree. The law which bade every one

give back to the Christians their lost possessions was a public confession of guilt and corrupt politics. Under Septimus Severus the Church had received permission to possess temples and schools, cemeteries and charitable institutions—most of which were sold by the hammer in the third century, the rest confiscated in the beginning of the fourth. Gallien, in A. D. 260, had made restitution, in part, to the Church, which he recognized as a corporation possessing the right of ownership. Galerius, in A. D. 311, had returned the churches to the Christians, and Maxentius had given back to the deacons of Pope Miltiades the property of the Roman community. But these measures were carried out very unsatisfactorily —the Church received less than she had formerly possessed. In the Occident the various churches had not obtained the possession of their goods regularly; in the Orient the persecution of Maximin threatened to swallow up the Christian estates which still remained. It is true to say that only those possessions had at one time or another been returned to the Church which the State had alienated. Everything which had been sequestrated by individuals or had passed into private hands by theft, purchase, donation or legacy was irretrievably lost. The retroactive action of the edict not only restored the lost goods to their lawful owners, but what is more noticeable, established beyond a doubt the right of the Church to possess in her own name. Constantine's action was drastic, because justice had not been heeded by Rome. His law was synonymous with expropriation, but only because the Romans had laid violent hands on goods whose possession by their rightful owners no one could have legally contested. It was a tardy act of reparation, though a full act of justice. To temper justice with equity, and to inspire confidence in those who were affected by the edict, Constantine twice declared in this charter of liberty his willingness to indemnify all those who suffered by its regulations.

The Church no longer need linger in the Catacombs! The Pope dwelt in the Lateran; Constantine, the law-giver, the edict-maker, ruled in peace from the Palatine; and the Cross was planted, at last, upon the Seven Hills of Rome.

In the Orient, however, Maximin refused to recognize the Cross. If by sheer fear of the threats of his Occidental colleagues he had given liberty to the Christians, he did not mean on that account to be unrevenged upon the men who had denied his sword its soft feeding of Christian blood. The marriage feast of Milan was scarce over when Maximin gathered his troops for a quick march through Syria, Bithynia, Thrace and Byzantium to Heraclea, where he entrenched himself against Licinius. He did not purpose to stop his conquests here; Constantine would, in his turn, be called upon to

render an account. On his knees, with outstretched arms, he swore to Jupiter that, should he be successful, he would blot out the last vestiges of the Christian name. This was a religious war—even the war of Jupiter on Christ! Licinius, whose troops were not numerous, hastened to defend his empire. His soldiers were of good courage and cheer, because they were mindful of the help which had come to Constantine in a like war. And Licinius, knowing their desires, ordered a prayer to be said in unison by all the men before the battle—a prayer which, if it was no explicit acknowledgment of Christianity, was nevertheless an open repudiation of polytheism. On the broad plain before Heraclea the contending armies were drawn up in battle array. Licinius offered honorable terms to Maximin. He refused. Then the clarion sounded; the standards moved forward; the battle cry went up; men fell quick and fast like grass before the sickle; the victory was almost won! The greater part of Maximin's men fled from him in terror at sight of the awful carnage. Heaven had been against them! Forsaken by his own bodyguard, Maximin threw aside his purple toga and covered his trembling shoulders with the rags of a slave. Thus disguised, he fled to the river and escaped to Nicomedia by boat. Now, it was the first day of May when he entered the city—the eighth anniversary of his enthronization as Cæsar by Galerius in the small fane which stood outside the city in a sacred forest. The deserted Emperor gathered a small troop of soldiers in Cappadocia, whom he constrained to do him imperial homage.

Licinius incorporated the remnants of Maximin's army into his own, and arriving in the capital city of Bithynia, at once promulgated the Edict of Milan. It was June 13, A. D. 312. In this very place, ten years earlier, Diocletian's first edict of persecution had been posted. The world was, evidently, rising to a higher plane! He restored the churches to the Christians and exhorted the people with his own mouth to take up the manner of life which they had abandoned out of fear of Maximin. He pursued the fugitive Emperor towards Cilicia, where he had taken refuge in almost defenseless condition behind the natural fortifications of the Taurus mountains. Deserted by those he trusted most, despised by the men whom he had frightened into service, Maximin now sought the support of the Christians, whom he thought to win to himself by publishing the Edict of Milan with added assurances of favor and indulgence of his own. But no one trusted this man of fair speeches. Alone, with a handful of soldiers who, because they did not love him, did not venture much for him, Maximin prepared for death in his own fashion. He got ready a sumptuous banquet, whose crown and finish—at least in his eyes—was a draught of

deadliest poison. But the potion did not bring on instantaneous death. Whilst the poison drove the blood to his brain, he seemed to hear the distant tramp of Licinius' soldiers. On his cot of stripped yew branches he lay a raving maniac. In this troubled dream of his last hours he saw the King of the Five Wounds appear before him with menacing mien, surrounded by the army of His Wounded Friends, whose scars, Maximin knew, he himself had caused in his days of earthly power. And the dying man for the first time in his life prayed to Christ for mercy. But the fire burned within him. The poison hammered the nails of death into his brain. He ordered the unsympathizing physicians away from him as they stood waiting for his life to ebb away.

Licinius, soldier that he was and not overgiven to mercy, had the name of Maximin called out as that of an enemy of the city. His statues were everywhere thrown down into the dust, where they lay objects of scorn to all passersby. His face was besmeared in every picture so as to make it unrecognizable and his memory contemptible. His wife was pitilessly dragged out of her palace in the city of Antioch and thrown into the yellow waters of the Orontes; his children and adherents were massacred. The temple of Jupiter was torn down and Theotecne, the inventor of the fraudulent responses of the oracle which had instigated Maximin to battle, was beheaded. At Thessalonica Diocletian's wife, Valeria, and daughter, Prisca, were decapitated and their bodies cast into the sea. Their end was tragic, for having once known the truth of Christianity, they abandoned it to please the Emperor Diocletian.

When Maximin fell a long breathing space of peace seemed to be assured to the empire. For a time Licinius appeared to live up to the stipulations of the Edict of Milan. Then he grew jealous of the prestige of Constantine, and a change was seen. The cause of the rupture, as far as we can learn, was the religious policy of Constantine.

For the Roman Augustus was not satisfied that restitution be made to the Christians for all the losses which they had sustained during the era of persecution. In spite of the recent law, the Christians had not yet received back all their confiscated possessions. A strict justice was possible only by the personal generosity of the Emperor. At his cost a basilica arose near the old Lateran palace, which had already been given to the Pope for his private use. Over the graves of the chief martyrs magnificent churches were erected at the cost of the State—one on the Vatican Hill, where Peter had confessed the faith; another on the Ostian Way, which perpetuated the memory of Paul of Tarsus; another on the Tiburtine Way, where Lawrence, the intrepid deacon, lay in death. The saintly

mother of the Emperor, St. Helen, who lived in the "domus Sessoriana," near the Lateran, prevailed upon her son to erect an unpretentious church on the Labican Way, over the cemetery where the martyrs Peter and Marcellinus were buried. When the Saviour's Cross was discovered in Jerusalem, she procured a notable portion of the Sacred Wood, which she kept in her palace, that was later converted into the basilica of Santa Croce. Constantia, daughter of the Emperor, built a church over the grave of St. Agnes on the Nomentan Way, whilst Anastasia, sister of the Emperor, had a church constructed in honor of her namesake at the foot of the Palatine. From the "Liber Pontificalis" we learn that sacred edifices sprang up all over Italy owing to the Emperor's generosity—at Ostia, Alba, Capua and Naples, even at Cirta, in far-off Numidia.

During the years which elapsed between the publication of the Edict of Milan and the definitive break of friendly relations between the two Emperors, Constantine promulgated many laws which, in one way or another, favored the spread of the Gospel. He introduced the legal observance of Sunday in the empire and suppressed the ancient regulations against celibacy. He recognized the right of the Church to inherit by testamentary bequests and to free slaves in the precincts of the churches. Priests were empowered to raise their slaves to the rank of citizenship without recurring to the formulæ prescribed by the Roman law. By forbidding divorce and establishing the right of slaves to their patrimonies he, indirectly, sanctioned the family rights of the servile classes. Abandoned children were assured help; the pretexts for divorce were limited; legitimization by marriage was facilitated; female prisoners were safeguarded. The laws against immorality were stringent and far-reaching. Death by the cross was abrogated out of reverence for Christ and the branding of slaves' faces was done away with.

Most of the ordinances, which were carried out with great difficulty, were owing to the advice of the Bishops whom Constantine kept at his court. Chief amongst these was Osius, Bishop of Cordova, the Emperor's intimate friend and adviser. From all parts of the empire they came to Rome to assist the Emperor with their counsel, to eat with him at his table, to lend a new splendor by their presence to the brilliant life on the Palatine. To facilitate their coming he put the imperial post at the Bishops' disposal. Ammianus Marcellinus bitterly accuseh the Emperors of having ruined and disorganized the postal service by too easily granting free passage to prelates. Now, all would have been well had these Bishops at court been able to maintain Constantine's high respect for their august office. But this seems not to have been the case. We must not be too hard on them, for, so far, Christian churchmen

had had little experience of court life. Then, too, many of them came up to the city from distant, half-savage countries, where the pomp and splendor of the imperial palace was quite unknown. Finally, the Emperor had done such great things for the Church that they might be excused for refusing to rebuke him sharply when he usurped privileges to which he had no right. After all, Constantine was the friend of the Church, and it was but just to treat him as such. Yet having made all allowances for the Bishops, it must be confessed that they showed themselves unduly weak in not withstanding the Emperor's interference in ecclesiastical matters. It required little knowledge of theology to know that Constantine's pretensions were unwarrantable when he proclaimed to these prelates: "You are the Bishops for the interior of the Church; as to myself, God has established me the Bishop of the exterior Church." It required little knowledge of the prerogatives of the ecclesiastical state to understand that Constantine was exceeding his powers when he sought to appear in the sanctuary as a priest. If the Bishops, out of deference to his good will and pure intentions, did not cry out when Constantine convened a council, they should have resented being instructed by him in their duties and being lectured for their supineness. As the priesthood comes from God and is not the appendage of the crown, the Bishops should have been the first to protest against the arrogance of the Emperor. But their attitude of subservience was dangerous and unfortunate. The extravagant praise of the prelates, who saw in him "an angel of the Lord," who took all the strange pomp before their eyes as "an image of the reign of Christ," encouraged him in his presumption. And, meanwhile, he had grown fond of this adulation. Hence when he was refused blind obedience by the Bishops, he did not hesitate to use menacing tones.

But it was not only this extravagant gratitude of the Bishops which impelled Constantine to follow the way he now began to walk. The dictatorial spirit needs other food than the cloying honey of an overwilling submission. Because it is essentially military and aggressive it thrives best and grows strongest on the rude, scant rations which are palatable only to the hungry soldier. Psychologically, therefore, this overweening arrogance of Constantine arose, in great part, from his position as regards paganism. Though he was convinced of the truth of Christianity, as is shown by nearly every one of his official acts since the apparition of the cross on the way, Constantine—still an unbaptized Christian—consented to remain the head of paganism—a flattering concession to a cult in which he no longer professed to believe. Constantine kept the office of pagan high priest for the simple political purpose

of maintaining religious peace in the realm. To suppress paganism, which was so intimately interwoven with the history and institutions of Rome, would have been suicidal at the moment. It was thus he authorized its legal existence. But he assumed towards it an attitude and policy which can be summed up in the two words—tolerance and publicity. The former was promised and guaranteed by tradition, centuries of statute law and, finally, renewed official approbation by the Edict of Milan. As most of the religious difficulty of the State with Christianity arose from the secret working and machinations of the pagan priests, the Emperor determined to forearm himself for the future by dragging the whole unseen machinery of ethnicism into the broad daylight. In A. D. 319 he forbade under the severe penalties of death and exile the offering of sacrifices to the gods in the secrecy of the fireside; the haruspices and pagan priests were forbidden to enter private houses even on the plea of friendly visits. One might still consult these functionaries, but only in public. Magical arts were absolutely prohibited. Some Oriental cults, which had filtered into the Roman world, were suppressed as dangerous to public morals. Several of the temples where secret worship was conducted in an infamous ritual were destroyed, such as that of Æsculapius at Ægea and that of Venus at Heliopolis. Their priesthoods were completely disbanded. By depriving paganism of its secret régime—which was its strength—Constantine earned for himself the hatred of the people, and especially of the priests who lost prestige and power. This hatred never dared to show itself very openly, because paganism had learned to fear publicity. But it always existed, and the Emperor on more than one occasion had to take account of the popular feeling. Baronius concluded that Constantine, late in life, thought of abrogating the Edict of Milan, because he was compelled to make concessions to it. If no one accepts this explanation to-day, it at least shows that the Emperor's way was made difficult by the secret opposition of the old cult. The pagans' hidden hatred contributed in no small measure to encourage that dictatorial spirit in the Emperor, which begins to appear more noticeable as his difficulties with the ancient superstition grew. A man of his temper would naturally seek to vindicate his authority as "Pontifex Maximus" over the old religion in revolt.

If he was inclined to be friendly to the Christians, and yet, on the other hand, must show favor to paganism, Constantine could scarce escape becoming arrogant. He was flattered into it by the gratitude of the one party and driven to it by the opposition of the other.

Now, since he could not constrain the pagans by arms or laws

to embrace that Christianity of whose truth he was convinced, Constantine adopted the only other alternative open to his zeal to make the Gospel known. He turned preacher. It came natural to him, for all Romans were orators. And in the latter days of the empire rulers had often appeared in the rôle of religious speakers. Eusebius gives us a picture of Constantine passing his nights in the preparation of lengthy discourses. On every available occasion he preaches long sermons to the people full of the warmest invitations to come over to the Gospel. His apologetics were those of the worldly wise Christian, simple, direct, without any straining at originality and philosophic profundity. He is the preacher of common-sense. Christianity, he argues, is superior to every other cult, because its profession brings the greatest amount of earthly happiness and success. He himself had received "the hundredfold in this world" since his conversion. Then making an appeal to the craving for "felicitas" which gnawed at every Roman heart, he exhorts the pagans to gather before the altars of a God who treats His own so generously and regales them with such princely gifts. With the long visage and solemn voice which we generally find in those who preach without having been sent directly by God, he discourses on the providence of God and His justice, which, if it rewards the good that men do, also punishes the evil that they commit. He profits by the opportunity to attack those who lived at the expense of the State. He goes out of his way to poke jibes, perhaps maliciously, at the dishonest politicians and fawning sycophants of his court. He has nothing but blame for those who, not being able to see the cogency of his arguments, persist in holding their old errors. As there was a deep strain of subjectivism and egotism in his apologetics, he grows wrath at those who took advantage of his tolerance of paganism by remaining its adherents. Like an Egyptian high priest calling out the faults of the dead king over his body, he recounts, at length, the cruelties of the last persecutions of Diocletian and Galerius. He does not hesitate to confess that he has other arrows in his quiver than the tolerance which he had so far shown. And just as we expect him to discharge his missile, he breaks down—and with a shortsightedness which we cannot but wonder at in a man so sagacious and arbitrary, he admits his inability to dissipate "the culpable errors which were too deeply anchored in the hearts" of the people. And he adds, perhaps with a sigh, that "he resigns himself to suffer that which cannot be removed without violence." There was a deep fund of pedantry, the evident marks of a "poseur," in the words which Constantine was fond of repeating: "God is my witness that my first effort has always been to bring all my peo-

ples to agree on the concept which they should form of the divinity."

But Constantine soon convinced himself that in order to unite the splintered sects of Christendom it was necessary for him to act as theologian. If his own dominant idea was to bring about religious peace in the empire by uniting all his subjects in a like adoration of the same God, Constantine soon realized that he must begin with the heretics and schismatics who had broken away from Peter. He detested division, because he was an empire-maker. He could not understand the reason for the existence of heresy and schism, because he was a politician whose philosophy revolved on the pivot of unity of belief and action. If men wished to believe in Christ, they must make the sacrifice of their own opinions and interpretations of religious matters. It was precisely this unity of teaching, this definiteness of doctrine, this self-identity which had invested Christianity with the unmistakable mark of truth in the eyes of Constantine. It gave an answer to the questions of life and the soul. And whoso did not feel satisfied with the answer was not only gently bidden, but fearlessly commanded to seek it otherwhere. To introduce a religion of authority, such as Christianity, into the empire seemed to Constantine the quickest and surest solution of the political schemes he had in his heart—the religious pacification of the realm as a means to the political unification of the empire. His chagrin and disappointment must have been poignant when, having acquainted himself with the Christian faith and volunteered to become its boldest protagonist, he found that the seamless garment of the Church was torn to tatters by stubborn men who wished to be wiser than the Spouse of Christ herself. The Emperor was scandalized at the disputes which even persecution had not been able to eradicate and arrest. His most intimate hopes, ambitions and interests were touched to the quick by the controversies which are known as Donatism and Arianism.

Owing to the wise regulations or canons of the Council of Ancyra in A. D. 314 the abuses which had crept upon the Christian body as a result of the persecutions were quickly and effectively removed. The Orient, which has always loved religious contention, not to say dissension, was pacified. But the Church in Roman Africa was in a sorry plight, because some fanatical Christians had refused to walk the middle way of moderation which the Church had counseled. Far back in the days of Decius we see this hot-headed people casting suspicions on the orthodoxy of St. Cyprian when he advised the weak Christians to take flight rather than run the risk of apostatizing in face of the irate Roman judge or under the lashes of the Roman lictor. Here Montanism taught an iron rigorism

which was little in accord with the "sweet reasonableness" of the Gospel. Here, too, men like Tertullian, whose words often sound like the screeching notes of frenzy, incited men to fanatical disobedience towards the Church.

When Cecilian, the deacon of Bishop Mensurius, of Carthage, and partaker of his sane wisdom and moderation, succeeded him upon the episcopal throne, a synod was summoned in a private house of the city in A. D. 312 under the leadership of Donat, of Casa Nigra. The seventy quarrelsome Numidian Bishops deposed Cecilian because he had been consecrated by Felix of Aptunga, whom they branded as a "traditor," since he had handed over the book of the Gospel, they said, to the emissaries of Diocletian in the time of persecution. Majorinus was installed in his place, to be succeeded in A. D. 315 by Donat himself, from whom the faction took its name. During the intrusion of Majorinus, all Africa was divided into two camps. Constantine, enlightened by his friend, Osius of Cordova, addressed his letters to the rightful incumbent of the see and directed to him and his party such imperial favors as a pecuniary subsidy, exemption from public offices and protection "against turbulent men who corrupt the people of the Holy Catholic Church by unjust and adulterous falsehoods." The Donatists complained loudly that they had been condemned without a hearing. This was a charge which roused Constantine. At the request of the Donatists to be judged by Gallic Bishops who could not have been invalidly consecrated, since they never were "traditores" (insomuch as persecution had never put them to the test), Constantine replied by convoking a council at Rome on October 1, A. D. 313, in which the innovators were formally condemned. The Donatists appealed against the decisions of the council and reiterated still more vehemently the old accusation of unfair and high-handed treatment. The Emperor grew impatient, saying: "These men do not wish to consider the interests of their souls, nor the respect due to an all-powerful God. Not only do they cover themselves with infamy, but, worse still, they give occasion of scandal to those who are far off from our holy religion." To Albavius, Vicar of Africa, and Chrestus, Bishop of Syracuse, the Emperor expressed his fears for the good repute of the religion which he befriended. "I cannot live in peace," he writes to Albavius, "and promise myself the full grace of the favor of the all-powerful God until I see all these men, united in sentiments of fraternal union, render to Him the established worship of the Catholic religion." Ceding to the Emperor's wish of again sifting the charges of the heretics, a council of all the African, Gallic, English, Spanish, Italian and Dalmatian Bishops, under the presidency of Pope Sylvester's priests, Claude and Vitus,

and his deacons, Eugene and Cyriacus, was convened in the Gallo-Roman city of Arles in August, A. D. 314. The decisions of the Roman Council were unanimously approved, and the Emperor thanked the Bishops for their just sentence of condemnation of the sectaries.

But these latter, who refused to subscribe to the canons of the council, appealed against Constantine, whom they thereby recognized as the highest arbiter in the Church. The Emperor was enraged at this effrontery, as he did not fail to make known forthwith in a letter to the conciliar Bishops. He saw himself forced to the bitter alternative of using severe measures with the Donatists. In November, A. D. 316, he heard both parties at Milan, adjudged Cecilian innocent and branded his opponents as calumniators. These accused the Emperor of being the tool of Osius of Cordova, and hence Constantine published an edict commanding Comes Ursacius to deprive them of their churches, to sequestrate their possessions and to banish their leaders. The head of the faction, Donat the Great, traveled about the empire inciting his adherents to violence against the Christians. Constantine revoked his edict on May 5, A. D. 321, in the hope that the clamorous sect would die from inanition. But the Emperor's conduct encouraged them the more, whilst it left the Christians defenseless. These Circumcelliones, as they were called by the Christians (who prided themselves in the name of Agonistici, Sons of the Saints or Soldiers of Christ), went up and down Africa carrying devastation to the Christian communities. They cleared the way for the Vandals and Mussulmen of a later day, who tore down what the Circumcelliones left standing.

Whilst Constantine was busily engaged with the affairs of the Donatists, Licinius was secretly nurturing towards him a hatred which his defeats at Cibalæ, in Pannonia, in A. D. 314, and Murdie, some time later, had not in any way diminished. About A. D. 321 he openly began to hamper the free action of the Bishops in the hope of thus striking a blow, indirectly, at Constantine. By degrees the Edict of Milan was abrogated. This man, whose avarice was notorious—Eusebius compares his lust for gold to the insatiable thirst of Tantalus—laid hands upon the treasures of the Church. He ordered every one in his realm to offer to the gods, and before taking up his sword against Constantine swore publicly, at a pagan festival, to extirpate Christianity. A species of persecution so far unknown to the bloody annals of Roman intolerance was introduced for the first time; the Christians were hacked to pieces and thrown piecemeal to the fishes which Licinius kept in his ponds. Constantine's trespassing through his States to pursue the Goths was made by him a pretext for war. Near Hadrianopolis, in Thrace, in July,

A. D. 323, the first battle took place and Lucinius retreated hastily to Chalcedon. At Chrysopolis he suffered another defeat; entered Nicomedia as a fugitive on September 18, and was strangled at Thessalonica some time later. The goods of the Church were forthwith restored by Constantine; the penal laws which Licinius had made were quickly annulled; the Edict of Milan was again promulgated as the common law of the land; the magistrates were commanded to abolish the sacrifices to the gods. Constantine was now the sole ruler of the entire empire. He had overcome his jealous brother-in-law by arms and prayers, for the Emperor had spent hours together in supplication to heaven before the decisive battle at Chrysopolis. In Licinius perished one of the first and staunchest friends of the Arians.

Now, Arianism was an outgrowth of the Trinitarian controversies which had pullulated all over the Orient in the fourth century. It was in the East, where Hellenism lived longest, that men refused to accept on faith the doctrine of the Church on the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation. These men asked the why and how and wherefore of mysteries which the human intellect, just because it is finite, can never hope to solve. The explanations which men substituted for the revealed teaching of the Church diverged according to the bent and dialectical acuteness of their respective authors. It was the age which saw the birth and growth of Sabellianism, Ebionitism, Theodotianism and Docetism, all of which split up into schools of thought whose names are legion. Neo-Platonism once more came forward with a self-vaunted solution of the whole difficulty; but Subordinationism was a heresy as crude as it was material. In Antioch it was the priest Lucian who infected his pupils with this unreal concept of the Trinity. Arius was his favorite disciple.

Now, Arius had had a devious record before posing as a teacher. Only with difficulty had he succeeded in being admitted amongst the Alexandrine clergy. He soon separated himself from his Bishop to become a member of the schism of Miletus. He was a tall, lank man; quick in dialectics if sophistical; a good companion and a better conversationalist; almost feminine in his bearing, artistic of temperament and avaricious. He was not the man to make a deep impression on theological thought, for he was flippant, garrulous, lightminded, inconsequential in argument, superficial. He loved a clean-cut, cameo-like conclusion; he would have accepted any that sounded paradoxical and epigrammatic, but thought little over the premises. He first broached his errors during a hot dispute of the clergy with Bishop Alexander, of Antioch. He gained many adherents amongst the disaffected clergy; won over

many unsuspecting nuns to his side; infected the people by means of popular songs and ballads which set forth his errors. Thus it happened that the world, as St. Augustine somewhere says, woke up one morning to find itself Arian. Even the pagan actors on the vaudeville stage poked fun at the divided Christian communities.

Constantine had in the meanwhile despatched Licinius and felt assured that his dreams of a universal peace in the empire were coming true. At Nicomedia, however, he heard from his friend Eusebius of the Arian disputes. His first and most natural desire was to put an end to the controversy. He looked upon it as his duty "to dissipate errors, to arrest rash opinions, to bring all the world to the true religion and to God the honors which are His due." But the Emperor was quite incapable of judging in so subtle a matter. He looked upon the whole affair as an empty, useless quarrel of words, as he himself wrote to Osius of Cordova in A. D. 324. He reproved the Arian faction for its foolishness in raising this unnecessary cloud of dialectical dust. He does not approve of the Bishops who had entered so vehemently on a quarrel that would soon pass over. He begs both parties to remember that, as brothers, they should embrace one another, leaving each to believe as he would. This letter shows clearly that Constantine had not grasped the importance of the questions in dispute. He was fundamentally mistaken on the import of the quarrel. His one concern was to maintain peace in the empire at any cost. "Grant me," he writes, "peace for my days and rest for my nights. Allow me to bask in a light that knows no cloud and to taste the pleasure of a tranquil existence till my death. See to it that I may behold you all united and happy, so that I may give thanks to God for the liberty and concord which are now established in all the world." But Osius, whom the Emperor consulted, saw the dangers of the dispute and did not fail to make them known to his imperial correspondent. In the summer of A. D. 325 three hundred and eighteen Bishops met in the first œcumenical council of the Church, at Nicea, in Bithynia. Many of these prelates, who came on the invitation and at the expense of the Emperor to settle the dispute, were eminent for learning, as Alexander of Alexandria, and St. Athanasius, his deacon; Eusthathius of Antioch; Macarius of Jerusalem; Marcellus of Ancyra; others were renowned for the gift of miracles, as James of Nisibis; Spiridion of Cyprus; Leontius of Cæsarea; others were venerable for the wounds which they still bore as a souvenir of the persecutions as Paphnutius of the Upper Thebaid; Paul of Neo-Cæsarea and Potamon of Heraclea, in Egypt. Osius of Cordova, together with the priests Biton and Vincent, represented Pope

Sylvester. Constantine provided for the bodily needs of the assembled Bishops. He presided at the council as honorary president and delivered an oration to the conciliar fathers. The council formally condemned the errors of Arius and other innovators—and the Emperor approved the decrees of the council as the accepted law of the empire. Before their departure the conciliar Bishops were entertained at the imperial table.

But the partisans of Arius, who called themselves Eusebians after one of their leaders, Eusebius of Nicomedia, tried to circumvent the Emperor and obtain his good will. In this they were assisted by Constantia, widow of Licinius, who was a warm partisan of the Arians. For a moment the Emperor wavered, being unable to distinguish between truth and error. And the Arians did not fail to profit from the Emperor's hesitation. By a lying profession of faith, in which the questions under dispute were carefully glossed over, Arius obtained leave from the Emperor to return to Alexandria, from which he had been banished. Later on Constantine, who now lived in the city on the Bosphorus, where he had removed in A. D. 330, convoked a synod at Tyre for the purpose of putting an end to the heated disputes which raged in the Oriental Church. But the three hundred and thirty-five Bishops could not bring about this desired result, for the Arians had vowed themselves to a campaign of contention and religious agitation. And whilst they were still disputing amongst themselves and with the orthodox Bishops of the Church took place the death of Constantine.

It was in a suburb of Ankyrona, near Nicomedia, that Constantine went forth to meet the King of kings. During his last illness he prepared carefully for death, and with words of thanksgiving to God on his lips, he died on May 22, A. D. 337.

As is the lot of all great men who change the current of history, he was praised beyond measure by some, by others was besmirched beyond recognition. It is true, indeed, that we find in him faults which no amount of exegesis can explain away. In several of his public acts he was guided by the pagan traditions of his predecessors. He was, to say the least, unfortunate in the men who misled him, often for their own ends. Many of the shortcomings of his character were fostered by the position he held and the blind obedience which was demanded by an emperor. If he is called "Great," it is not because of intense personal holiness.

But he was no worse than any other of his predecessors on the throne. Truth to tell, he was far better than any who had so far sat upon the seat of Cæsar. Not for nothing, not without right has he merited and retained the name of "Great." He deserves the eternal gratitude of Christianity, to which he gave untrammeled

liberty—an act which a less fair-minded, magnanimous and justice-loving man would not have had the courage to perform. A monarch of great deeds, prudence and lofty ideals (especially in the earlier years of his reign) he was carried away by the very temper of his character and the influences of the times. Without holding a brief in his favor, it is true to say that he would have walked more unfalteringly on the tortuous road of politics had those whose right it was to let the light shine through the night of his doubts not befogged his mind and beclouded his way by disputes and wranglings which the Emperor could not understand and whose import and purport he could not measure. On his deathbed he tried to repair some of the deeds which the light of eternity, that was breaking on his eyes, showed him to have been unwarranted. Thus he recalled several of the exiles whom he had banished in the heat of the disputes which marked his career. He left large legacies to the Roman Church as a perpetual sign of his good will towards her whom he had befriended and legislated for.

Despite his faults—which are no more than are flies in amber—the Church has persisted throughout the ages in holding his name in grateful remembrance as that of her first imperial friend—a friend whose good will and friendship were the more worth noticing and remembering because they were given in the dark hour of need and trial.

The Flock of Christ still remembers Constantine the Great.

Suddenly a cry breaks in upon the festivities like the distant howl of a tornado. It is the alarm cry of the men who saw, out there by Saxa Rubra, that the god of war was no longer battling on the side of Maxentius' troops. The Emperor at once understands his danger. He sends in all haste to consult the Sibylline books. The "quindecemviri" return the answer that the enemy of Rome would perish. But Maxentius, face to face with danger, can no longer draw the conclusion which the priests would have him draw—the enemy of Rome cannot be any other than the enemy of Maxentius. As if riding on the wings of the wind, he hurries out to the plain where his soldiers are fighting. He crosses over the bridge of boats, which breaks in twain after his passage over it. At sight of the Emperor disorder begins amongst the men. The prætorian guards rush to defend the sacrosanct person of their Augustus. The army mistakes it for a retreat. The Mauretanian soldiers are driven back to the grassy banks of the Tiber. A headlong flight begins. Retreat this cannot be, for it is far too disorderly. Thousands of men scramble for the narrow bridge across the river—some falling over its sides; others, discovering too late the break in it which the Emperor's coming had made, are

carried by the onrushing soldiers behind into the waters below. Maxentius, with his bodyguard, who tried to protect him, is pushed into the river. He is seen to fall into the waters, where his heavy armor draws him down like a millstone around the neck of a swimmer.

"Let us sing to the Lord! He hath shown forth His power! He hath thrown the horse and its rider into the waters. He hath shown Himself our protector and our savior. Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, amongst the gods, who is like unto Thee, great in holiness, terrible, worthy of all praise and working marvels?" Thus Eusebius rejoiced over the battle by the Milvian Bridge.

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A LAYMAN'S BREVIARY: A SUGGESTION.

THE recent remodeling of the Breviary Offices and the more frequent use of the ferial psalms, both by the regular and by the secular clergy, revives, in the mind of one who, however imperfect and spiritually unprofitable his knowledge may have proved, is familiar with both the (old) Roman and the revised Benedictine Breviary, the question as to how far it might be possible to place the work of God, in some form or measure, within the grasp of the ordinary, devout Catholic layfolk.

Of Missals for the laity there are, fortunately, many excellent editions, and if not so widely nor so universally in use as those who realize something of the Missal's inestimable spiritual value would fain see, yet, judging by such signs as are available, growing in favor—if one may use such an expression—with the increase of frequent and even daily Communion. That there should be an intimate, a growing and, one might say, a necessary connection between the two, an increase of the Church's liturgical spirit among those whom God has moved to an increased use of the Church's "unspeakable Gift," must surely seem, to those to whom the Divine Liturgy—the Divine setting, so to speak, of the Divine Presence of Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrifice and Sacrament of His Love—the most natural thing (the word is used with the utmost reverence) that could possibly be conceived. The one is, indeed, essentially inseparable from the other, and, to adapt St. Augustine's words concerning the beloved Disciple,[1] those who have fed full on the Bread of Life must, by a Divine necessity, give forth (in

[1] Hoc ructabat quod biberat.

their prayers and thanksgiving) the words of life. "Eructavit cor meum verbum bonum": the phrase, daring, and even untranslatable as it seems to a Western, was then and still is the most natural and proper to the mind of an Eastern. Captain Burnaby, indeed, in his "Ride to Khiva," speaks of what is here hinted at as a piece of etiquette on the part of a guest at a Tartar (or Kurdish?) banquet, the omission of which would be regarded as an unpardonable insult. The spiritual significance of this, as of many another "daring" allusion in Holy Writ, was constantly familiar to the early Fathers, especially to an Eastern or an African, and does not, in any case (or should not), need to be insisted on. It was, we may venture to assume, to some such passage that Our Lord was referring when He said that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

But the Missal, while strictly speaking the Liturgy, and rich as it is in spiritual utterances, wherein and whereby those "refreshed with heavenly food and drink" may render fitting thanks to the Giver of them, is, after all, only a part, even if infinitely the more important part, of that "Work of God," as St. Benedict calls it, performed by the Church "from the rising up of the sun until the going down of the same," to which she calls her chosen sons and daughters "at midnight, and at morning and at noonday." That Mass and Office, Missal and Breviary form one Divine, inseparable whole is a fact so familiar to "religious" that it seems presumption on the part of a layman. But just as it needed (or so it would seem) a revival of the ancient and most devout custom of frequent and even daily Communion among the faithful in order to awaken the veriest first beginnings of a general use of the Church's own "prayers at Holy Mass," so it would appear to need this very (and spiritually inevitable) consequence above referred to, in order to make manifest, in due course and in God's time, the no less intimate and inseparable connection between each and every part of that Divine worship which the Church pays and desires to be paid to her Lord and Master.

We have, that is to say, in the Divine Office, the Mass and the Holy Communion, that "threefold cord" which, as the Prophet tells us, "is not quickly broken," that "cord of Adam" whereby He who has "loved us with an everlasting love" would fain draw to Himself the souls for whom He died and for whom He daily "turns His Flesh and Blood into our Sacrament," wherein "the poor, the slave, the lowly" feed upon Himself. To be spiritually unfamiliar, therefore, by any fault or indifference of ours, with any one of these three necessary elements of the spiritual life is, as it were, to unravel one of the strands of the threefold cord

of God's love, and, so far as it is possible for us to do so, weaken its power of binding us to Him.

Do I, then, look to as general a use of the Divine Office, of the Breviary, by the laity as of the Missal? That, surely, would be to expect the impossible—or a miracle of Divine grace. It is not, spiritually speaking, an impossibility, not even an improbability. The effect on the life of the soul, of frequent and even daily Communion, leading, as I believe it inevitably must do, to a corresponding and ever-increasing use of the Church's own particular forms of preparation for assistance at (in the true sense) and thanksgiving after Mass and Holy Communion may (and, please God, will) lead by the logic of a Divine necessity to a study if not to the use of the Breviary as an integral part of that "Work of God" whereto the Bread of Life is given to stregthen us.

If we are indeed returning (and who can doubt it?) to the old ways, the old fervor of the first ages of the Church, shall we stop short of this at least? The Divine Office has been in all ages the very "science of the saints" who, with its words on their hearts and on their lips, have drawn near to the Table prepared for them in this wilderness of their exile, and have gone "in the strength of that Food . . . unto the Mountain of God." Shall we of the laity, "upon whom the ends of the world are come," we who, spiritually no less than naturally, proclaim ourselves "the heirs of all the ages," fall short of the examples set us by our fathers in the faith, the "elder brethren" of the household of God?

Time, you will tell me, is lacking, in these strenuous days, to those who must veritably struggle (and rightly so) for "the meat that perisheth." Even the daily Mass, still more a daily Communion, makes, you will assure me, an inroad on the "necessities of existence" which is equivalent to a very real sacrifice. If so, and I fully admit it, God will reward it according to His estimate of it, which is only bounded by the infinitude of His love and generosity. Yet even so are you so sure that time is really lacking, or is there a lurking, almost an unconscious grudging of our time to God? True it is that, done in the right spirit, in the spirit and with the motive of St. Paul's "do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," the "daily round, the common task, the duty (whatever it may be) which God lays upon us, becomes no less really the "Work of God" (possibly and under some conditions more so) than the mere recitation (as a matter of perfunctory obligation) of the Divine Office.

"A servant, by this clause, makes drudgery divine," as brave old George Herbert says. Nevertheless, we come back to the inevitable fact that the Breviary offices, being an integral part of the Church's daily worship of God, we the Church's children must suffer a certain

measure of spiritual loss by wilfully or even indifferently missing or omitting any part of it.

Since, however, the question of time, as here raised, is intimately connected with the suggestion I desire to make, and to which, practically, I have now come, I offer, without unnecessary apology, the following preliminary considerations: I would ask the layman, in other words, who says, quite honestly, that he could not possibly find time for the recitation of the Breviary offices to reflect (merely as an example of what can be done) on the following time-schedule of a fairly busy man who, by no merit of his own, but simply and solely out of the abundance of God's undeserved mercy, has been permitted to say the Divine Office for the last twelve years:

Sleep, 7 to 8 hours (10.30 P. M. to 6.30 A. M.); meals (say), 2 hours; business or office, 6 hours; recitation of Breviary, 1 hour, divided as follows: matins and lauds, 35 minutes (or 40); lesser hours (about), 4 minutes each (25 to 30 in all); total, 17 hours, leaving for domestic duties, travel to office, amusement, etc., 7 hours. Is the time difficulty so very great?

But the layman (should he be found to exist) who might admit the force of the above time argument will raise the further (and far more serious difficulty) that he has forgotten, if he has ever known, the language of the Breviary, and, additionally, that the offices are "too complicated" for him to be able to follow them.

As to the first point, Lord Bute's magnificent translation of the Roman Breviary (which might easily be revised according to the new *modus recitandi*) is surely a sufficient answer. The Church, while she rightly keeps her own language for her own official and liturgical use, has by her encouragement of Missals for the laity and by her sanction of the English Breviary above referred to for individual and private use, shown plainly what her real mind is in regard to the matter. If it be urged that the price asked for Lord Bute's Breviary is prohibitive, it may well be answered that on the first indication of a popular demand for it any or every publisher would be glad to issue it (or a revision of it) at a price within the reach of all who might desire to possess it.

As to the second point, the alleged complexity of the new rules for reciting the Divine Office, I must premise that, as the signature to this article indicates, my time-schedule above given refers to the Benedictine and not to the Roman Breviary. It will, consequently, be regarded as only natural that I should give the briefest possible sketch of the new rules, the new *modus recitandi,* which became obligatory for all Benedictines at the beginning of the present year.

All feasts of lesser rank than that of *Duplex majus* (the Sunday being of the latter class) fall under the following rule: Invitatory,

hymn and versicle of the feast; ferial psalms, antiphons, lections and responsories for the first nocturn; (antiphons, doubled); ferial psalms and antiphons for the second nocturn, with *capitulum* as in the Office of Feria II. For Lauds and Vespers the ferial psalms and antiphons (doubled), *capitulum,* hymn and prayer of the feast (the last throughout the day hours).[2] This, roughly, with a certain distinction (instituted by St. Benedict) between the winter and the summer lections of the first nocturn may be taken as the essence of the new *modus recitandi,* which is strictly in accordance with the letter and spirit of the Holy Rule.

To come, however, to the suggestion which it is the purpose of this present paper to make. Since the new *modus recitandi* above referred to practically omits, for the great majority of feasts, all reference to the saint except the collect (and the hymn at Matins, with the hymns, the chapters and Benedictus and Magnificat antiphons at Lauds and Vespers), I would have the layman begin his use of the Breviary to be prepared for him with the "Little Hours" only; Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline, a matter of half an hour a day at the outside, or of about three to five minutes each. But I would also have prepared for his use, first, the Gospel and the homily of the day (to be read, and not recited), and, secondly, the very briefest summary of the psalms assigned to the (ferial) Matins and Lauds as they occur.

It is on this summary, which might, I think, form a kind of *addendum* to the homily on the Gospel, that I wish to lay special stress and which would also need the most careful preparation. I should take, that is to say, what I shall venture to call the keynote of the Feria (of the feast) from the first verse of the first psalm at Matins, and show how it dominates the whole office of the day, reappearing, especially in the case of feasts and Sundays, even in the Mass, at the Introit, the Offertory and the Post-Communion especially. I will go further, if I may presume to do so, and indicate as a model for such a summary the exquisite "considerationes" contained in the annotated edition of the "Imitation."

The pious layman, furnished with such a Breviary (which might also include a brief synopsis of the historical lections), and using daily not merely the "Little Hours," *more feriali,* but using them with the key provided in such a summary as is here suggested, would, I sincerely believe, enter on a new phase, rise to an immeasurably higher plane of the spiritual plane than any which, with his present forms of devotion, he can normally hope to attain to. The very recitation of the Psalms, in the Church's way and in the Church's spirit (which are the way and the spirit of her Lord)

[2] Two nocturns only, instead of three.

would provide food for meditation, growth in the knowledge and in the love of God (which is the science of the saints), in the practice of a very real meditation, however brief, in a deeper, fuller, truer insight into the infinite meanings, the infinite, Divine riches and sweetness of the Church's prayers at Mass. He would have for each day the Church's motto as the watchword of his warfare against his ghostly enemies, an ever firmer grasp on "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," an ever greater skill in the use of it.

Is it impossible that such a Breviary should be prepared, or that, being prepared, it should come, slowly but surely, into more general use among those who, learning, as time goes on, more and more of the ineffable secrets which Our Lord reveals to those who lovingly feed on Him, and, feeding, are "filled with all the fulness of God?" That it should be used by those who, desiring to do His will in all things, shall be taught to do "the work of God" in the measure possible to them, and in the sense that St. Benedict attached to it?

CONFRATER, O. S. B.

GROTTA-FERRATA.

A GREEK LAURA AT THE GATES OF ROME.

THE traveler—if he be a wise traveler—reaches Grotta-ferrata by road from Frascati, passing first on the left three splendid villas—Aldobrandini, with its stately facade; Torlonia, with its wonderful terraces; Muti, with its ever-sad Stuart memories. On the right stretches the mysterious Roman Campagna, and on the horizon is Rome, a cluster of changing shadows, with one outstanding mark—the dome of St. Peter's.

Half a mile from Frascati the road passes through some beautiful woods, upon which, alas! Utility has begun to lay her ugly, brutal hand. In a few years' time the trees will tower no more over their spring carpet of cyclamen, bluebells and periwinkles, nor will the patient ox enjoy a well-earned holiday under the shade. Signor Nathan will see to all that! At present, however, they are a dream of beauty, these woods, and it is a temptation to linger in them instead of pressing on towards the monastery—the famous Greek monastery of Grotta-ferrata.

Beyond, the road ascends towards the village. Monte Cavo, with

its wooded summit, where the Cardinal Duke of York founded a Passionist monastery on the ruins of a temple of Jupiter, comes in sight; Rocca di Papa, with its narrow, squalid streets and its four-towered castle—the "Pope's Rock"—clings giddily to the side of a mountain spur. On the right stretches the sea, a broad silver belt, glancing in the sunshine.

The stranger arriving at the village of Grotta-ferrata and strolling down the "Corso" always mistakes the monastery for a castle.

"But where is the monastery?" he asks, puzzled.

"Ecco, Signore," replies the passing peasant, jerking his thumb towards the "castle," with its buttresses and bastions, ramparts and strong towers.[1]

Wondering, yet hardly convinced, the traveler passes under an ancient gateway over which flies the flag of the usurping House of Savoy and enters a large, grassgrown courtyard. A few women are hanging clothes on a line and a great many children are playing round them. Only the statue of St. Nilo in the centre reassures the stranger. Times have changed, and not for the better, and the venerable monastery has been turned into a show place, but not suppressed. In the beautiful church hidden away to the left of the courtyard the monks still celebrate the Byzantine Liturgy, as it has been celebrated in all its glories for nearly a thousand years, in union with the Holy See, undisturbed by Photius, untroubled by Cerularius, standing firm when the whole of the East fell into schism.

For here at the gates of Rome, standing amid the vineyards and olive groves of the Campagna, is a Greek laura or monastery, a "Greek island in the vast Latin sea," and as Leo XIII. loved to call it, "an Oriental jewel in the Papal tiara."

The Uniates, those Catholics who, belonging to the Eastern rite, have no share in the schism of the East, but are faithful to the Holy See, are, happily, a large body.

There are some hundred thousand in Egypt and Syria (where they are called Melkites); a few hundreds in Turkey in Europe and Greece; four million Ruthenians in Austria and Hungary, and even, despite the persecutions, in Russia; some Bulgarians, and, lastly, about fifty thousand Italo-Greeks, the descendants of the Greek colonists who settled in Sicily and Calabria in the time of the Ikonoclast troubles. It is to this last group that the monastery of Grotta-ferrata belongs.

It was founded, over nine hundred years ago, by St. Nilo, whose

[1] This is not the normal appearance of a Greek monastery. The fortifications were built by Julius II., of warlike memory, in days when such defenses were necessary.

life has been written for us by his disciple, San Bartolomeo. In the days, says San Bortolomeo (himself a great saint, who converted the "boy-Pope," Benedict XI., and persuaded him to resign the Tiara and live and die a simple monk at Grotta-ferrata) when Sicily and Calabria were still called "Greater Greece," when Greek was spoken, and the Byzantine Liturgy was sung there, a child called Nicola Malena was born, about A. D. 910. Left an orphan, he was brought up by an elder sister, who, as the good biographer naively tells us, was "pious though married!"

Nicola was evidently endowed with more than common charm, for San Bartolomeo tells us bluntly that every girl who saw him fell in love with him. Moreover, the devil, jealous of his growing holiness, conspired with the maidens to tempt him, and he married the most attractive of them and became the father of a little girl. Soon, however, grace prevailed, and realizing that he had a religious vocation, Nicola left his wife and child in a manner which may strike sophisticated twentieth century as being exceedingly callous and became a Basilian monk.[2]

He took the name of Nilo and speedily became famous for his sanctity and was made an abbot. Obliged late in life to flee before the Saracens, he and his community (some sixty monks) presented themselves at Montecassino, where, says an old chronicler, "they were received as if he were Saint Benedict himself come to life." For many weeks the Greeks remained there, saying their office each day in the abbey church. The same chronicler adds a charming detail. San Nilo, he tells us, said two offices a day, first his own and then (stumbling a little over the strange Latin) that of his generous hosts. At last, fearing to stay even a Benedictine welcome, the saint took his monks down the mountain and marched towards Rome. The fame of his sanctity had gone before him and Pope and Emperor vied with each other to do him honor. A great noble, Count Gregory of Tusculum, granted him some land. Here he built his monastery, and here it stands to this day.

An old legend explains the name. When the saint was fleeing before the Saracens, he took refuge in a grotto near Tusculum. He had with him his favorite ikon, or picture, of Our Lady, and the devotion of the people towards this picture became so great that St. Nilo was obliged to put an iron rail before it to prevent it from being worn out by their kisses. So later, when the monastery grew up on that same spot, it was called Grotta-ferrata, the Iron Grotto.

[2] Another legend says that it was after the early death of his wife and child that St. Nilo embraced the religious life. San Bartolomeo, however, makes no mention of this story, and his version is probably more correct, as he would have derived his information from the saint himself.

The saint rejoiced when the monastery was built, for he knew that it was to be his last resting place. "Haec est requies mea," he said, "in saeculum saeculi." Here he died and was buried, but unfortunately his body, which should be the monks' greatest treasure, has been lost, together with all other relics of him, save one manuscript of the Gospels.

Many of the facts and legends connected with his life are depicted on the walls of the Farnese chapel, through which we pass first on our way to the church. These frescoes are the work of the famous artist, Domenichino, who seems to have fled to Grotta-ferrata to escape being imprisoned for some trifling offense. Perhaps it was in return for the hospitality that he received that the artist made this chapel beautiful forever, but more likely it was by orders of Cardinal Edoardo Farnese, a great benefactor of the monastery, that the work was done. The frescoes are considered some of the best work Domenichino ever did and exhibit his special gift "di far'vedere nell'esterno delle figure l'interno dell'animo, di colorir le passione, di dipingere gli affetti."

On the left wall we have the meeting between St. Nilo and the Emperor Otto III. Following the flattering custom of the day, Domenichino has made the Emperor a portrait of Cardinal Farnese. Several other portraits are introduced. Guido Reni is the man standing by the Emperor's horse; St. Nilo has the features of one of the monks—possibly the guest-master, Fra Filippo Moretti; the dwarf is the fool of the Farnese Palace; the ridiculous man awkwardly bestriding his horse in the corner is the steward of the same palace, who had unjustly withheld certain moneys due to the artist from his patron. Another fresco shows Our Blessed Lady appearing to St. Nilo in a vision, bidding him build a monastery and presenting him with a golden apple as a sign of her favor.

From the Farnese chapel we pass into the church. At first sight all seems strange to our Western eyes. It is divided into three parts—the narthex, the nave and the sanctuary, which is completely hidden behind a very forbidding-looking screen.

The narthex is at the west end, and was formerly reserved for the catechumens, and was a very convenient place for them, because they were only allowed to assist at a part of the Adorable Sacrifice. The Byzantine Liturgy (of St. John Chrysostom) is still divided into three parts, the *Preparation,* the *Liturgy of the Catechumens* and the *Liturgy of the Faithful,* and the second part still ends with the dismissal of the catechumens, spoken by the deacon: "All catechumens go out. All catechumens go out. All catechumens go out. No one of the catechumens."

As there are no longer catechumens, the narthex is used for baptisms and funerals and (at Grotta-ferrata) as a chapel for the Latin rite. Here, the monastery being the parish church, the Roman Mass is said by a priest of the Latin rite every morning. The nave is divided into two parts—a vacant space where the laity stand during the Liturgy (there is no kneeling and no sitting down) and the choir. The sanctuary is completely hidden behind the screen, called the *Ikonostasis.* Several pictures adorn this screen and other parts of the church, but no statues, for according to the Greek custom, every object of devotion has a flat surface. The *Ikonostasis* has three "royal doors" leading into the sanctuary. Except during parts of the Liturgy, they are always shut, and the laity are never allowed to enter them except during the week after Easter, when they are thrown open in memory of Our Lord's having thrown open the gates of heaven for mankind. During this week even women are allowed in the sanctuary, though not, of course, during the Liturgy itself. The altar is devoid of ornaments or flowers and stands in the middle of the sanctuary, away from the wall. Over it the Blessed Sacrament is suspended in a silver dove. The altar is not properly speaking a real altar, because it has no relices. They are kept in the *antimension,* a kind of corporal, which is laid, sometimes on the altar, but often on the *prothesis,* or credence table. On this table are arranged the vessels for the Liturgy. They are the chalice, the *diskos*—a kind of large paten, standing on one leg; the *asterikos,* a metal cross, which is put over the *diskos* to prevent the veil from touching the Host; a "holy spear" for dividing the bread; a spoon, for administering Holy Communion to the laity; two little veils for carrying the *diskos;* a large veil worn by the deacon; a sponge with which he wipes the Sacred Gifts into the chalice, and two fans with which he fans the Blessed Sacrament when it is uncovered.[3] Leavened bread is used.[4] It is in the form of a large flat loaf. A square, called the seal, is marked on the centre and divided into four quarters which are marked IC. XC. NI. KA. respectively (Jesus Christ conquers). To the right and left of the *seal* are two other squares. One contains a single triangle, and is called "the portion of the Mother of God." The other square is marked with nine triangles, each in honor of one or more of the saints, as will be explained later, in the description of the Liturgy.

The south part of the sanctuary is really the sacristy, and is

[3] This is a very old custom, first introduced as a defense against flies.

[4] The Holy See has always taught that either leavened or unleavened bread may be used. The Greek custom has always been to use leavened bread, and the use of unleavened bread was spoken of as a "Roman abuse" at the time of the schism.

called the *diakonikon*. Here the priest and the deacon vest for the Liturgy. The priest wears a kind of tunic reaching to the knees, with sleeves, which is called a *sticharion,* and corresponds to an alb. Over it he wears cuffs, called *epimanika,* and a stole or *epitrachelion*. The ends of this stole are joined together and hang down in front. Then the priest also wears a sort of chasuble, called a *phainoliol,* which looks like a very full cape, reaching to the ground. It may be of any color, for there are no special Liturgical colors. At Grotta-ferrata they have some magnificent white ones, lined with turquoise blue. The deacon wears a *sticharion* and *epimanika* and a stole, which in his case is called an *orarion*. During the Liturgy he holds the end of it in his right hand and makes the sign of the cross with it, but during the Communion he winds it round his body.

The Byzantine Liturgy is celebrated every morning at Grotta-ferrata at 8.30, except during Lent. On the feast of St. Basil and on a few other festivals the Liturgy of St. Basil is celebrated, but on all ordinary occasions a shortened form, attributed to St. John Chrysostom, is used. During Lent this Liturgy is only celebrated on Saturdays and Sundays for what seems to Western ideas a strange reason. Lent, say the Greeks, is a time of mourning, therefore the Liturgy, being an act of joy, must not be celebrated. So, as we should put it, they fast from Mass. In a most interesting article published in the Grotta-ferrata review[5] many ancient authorities are quoted to show that from the earliest days this custom has prevailed in certain parts of the Catholic world. Accordingly at Grotta-ferrata there is no Liturgy properly so-called, except on Saturdays and Sundays, but on Wednesday and Friday afternoons there is celebrated the Liturgy or Offering of the Presanctified, which corresponds, but in no way resembles, our Mass of the Presanctified.

"The Divine Liturgy of our Father among the Saints John Chrysostom" is very beautiful.

When all the fathers (who wear black habits and would look just like Benedictines if they did not wear beards) are in their places in the choir and their little pupils (they have a boarding school) are seated on benches also in the choir, the Preparation begins. This part of the Liturgy is so strange and interesting that the best way to describe it is to give the translation of the text. After the vesting and the first prayers, the priest takes the *prosphora* (the holy bread) in his left hand and the holy spear in his right and signs it three times over the seal, saying: "In memory

[5] La Liturgie des Présanctifiés. *Roma e L'Oriente*, Anno I., Num. 5, 25 Marzo, 1911. (Published at Grotto-ferrata.)

of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (three times). He then pierces the right side of the seal with the holy spear and says: "As a sheep He was led to the slaughter." On the left side: "And as a spotless lamb, silent before the shearer, so did He not open His mouth." And in the upper part of the *seal*: "In His lowliness was His judgment lifted up." And in the lower part: "Who shall tell His generation."

At each piercing the deacon says: "Let us pray to the Lord." After this he says: "Sir, take away." The priest, thrusting the holy spear into the right side of the *prosphora,* removes it, saying: "Because His life is taken away from the earth." And he puts the holy bread reversed on a *diskos,* while the deacon says: "Sir, make the sacrifice." He cuts it in the form of a cross, saying: "The Lamb of God is sacrificed, who takes away the sin of the world for the life and salvation of the world."

He turns a portion which has a cross round, pierces it on the right side with the holy spear and says: "One of the soldiers pierced His side with a lance, and at once blood and water flowed from it; and he who saw bore witness, and his witness is true."

The deacon meanwhile pours water and wine into the chalice, saying: "Sir, bless the holy union." The priest does so, and then taking the square on the left of the *seal,* he says: "In honor and memory of our most blessed and glorious Lady the Mother of God and ever Virgin Mary, through whose intercession do thou, O Lord, receive this sacrifice on Thy heavenly altar." Then he cuts away a part and lays it on the *diskos,* saying: "The Queen stood at Thy right hand, clothed in a robe of gold and many colors."

Then he takes the square on the left of the *seal* (it will be remembered that it is marked with nine triangles) and dedicates the nine particles, one for "the holy and glorious prophets, Moses and Aaron, Elias and Eliseus, David and Jesse, and the three holy children, and Daniel the prophet, and all the holy prophets;" one for "the holy, glorious and famous Apostles Peter and Paul and all the holy Apostles;" one for "our fathers among the saints and great æcumenic doctors and hierarchs, Basil the Great, Gregory the Theologian and John Chrysostom, Athanasius and Cyril, Nicholas of Myra and all holy hierarchs;" one for "the holy protomartyr and archdeacon Stephen, the great and holy martyrs Demetrios, George, Theodore and all the holy martyrs;" one for "our venerable God-borne fathers, Antony, Euthemios, Sabbas, Onuphrios, Athanasios of Athens and all the venerable ones;" one for "the holy, wonder-working and moneyless Cosmas and Damian and John, Panteleemon and Hermolaos and all the holy moneyless ones;" one for "the holy and just forefathers of God, Joachim and Anna

(the saint whose feast is being kept) and all the saints, through whose prayers may God look down on us," and one for "our father among the saints, John, Archbishop of Constantinople, the Golden-mouthed."

As he dedicates each fragment the priest arranges it on the *diskos,* around the *seal.* There still remains, however, a good deal of the round loaf when these squares have been removed. Of this remainder the priest takes two or three further fragments for the founder of the monastery, the benefactors of the church, for the Bishop who ordained him and for the faithful, living and dead. These fragments are also arranged on the *diskos.* The Uniates must have the intention to consecrate all the bread that is on the *diskos,* but the Orthodox only consecrate the *seal,* and say that in Uniate churches the laity do not receive the Precious Body, because they are communicated with the fragments dedicated to Our Lady and the saints. As for the bread that is left on the loaf and is never consecrated, it is distributed by both Orthodox and Uniates as "pain benit" after the Liturgy.[6]

Of the consecrated fragments the priest receives the particle marked XC., and after the deacon has also received Communion he sweeps the remainder of the consecrated fragments (i. e., all that remains on the *diskos*) into the chalice, and the laity receive these fragments, as will be explained presently.

The Preparation ends when all the fragments to be consecrated have been placed on the *diskos.* Then follows the *Liturgy of the Catechumens.* The deacon says a number of litanies or collects, to each of which the choir replies "Kyrie Eleison."[7] After two antiphons (taken from the psalms) have been sung, comes a famous hymn called the *Monogenes,* said to have been composed by Severos, the Monophysite Patriarch of Antioch (512-536). The text may be translated as follows:

"The only begotten Son and Word of God immortal, deigning to take flesh for our salvation in the womb of the holy Mother of God and ever Virgin Mary, became man without changing. Christ our God, thou wast crucified, by death treading on death, Thyself one of the Holy Trinity. Who art glorified with the Father and Holy Ghost, save us."

Next comes a third antiphon, and the Gloria, which is followed

[6] This custom is not followed at Grotta-ferrata, because there is no congregation properly so called. The village people hear Mass in the Latin rite, and only a few visitors stray in for the Byzantine Liturgy. The present writer has many times been the only member of the congregation at Grotta-ferrata.

[7] The singing is always unaccompanied. Eastern custom forbids the use of any musical instrument in churches.

by the Little Entry. The north door is opened and a procession of acolytes bearing candles and fans (which are afterwards used by the deacon to fan the Sacred Gifts) precedes the deacon (carrying the Gospel) and the priest. Then is sung the *Trisagion Hymn,* which we sing in Greek on Good Friday.

"The Mass of the Faithful" begins with prayers for the faithful, and then comes a very dramatic moment—the Great Entry. The middle or royal door is thrown open, and the deacon, wearing the *aer,* or great veil, appears holding the *diskos* high over his head. The priest follows with the chalice, which is covered with a veil. Candle-bearers accompany them. While the procession goes round the sanctuary, the choir sings the Cherubic Hymn, said to have been composed by the Emperor Justin (565-578):

"We who mystically represent the Cherubim, who sing to the life-giving Trinity the thrice-holy hymn, let us now put aside all earthly caref; that we may receive the King of kings, who comes, escorted by unseen armies of angels. Alleluia."

(This very beautiful hymn would, perhaps, come better after the Elevation, since the King of kings has not yet come down from heaven.) Then the doors are closed again and the Nicene Creed is recited, and the Uniates make a profession of faith and submission to the Holy See by inserting the word *Filioque,* which is such a stumbling-block to the Orthodox. At the time of the schism the dispute as to whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Son was one of the ostensible causes of the separation of the Eastern Church from the Holy See. No student of history can doubt, however, that neither the *Filioque* nor the question of unleavened bread, but the ambition of Photius and the arrogance of Michael Cerularius really caused that lamentable event.

After the Creed comes the *anaphora,* or Canon of the Mass, during which the deacon continually fans the Gifts.[8] The priest says the words of institution aloud, and the choir replies "Amen" to each. The Uniates prostrate themselves, but the Orthodox do not, for they consider that the change has not taken place, but will come at the *Epiklesis,* which follows. This is an invocation to the Holy Ghost to change the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ.

The deacon incenses the Blessed Sacrament and the doors are opened. Then follows the *Great Intercession,* in which prayers are offered "for our forefathers who rest in faith, our fathers, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, preachers, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, anchorites and for the souls of all who died in the faith. Especially for our all-holy, sinless, most worshipful and glorious

[8] The preface is said secretly, and the choir sings the Sanctus.

Lady the Mother of God, ever Virgin Mary." The priest also prays silently for "St. John the prophet and baptist, for the holy, glorious and famous apostles, for St. N. (the saint of the day), "by whose prayers do thou, Lord, look down on us." All Bishops and clergy are also included, especially the Bishop of the diocese, and the intercession ends with a prayer for "all men and all women." The priest afterwards also prays secretly for the town, city or village, and for "all sailors, travelers, the sick and afflicted, all prisoners and their salvation," and finally for "those who bring gifts to and work for thy holy churches and those who care for the poor."

Then follows the "Litany of Intercession" prayers for those who are about to communicate, that they may do so worthily. To each petition the choir replies "Kyrie Eleison." After this comes the Our Father, and then the part known as the "Inclination," which is really a prayer for mercy, said in secret by the priest.

Then follows the "Elevation." The priest having prayed that Our Lord may, "with His own hand give His Holy and Precious Blood to the people," raises the Holy Bread, saying aloud, "Holy things to the holy," to which the choir replies: "One only is holy, one only is Lord Jesus Christ in the glory of God the Father. Amen."

Then the deacon girds himself with his *orarion,* and approaching the priest, says, "Sir, bless the holy bread." The priest breaks the *seal* into four portions and puts the fraction IC into the chalice. The deacon, then following a very old custom, pours a little hot water into the chalice.

The priest and deacon then communicate. The priest first places a fraction in the hand of the deacon and then himself receives a fraction, saying, "The precious, holy and spotless body of Our Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ is given to me N, priest, for the forgiveness of my sins and for life everlasting," and praying for pardon for his sins and grace to make a worthy Communion. The deacon waits until the priest receives Communion before doing the same. The priest then drinks three times from the chalice and calls the deacon. The deacon also drinks three times, and the priest says: "The servant of the Lord, the deacon N, receives the precious and holy blood of Our Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of his sins and for life everlasting."

Then the deacon sweeps all the fractions that remain on the *diskos* into the chalice. These fractions are received by the laity, who now come to the door of the sanctuary. Holy Communion is administered with a spoon. The communicant holds the veil of the chalice, as we do the Communion cloth. The words spoken

by the priest as he administers Communion are: "The servant of God N (if he does not know the name, he simply leaves it out) receives the precious and all-holy body and blood of Our Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of his sins and for life everlasting. Amen." After the Communion of the laity, the deacon says the "Litany of Thanksgiving," the choir replying "Kyrie Eleison" to each clause. The priest then dismisses the people, and "having worshiped and thanked God for everything, he goes away."

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OCKHAM'S RAZOR.

THERE is an instrument well known in the philosophical world as Ockham's Razor, which he produced, though not as a new invention, about the time when Sheffield was beginning to be famous for cutlery. It had for its purpose to cut off the assertion of all entities for whose existence no valid reason could be assigned. In the words of the author, "non est ponenda pluralitas sine necessitate: frustra fit per plura quod potest fieri per pauciora." This principle is akin to what modern science calls the law of parsimony, or of least action. St. Thomas also formulated it in a way which it is now our purpose to consider in healthy contrast to the diseased "Though-Economy" or "Denkökonomie" which to-day reduces the knowable universe to a mere psychological experience, registered in abbreviated forms. St. Thomas viewed God as ubiquitously present and coöperative throughout creation, so that finite things, while existent and active in their own sphere, functioned always in a dependence on their Maker. Moreover, he regarded some events as distinctly supernatural; for instance, the Virginal Conception of Christ. Even in the ordinary conception of any child he regarded the production of the soul as a divine creation. For the fully suitable knowledge and observance of the whole moral law in a hypothetical order of pure nature he asserted that some divine assistances would be needful to mankind at large, and therefore it would be naturally due from a provident God.[1] But if we pass by the special interventions we have left for consideration what we call generally the course of nature conducted by secondary causes. Here the action of the human intellect will be a good example.

[1] Sum., 2da2dae, Q. 2, A. 4; Contra Gent., Lib. I., c. 4; De Trinit., III., 1.

Against those Platonizers or Augustinians who said that its light must be either God or a gift of God over and above the mere nature of the understanding itself, St. Thomas laid down the rule that it is more respectful to the Creator to hold that intellect, being by its nature and intellect, is a faculty able to do its own work, and not a mere recipient or a mere instrument like the pen of a writer.[2] The understanding when it issues in the action proper to itself is its own light in the apprehension of truths about itself and about other objects. To say less of it would be to deny its specific nature. St. Bonaventure here is, of course, in full concordance: "Deus, quamvis principalis operans, dedit tamen vim activam per quam exiret in operationem propriam."[3] If the two scholastic doctors could have foreseen the theory of the innate idea of God which Descartes affirmed, or the *a priori* forms which Kant curiously feigned, not only would they have lopped them off as superfluities by application of the razor, but they would have declared them to be theories destructive of a real epistemology. To-day it is in many circles deemed more fashionable to take up a position with some shade of the bizarre Neo-Kantism, but it is saner to keep to the common-sense philosophy as explained by the more than common sense of St. Thomas.

He in his philosophy had the merit beyond all praise to be humbly and sanely content to maintain real knowledge, while he confessed its limitations and its frequent dependence on analogies where first-hand direct acquaintance was beyond human reach. He would have sympathized with the electrician of to-day who should declare: "I after and with other laborers in the same field have accurately stored up results concerning certain modes in which what we name electricity works. When we speak of currents and distinguish currents as positive and negative, when we talk of polarities, of high and low tensions, we wish our hearers in all those terms to stop short where real knowledge stops. Our terminology is strictly confined to the asserted facts which it briefly embodies in regard to physical nature." Similarly the physicist who spoke about the reality of colors might give the explanation: "Take certain objects in their media and call them red, green and blue as perceived under these conditions by our senses; but do not mean thereby more than is ascertainable and leave alone questions which are not ours; for instance, as to how far the sensation is blue or how far the blueness which is, so to speak, *sensed,* is in the object as not *sensed*.[4] To become very deeply inquisitive in these points can

[2] Lib. II., Sent. Dist. XVII., Q. 2, Art. 1.
[3] Lib. II., Sent., Q. III., A. 2.
[4] Here St. Thomas' theory of real qualities inherent in quantity is omitted without denial.

lead to no agreement between disputants; but all should allow that experience shows us to have certain faculties of sense-perception which give us some sort of knowledge about the objects with which pragmatically we have to deal, our pragmatism being not absolutely anœtic and yet being very poorly nœtic. We may delight in the beautiful greens of the English landscape without having to confess that we know nothing of the nature itself which we profess to admire. Its beautiful qualities are known as we know qualities, without being able to give any account of them or any exact discrimination of subjective and objective constituents. When Ockham's razor has cut off all that it ought to dissever from theories of sense-perception, there is still a valuable residue of objective knowledge. About profounder speculations on the subject we may borrow the words of Zarathustra: "Full is the earth of the superfluous: marred is life by the many-too-many" theories about sense-perception.

Next we may record some cautions against over-confidence in the use of Ockham's razor as made on the ground of our ignorance, because we see no positive need for asserting an extra cause. He who says that a primitive nebula could of itself have evolved into our sidereal system, to put it mildly, has no security for his position. Newton ever affirmed that the motions of the planets had been "originally impressed by an intelligent agent." While we reject the old idea that the heavenly bodies are of a superfine material and are animated, we cannot with assurance declare that angels never intervene in their motion and that there is no need of any such assistance. Petavius, after elaborately rejecting astrology, makes the reservation that while the stars are not the causes of human events, they may be appointed signs of them at times, God so disposing.[5] Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace is of opinion that while evolution seems to be a general law, yet some of its steps must have needed the aid of a spiritual agency. Those who would flatly contradict him would be found to be going on the no small assumption that they had a right to the use of Ockham's razor positively and dogmatically to cut off all belief in spiritual agencies and in distinct vital principles or on any vitalism whatever as an extra-mechanical force. Young professors of physics, who are fresh from perhaps a brilliant degree, are apt to be very confident in such application of the razor, not to the admiration of their more intelligent auditors who see further than their lectures and are more humble in their self-assertiveness. A large number of evolutionary conclusions take this shape: We do not indeed see any

[5] De Angelis, Lib. I., Cap. 10, n. 1. Non causae sed signa—e. g., at the Epiphany.

indications of the process from one stage to another, or even suggestions of its possibility; nevertheless, we assume that physical evolution must have done the thing, because there is nothing else to do it. Herein lies just the extravagance in the use of the razor: "There is nothing else—no God, no spirit, no vitalism."

The extreme stretch of Ockham's shaving process is monistic idealism, which cuts off all real plurality of substance in the Universe to leave an essential identity, with more or less of allowance for a multiplicity of really distinct manifestations and for some real distinction of object from subject phenomenally, or of psychic aspect from physical. Whatever differences of a non-substantial order are thus granted are said to be "suflated," or absorbed in the higher unity which is the real reality. All this jargon gives poor food to the understanding mind. And so it is declared to belong to mind which rises above all intelligible range or logical laws. Modern philosophy in this matter is not more valuable than the old fancy of Anaximenes that the intelligent air or primal substance accounts for everything by its rarefactions and condensations (puknosis and manosis, or araiosis), a view which Haekel favors, putting for air the Urnebel primitive nebula. If mere ignorance of a superabundant cause of our multiplex world does not justify the employment of Ockham's razor in the form of positive denial of such a cause, the use of the positive implement against evidence of a plural causality is still more an injustice to right reason. Negative agnosticism is often bad: positive is worse in those important matters of human life where knowledge is possible and imperatively demanded from reasonable creatures who are called upon to give God "a reasonable service."

The limit of reason is what monism in its use of Ockham's razor can never keep. At times it cuts off the material, at times the spiritual, and in the latter case it may seem to start from the opposite of the extreme at which it finally arrives. Thus it begins by condemning our poor abstracting, dividing, disintegrating intellect, because it cannot grasp the whole in its wholeness. Intuition is what is wanted—the immediate perception of an object. Then intuition is identified with sense, which serves to act thus directly and to be the elementary source of all experience. The Absolute or Ultimate is said to be some such experience in its completeness. What can man do better than imitate the Absolute as nearly as he can? So he is advised to fall back upon his simplest sensibilities; to plunge deep into his vegetative and animal existence, apart from his intellectual constructions, which are dubbed artificial, conventional and aberrant from radical reality ;to follow the spontaneous life-impulses of his nature in its untrained tendencies, emotions and

delights. Thence comes this gospel of the animal to man who has applied the razor to his intellect: Pour connaître les choses telles qu'elles sont, il ne faut pas user d'intelligence qui ne peut que les dénaturer: il faut s'approcher de l'experience brute, se plonger dans la tourbillon des sensations, s'abîmer enfin dans le torrent de la vie végétale et animale, se perdre, et se noyer dans les choses. They are using Ockham's razor for purposes of spiritual suicide and civic anarchy for the worst horrors of the worst revolution.

However, not to rise up with what seems a rare extravagance, let us take what is written of a milder example: "Samuel Butler ordered his whole life in such a way that he could afford to be disinterested. Not only did he learn to do with little money; he also economized in belief and emotions, not because he was by nature cold or skeptical, but because he would not be a partisan of any one view of life. He seems to have regarded himself as a consecrated bachelor. Melchesedec, he says, was a really happy man, without father, without mother and without descent. He was an incarnate bachelor. He was a born orphan. Butler worked to be a Melchesedec, free from all ties whatever, spiritual and intellectual, as well as material. His books and his convictions were only what were forced upon him without seeking. His convictions were not strong."

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AN ANGLO-NORMAN MACHIAVELLI.

In the third issue of "Studies," a new Irish literary quarterly, of high mark, Mr. W. H. Grattan Flood reviews very trenchantly a new work on a theme that had long been regarded as worn threadbare. James, Duke of Ormonde, that Irish-born, English-bred master of the art of sitting upon two stools, is the subject of a new dissection and autopsy at the hands of a new aspirant for honors in the art of illustrating what Byron probably had in mind when he wrote "The Deformed Transformed." Lady Burghclere is the author. She revives a subject that ought to have been allowed to slumber in an unperfumed sarcophagus, and she galvanizes an obsolete epithet in her "apology," saying that she has worked out her task in no "meticulous" spirit—i. e., in no desire to shirk all the evidence. Mr. Flood is a good authority on Irish history, no less than on the science of music, especially the music of the Gael. His works on archæology and musical notation

are many and most valuable. We believe he has done good service in taking up this new attempt to glorify James, first Duke of Ormonde, and showing the absurd character of the means whereby it has been sought to make of a perverted Catholic a Protestant hero, or, indeed, one entitled to a halo, like D'Aubigne's Savoyard patroness, Princess Margaret, who was styled the Protestant saint. The bias of Lady Burghclere in penning the narrative is most strikingly shown in the fact that when she is telling of the old Earl of Ormonde's death (Black Tom) she suppresses the fact that he returned to the faith of his progenitors and was received into the Church by Fathers Wall and Kearney, on the 22d of November, 1614.

Ormonde's perversion suggests the curious parallel between the theories of State policy adopted by the Moslems, in their long progress from East to West, and that of the English—or rather the Norman English—with regard to Scotland, Wales and Ireland, after the overthrow of the Saxon power. The Turkish Janissaries were a striking fruit of that policy. These men were trained to hate the people of their race and the countries of their birth, by reason of having been early kidnapped and kept as hostages in the atmosphere of the Turks. By the operation of the law which created the Court of Wards in the reign of James I. many of the children of the best families in Ireland were taken over to England in order to be transformed into West Britons. But the Court of Wards had been forestalled, in an unofficial way, by the unauthorized practice of the Crown in sending its agents to the territories of the Irish outside the Pale to demand hostages of the more prominent Irish families and carrying youths of tender age away to England to be brought up in hatred of their native country and its people and transformed into pious English Puritans. With some of the Irish youths the process was successful, but there were some very notable exceptions. Hugh O'Neill, of "the profound, dissembling mind," was the most remarkable instance of the failure of the glamour of "the Saxon snake, with scales of gold," to enchant the exiled youth who yearned for the woods of Derry or the foam-bearded shore of the wild West—as they dallied in the halls of English nobles or studied in the grammar schools, laboriously wrestling with the intricacies of a complex language so different from their own expressive, well-ordered native tongue. But the idea embodied in the establishment of the Court of Wards was not, in its realization, confined to the practice of housing Irish wards in English families. Many youths were sent to Trinity College in Dublin, Elizabeth's "generous" foundation, to be "maintained and educated in the English religion and dress, from the ages of

12 to 18." When the Court of Wards was dissolved, in lapse of time, the idea was resuscitated, in a large measure, by the foundation of the Grammar Schools and the Bluecoat Schools, and is perpetuated in the system of those foundations, we believe, to the present day. The ridiculous attire of the Bluecoat School boys—capless, a blue swallowtail coat, knee breeches, also blue; stockings saffron color, and buckled shoes—gives concrete expression to the clumsy and unæsthetic spirit of the Anglo-Norman hatred of Irish religion, art and traditions, that first manifested itself in the sumptuary laws of the Kilkenny Parliament, the mouthpiece of the Gargantuan King Edward III.

Lady Burghclere's efforts to prove that she did not embark on her superfluous task of rehabilitating the oft-exposed bi-visaged Irish Machiavelli, in any "meticulous" spirit, are perfectly successful. She does not shrink from the reassertion of stories that have been long ago rejected as monstrous fables by Protestant writers who recognized the necessity of adhering to the law of consistency and the evidence of established statistical facts, in regard to population and circumstances, when dealing with such topics as the rising of 1641, and similar illustrations.

What Cranmer stood for in the theology and policy of the Reformation—a time-server to the end—was just what Lady Burghclere's hero stood for in the quicksand times of the Stuart Restoration. "The times are changeable, and we must change with them," would seem to have been the axiom on which he grounded his policy during a long life. In this he was by no means exceptional, for many men in the higher walks of life, clerical and lay, acted on the law of opportunity—one, the Earl of Guildford, Keeper of the Seals, so undisguisedly and complacently as to earn the appellation of "the Trimmer" at Court. Ormonde must have been a more skillful adapter, since though he had served both the monarchy and the Parliamentarians, in the Viceregal office in Ireland, he contrived to get along and keep on good terms with both and yet escape censure on the score of tergiversation, better than many of his contemporaries less prominent in the public gaze. He has been credited by Macaulay as guiltless of shedding Catholic blood, but the facts do not square with that conclusion, by any means. The Butlers have a hereditary knack of adaptation to opportunity.

Ormond, or Ormonde, is the name of a territory in Ireland; it consists of the baronies of Upper and Lower Ormond, in the County Tipperary; the ancient patrimony of the O'Kennedys, of the race of Oilioll-Olum, by his son Cormac-Cas. How the Butlers obtained possession of this splendid territory is no new story in

Ireland: the processes of attainder and forfeiture of land and castles and "movables" was the common doom of all the Milesian chieftains who dared to resist the Norman invaders. The original name of the family was Walter. The father of Hervey Walter was made Grand Butler of Ireland by Henry II. ("Le Boutillier" he was called); and the title of his rather servile office, in process of time, was adopted as a family name and elevated to a plane of almost royal dignity. Hervey Walter was married to Maud, daughter of Theobald Valoines and Matilda Becket, sister of the great prelate, St. Thomas of Canterbury; while Hubert Walter, his brother, was in time one of the successors of the murdered Archbishop. After the murder, and when Henry had done penance and received pardon, he went to Ireland, accompanied by a great number of Anglo-Norman lords, among them being Theobald Walter, who appears to have been a great favorite with the sacrilegious monarch. Cambrensis, another friend and protégé of Henry, describes his character so vividly and repulsively that one needs considerable charity to imagine that it was virtue which gained advancement at court at that particular time—and the murder of Becket leaves very little doubt of devoted service to the person and passions of the monarch. That these services were freely rendered by Theobald Walter is indicated by the fact of his having been honored by the King with the office of hereditary Grand Butler in Ireland, as well as extensive landed estates taken from the Irish chiefs who submitted to the King's representative in flagrant violation of all law and the honor of the royal word. The Irish chiefs were thus placed in the position where to resist meant loss of their estates and where to submit tamely brought the very same sort of penalty; and where brave Norman knights, paragons of martial chivalry, had no compunction in seizing the lands of Irishmen who had never done them any wrong and treating any who attempted to resist robbery as rebels and traitors. The Norman or Anglo-Norman monarch himself led the way in those perfidious and dishonorable courses —the practices of common highwaymen. We find Fitzwalter in the year 1200 founding a hospital or priory at Nenagh, in Tipperary, and dedicating it to St. John the Baptist, out of the proceeds of land taken from the Irish owners of the territory of Ormond—the O'Carrolls, O'Kennedys and others. Such piety in those early days was manifested prominently by the Norman conquerors, first in England, afterwards in Ireland. It did not seem to have struck any of them that the bestowal of charity at the expense of the plundered owners was incompatible with the spirit of the religion in whose honor the gifts were made.

The name Ormond, or Ormonde, is connected with several locali-

ties in Dublin—Ormond-quay and Ormond Market, for instance. There is also a very obscure corner where stands a portion of the old city wall, the ruins of an ancient entrance, which is still called Ormond Gate. With this crumbling remnant of mediæval fortifications there is interwoven a curious chapter of history—something more akin to the travels of Sir John Mandeville than to the solemn and prosy records of the Four Courts of Dublin and the Birmingham Tower, wherein musty parchments of old family title deeds and ancient charters are kept by Ulster King-at-Arms. The spot now called Ormond Gate was originally designated Gormund Gate, because of a myth invented for the use of Queen Elizabeth when she was induced to put forward a claim to the crown of Ireland by reason of descent from a remote ancestor named Gormund, an alleged monarch of the isle, whose name does not appear in any of the native chronologies, and was never heard of until it was used in the documents gravely and formally put forth in the old Dublin law courts when Elizabeth's lawyers began their extraordinary suit. The identity or whereabouts of Gormund in chronology or history could not be established to the law's satisfaction in Ireland, and Elizabeth's claim to the crown of the country, because of relationship to a mythical personage, died a natural death. However, the name of "Gormund" is preserved in large part in the names of the quay, the market and the old city gate.

The addition of the name Ormond to that of Butler seems to have been effected during the early years of the reign of Edward III., when James Butler, son of Edmond Butler, Earl of Carrick, married a daughter of the Earl of Hereford and his wife, Elizabeth, seventh daughter of Edward I. Butler was afterward created Earl of Ormond by the King, in a Parliament held at Northampton, in England. The King at the same time altered the County of Tipperary into a Palatinate in Ormond's favor, granting him the royal rights, franchises, military fiefs and other valuable privileges in the county. Such marks of royal favor, conferred at the expense of the Celtic proprietors of the soil, showed that the Butlers early began to prove of much value to the British monarchs who assumed a sovereignty over Ireland, to which they had no shred of rightful claim, and which they did not attempt to assert formally until a couple of centuries later, when Henry VIII., receiving the submission of a number of the Irish chiefs, called himself "Lord of Ireland," not King. This was the reason why Elizabeth, his daughter, was at such pains to try to establish a legal title to the Irish crown, other than the disputed one contained in the genuine or forged document attributed to the English Pope, Adrian IV. The weakness of the English claim to the sovereignty of Ireland,

based on the supposed Papal Bull, was earlier attested strikingly when Roger Mortimer, Earl of March (England) and Trim (Ireland) was married to the daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of King Edward III. On that occasion the titles of Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught were added to those of the British Crown, because the bride's father was the William Burke, Earl of Ulster, who was assassinated in 1333. The murdered Earl had also borne the title of "Lord" in regard to Connaught. If the English, or Anglo-Norman, monarchs had felt they had any valid claim to the Crown of all Ireland, they surely would not covet the title to any of the island's parts in addition, since by the law of measurement the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts.

The methods of the Butlers in obtaining wealth at times would not bear the light of day. Not satisfied with the lavish generosity of the sovereign in grants of other people's lands to them, they at times took means to acquire more in defiance of all law and decency. For instance, when Lionel, Duke of Clarence, went back to England, in 1364, without having effected the conquest of Ireland, as he had been dispatched to do, or extending the limits of the Pale by a single inch, because of the resistance of the Irish chiefs, the Earl of Ormonde was appointed Lord Deputy pro tem. He took advantage of his position of power to coerce the law courts to give him permission to override the law that prohibited the King's officers in Ireland from purchasing land within the boundaries of their jurisdiction. The landed estates judges gave Ormonde permission to buy lands to the value of sixty pounds yearly—a very large sum in those days. We may be sure that the astute Deputy knew where to look for the best place wherein to invest his money, and did not speculate on either bog land or mountain soil or on stony waste stretches.

Macaulay in his pinchbeck prize essay called "A History of England" includes among the victims of the libertine spirit of the Restoration the great Duke of Ormond. He was one of those who were made the butt of "sarcasms which modish vice loves to dart at obsolete virtue," as Macaulay in affected pious indignation writes, when he went over to London to surrender at Whitehall the honors which he had enjoyed for many years as Viceroy in Dublin Castle. Looking over some of the Duke's own admissions as to his conduct in that high office, it must be owned that the "great" historian and the "great" Viceroy, as Carte paints him, were worthy of each other. Lady Burghclere appears to have been as easily pleased in the heroes of her worship as the panegyrist of both William the Third and his prototype in religious persecution, Cromwell. Her admiration for the Butler gens would appear

to extend no farther back than the period when the great Duke, as an alumnus of that proselytizing college, the Court of Wards, apostatized from the faith of his forefathers and took his place with the persecutors of his country and its religion. If any particular member of the Butler clan deserved a niche in the Temple of Fame, it was the one who was called Black Tom, tenth Earl, who defeated the Earl of Desmond at the battle of Affane, February 2, 1565. He had been fighting for Elizabeth's side, and the Desmond was on the side of the Pope and Ireland. He had been wounded and was being borne off the field, when one of the foemen called out, "Where now is the proud Earl of Desmond?" "On the backs of the Butlers, where he ought to be," was the witty Geraldine's swift reply. "Black Tom" did not die until 1614, and he was received into the Catholic Church, truly penitent, by a Jesuit priest, Father Wall. Lady Burghclere could find no use for such a fact as the taunting witticism or the conversion of the stout fighting Earl, "Black Tom." Such an incident as the latter might conflict with the theory put forward by Carte that the "Great" Duke, James, was a heaven-ordained member of the Butlers. "Black Tom" was regarded in a similar light by the Puritan party, as long as he fought on their side. No doubt he was dubbed as a son of Belial when it was discovered he had gone back to the faith of his fathers.

Two instances of a peculiar blackness stained the official career of the "Great" Duke James. The first of these in atrocity and sacrilege was his conduct in regard to the saintly prelate, Archbishop Oliver Plunkett. He assented to the gross illegality of having him removed from Ireland, where the "treasons" with which he was most falsely charged were said to have been perpetrated, to London, where there was nothing against him. The second was his treachery toward a man who had often rendered him valuable service in pacifying disturbed regions of the country, remote and inaccessible spots where rapparees and cattle spoilers found secure asylum, and where regiments of soldiers would be only incumbrances and drawbacks—the famous outlaw, Redmond O'Hanlon.

No transaction between royalty and the devoted adherents who supported its cause during fair weather and foul was ever darker than the dealings of Charles II. with the landed gentry in Ireland and Scotland who had supported his father's cause and his own during the struggle with Cromwell and the regicide Parliamentarians. The autocracy in both countries gave not only of their substance, but of their blood to maintain the Stuart interests. Their return was the confiscation of their estates when the Protector's arms were victorious and the massacre of the faithful clansmen

who had gathered around their chiefs to defend them and the lawful sovereign. When the usurper's career was ended by death and the Stuarts were invited to return, Charles had solemnly promised to restore their patrimonies and pay the arrears of salary due the officers and soldiers of the armies who had fought for his father's cause and his own. But no sooner was the crown on his head than ingratitude and betrayal of his royal word were the first indications he gave of his real character. The Cromwellian grabbers of loyalist estates in Ireland and Scotland were left in secure possession of their plunder, while the like class in England had their claims satisfied out of the public taxation. Charles was unfortunate in having for his chief counsellor Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, a Machiavellian statesman in the worst sense of the term. His advice to the King was the serpent-wise one: "Be good to your enemies: your friends will not injure you." Under Clarendon's advice a Court of Claims was set up in Dublin, and in its train flowed into the vicinity of the law courts a stream of the vilest wretches in the shape of informers, swearers for hire and other wretches, brought there for the purpose of making false accusations against Catholic owners of land, that the Cromwellian intruders might be unmolested in their grand game of spoliation. The Duke of Ormonde was a large beneficiary under the confiscation procedure; Boyle, Earl of Cork; Lords Anglesey, Coote, Kingston and a few more favorites were left in undisturbed enjoyment of the lands of the plundered Catholic gentry. Among these was the family of the O'Hanlons, whose estates were chiefly in the Counties of Meath and Louth. The careful and painstaking historian, John P. Prendergast, has shown that Redmond O'Hanlon, who had been an officer in the French service, was driven to assume the rôle of rapparee because of the course pursued by the Cromwellians, and that as such he had been utilized by the Duke of Ormonde in his double-dealing methods for making things smooth for the spoilers of the Catholics' possessions. The Viceroy's plan was to play off rapparee against rapparee, and under the pretense of secret friendship or pity for such ill-used men, get them to betray each other's plans for harassing the squatters on their family patrimonies. Mrs. Annesley's correspondence, included in the State papers, showed how confidential were the relations between the Viceroy and the rapparee. The lady had a genuine sympathy for the wrongs of O'Hanlon, and it was necessary for Ormonde to keep her in ignorance of his dark design upon the rapparee's life until he had him safe in death's keeping. Lady Burghclere seems to think that it was quite *en regle* for a Viceroy to pay a man to murder a rapparee, even though he had been treated as a friend by him. Red-

mond O'Hanlon *had to go,* and the Duke took steps to *insure* his removal—that was all. The plans were carefully laid, and so his friend, Mrs. Annesley, was unable to warn the intended victim—as doubtless she had done more than once before. He was slain by the brother rapparee, and the treacherous comrade got his reward when he brought O'Hanlon's head to Downpatrick, to be spiked on the jail gate there.

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair," say the witches whom Macbeth encounters on the blasted heath. So say such commentators as Lady Burghclere when seeking excuse for treachery on the part of officials in Ireland, whether these be English or renegade Irish. Necessity is pleaded as the complete vindication of their crimes. Law and order must be maintained, no matter how the Decalogue may suffer. But the law of necessity was that which called the Irish rapparees into existence as a marauding class. They were men who were rendered desperate at the sight of interlopers from England and Scotland enjoying the lands and habitations from which they had been ousted, and having the full protection of the law in so doing. In fact, the rapparee represented the whole case of Ireland, from the time that Strongbow landed on its shore down to Ormonde's. They had been pauperized and outlawed for no other reason than that they had been loyal to the British Monarchy, and their estates were given to men who had destroyed both King and Monarchy.

The Penal Laws were invented with the design of transferring property under the pretense of securing the Protestant religion. Arthur Young, one of the most impartial and enlightened philanthropists and political economists who ever sought to ameliorate evil social conditions, in his famous "Tour in Ireland" affirms his solemn conviction, arrived at after personal experience and conversation with many of the most reliable authorities in Ireland, that the scope, purport and aim of the Penal Laws in Ireland were not against the Catholic religion, but against the industry and property of those who possess that religion. He added that those laws did crush the industry and wrested the property from the Catholics, but the religion triumphs. A very remarkable piece of testimony from a non-Catholic political economist!

Macaulay's partisan History sought to impress English readers with the idea that the Irish rapparees were only highwaymen and common plunderers, like Falstaff's rabble rout who stripped clothes-lines and stole fowl as they marched. This was dishonest in the last degree. The name rapparee was derived from the weapons that the outlaws carried—a rapery, or short-pointed pike, that could be conveniently carried under a surcoat; or else a musket that could

be taken to pieces, and as easily screwed together again. Many statutes of the Williamite Parliament in Dublin sought to deal with these troublesome evicted landlords. All "vagrants pretending to be Irish gentlemen, who coshered about from house to house," were to be brought before the Grand Juries, and on conviction transported to the colonies (Botany Bay), or sent on board the fleet (to be whipped into good British man-o'-war's men). Many of the old landlords were caught in the meshes of these laws. Many more kept secretly moving about among their former tenantry. When Swift was entertaining an English friend who visited him at his country house, he was asked by him where were the old Irish aristocracy of whom he (Swift) had told him in his letters. "You will find them," the Dean replied, "hiding in the hovels of the poor." The most diabolically perfect legal machinery was devised to extirpate the system of Catholicism, either as a landholding aristocracy, as a professional class—law, the army or navy—or as large traders.

The principle of primogeniture, introduced by the Normans into England, was set aside in Ireland in favor of gavelkind, on all entailed estates (among Catholics), so that the land could be divided among all the sons of a family. If the eldest son conformed to the Protestant religion, he obtained, under the law, a fee-simple reversion of all the estate, and could make his father and his brothers dependents on his bounty. Even if a younger son apostatized, he could compel his father, under the law, to disclose the value of his estate and give him an adequate allowance for his maintenance. The wife of a Catholic owner could, by "conforming," compel her husband to allow her one-third of his income, with the power of assigning the same to whom she pleased. There were a score of provisions of a similar kind, each one devised in order to fit into the grand plan whereby a dual work was to be accomplished in Ireland—the destruction of a Catholic aristocracy and the obliteration of the Catholic religion. By the end of the eighteenth century, under the operation of the Penal machinery, Arthur Young discovered, *ninety-five per cent.* of the Irish soil had passed from Catholic to Protestant hands. In the bringing about of such a monstrous infamy the "Great" Duke of Ormonde played the part of an avaricious Samson. The ways of Protestantism in Ireland and of Mahometanism in South Europe were exactly the same, with the sole difference that the machinery of Protestantism was perfectly adapted to the accomplishment of the work it was devised to do, while that of Islam was not.

The blackest chapter in the long record of Ormonde's life was his inertia in regard to the fate of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett,

when the scoundrels hired by Titus Oates to kidnap him and bring him to London had succeeded in their task.

Archbishop Plunkett was the last of the victims of Titus Oates and his gang of informers in the shocking conspiracy known as the Popish Plot. The Lord Lieutenant (Ormonde) could easily have saved his life, by disallowing the application to have him removed from Ireland, since the treason with which he was falsely charged was said to have been committed in Ireland, and not in England. The Earl of Essex, who had known him in Ireland for many years, went to the King and told him that the Archbishop was innocent and had been entirely unconnected with political movements all the time he had known him. The King was very angry when Essex told him these things. He could not move to save him, at that time, so wrought up was the whole population over the infernal conspiracies of Oates and Shaftesbury against the Catholics. "I dare not save him," he told the Earl; "and his blood is on your head"—for Charles deemed it was the duty of Essex to have gone forward as a witness at the trial. In like manner Ormonde proved derelict to duty in the case. He knew well that the Archbishop had no connection with any conspiracy, as Oates' informers charged, yet he lay supine while the minions were carrying out their scheme to have their victim taken out of his (the Lord Lieutenant's) jurisdiction. He knew their game; he was well aware that death awaited the venerable prelate; a word from him to the Privy Council or the Lord Chief Baron or the Lord Chief Justice would have caused the issue of a writ of *quo warranto* to stop the seizure of the Archbishop's person. But that word was left unspoken, and the torture and the murder were worked out to the last horrible detail by the blood-smeared butcher hired to perform the horrid rites of the law of treason. Lady Burghclere makes little comment on that frightful tragedy, saying merely that "there was little chance of his obtaining the Lord Lieutenant's testimony, when the witnesses he had summoned from Ireland were maliciously detained at Chester; had it been otherwise, the name of Titus Oates' victim" (the Archbishop) "might well be missing from that tragic roll." Mr. Flood remarks on this:

"Lady Burghclere does not quote the following extract of a letter from Ormonde to his son, dated June 20, 1681: 'I wish for the honor of the justice of England that the evidence against Plunkett had been as convincing as against the other (Fitzharris), for we must expect that Papists at home and abroad will take his trial to pieces, and make malicious remarks upon every part of it, *and some circumstances are liable to disadvantageous observation.*'"

Ormonde all through his long political career played the tight-

rope acrobat with marvelous success. He coquetted with the Parliamentarians while he plotted with the Royalists, and at the Restoration he tried to create a division among the Catholic clergy in Ireland, "to the great security of government and the Protestants." He gained almost half a million sterling by the Act of Settlement, and he got an enormous fortune by buying up "for a song" forfeited estates of Catholics, in barefaced violation of the law. Such was the saintly man whom Lady Burghclere has resurrected to prove to the world what horrid people those Irish Papists were with whom this noble son of the Butlers had to deal.

Scottish history has furnished some examples of men who played the game of opportunity almost as boldly and adaptably as James the Duke, but never a complete analogy. The nearest approach to him in facility of change and ability of deception, so far as we can recall, was the remarkable character, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, who was charged with having sent his son and his followers to join the Pretender while remaining at home himself as a mark of his loyalty to the Hanoverian dynasty; and performed many other clever tricks of political legerdemain with varying success. At least so Lovat's many enemies strove to establish. Of Ormonde's many tergiversations both in the Cabinet and in the field Sir William Butler, the distinguished general who was dismissed by the Balfour Government for his strictures on the management of the Boer War in South Africa, wrote, inter alia:

"Ormond was as obstinate as the first James, whose ward he had been; he was as apt in intrigue and as devious in action as the first Charles, whom he served so faithfully; he was as selfish as the second Charles, to whom he gave thirty-four years' service; he was as bigoted as the second James, in the early days of whose reign he died.

"In such a nature hate must be stronger than love, and, much as Ormond loved the King, he hated the King's Irish Catholic subjects with far more intensity of feeling. Two years earlier he had surrendered Dublin to the English Parliament rather than give it to the Catholic Royalists at Kilkenny. It may have been that by this act he hoped to bring about a treaty between the King, then a prisoner, and the victorious faction in England. But, if this were so, never was action more mistaken. Dublin, in the hands of the Independent faction, meant easy access at any time into Ireland; the door was always open. From the moment Dublin passed into the hands of the King's enemies, the King's fate was sealed. But the strangest part of this terrible blunder of Ormond's was the part which Dublin was doomed to play against him, when he came back to Ireland after the King's death as Lord Lieutenant

for Charles the Second. Then, when Inchiquin had come to terms with him, and O'Neill was in treaty with him, the city he had surrendered two years earlier was destined to wreck his fortunes. The 'rout at Rathmines,' the news of which came to Cromwell at Milford Haven, made the conquest of Ireland an easy task to him. It not only broke up the army which Ormond had got together, but it introduced into the Irish ranks the strongest feelings of distrust for Ormond himself. Their lifelong persecutor, Inchiquin, had left Ormond a few days before the battle, taking with him some 2,000 horse and foot. Castlehaven hints that this was a treacherous movement. Prendergast, that indefatigable inquirer, asserts that 'the English regiments who went over to Jones, the Parliamentary Governor of Dublin, in the middle of the battle, helped mainly to cause Ormond's defeat.'"

No man can serve two masters. The "great Duke" essayed the impossible, as between English parties, but he sternly set his face against the third, which was the party of his own house's original creed. Hence he is styled "great," by the enemies of the Irish race and religion—the apologists of characters such as Byron has drawn in his epic, "The Corsair," as "Alp, the Renegade."

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

Philadelphia.

ENGLAND BEFORE EMANCIPATION.[1]

II.

MILNER'S extraordinary and extravagant letter to Sir John Coxe Hippisley was in the following words:

"WINCHESTER, October 26, 1802.

"A second time has every rule by which our little body is conducted been set aside, on purpose to mark me out to my fellow-Catholics and fellow-subjects as a man under the displeasure of the Court of Rome. In a word, sir, the middle district or episcopacy, to which I had before been recommended by the three Catholic Bishops whose business it is to present, having become again vacant by the death of Dr. Stapleton (who was irregularly appointed by Rome in my place), and I having a second time been unanimously recommended by the same prelates, I have just now received the affront of an exclusion from the president of the Propaganda, who

[1] "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation, Being the History of the English Catholics During the First Thirty Years of the Nineteenth Century." By the Right Rev. Mgr. Ward, F. R., Hist. S., president of St. Edmund's College. London: Longmans, Green & Co., Paternoster Row. Vols. I. and II.

is your correspondent, sir, Cardinal Borgia, in terms which imply that I am never to look for any favor from Rome, because I am displeasing to certain persons of our own body (as I presume), whose displeasure I incurred by supporting the rights of His Holiness when they were desirous of introducing democratical elections of Bishops, on the plan of the French schismatics. I appeal, sir, to your candor and good sense, how it is possible for any one to serve a court constituted as that of Rome is at present? It is not the loss of the mitre, which Rome has twice denied me, when I was regularly recommended for it, that distresses me, but the virtual censure of my conduct and principles which have uniformly (rewarded) me with the warm applause of the best judges of them, the Catholic Bishops of the three United Kingdoms. This circumstance renders it impossible that ever I should stand forward again as the advocate of Rome; and makes me wish for an entire dismissal from her ministry, which I have an intention of applying for, after a formal justification of myself, if you, sir, would be so kind as to forward the same to Cardinal Borgia, as you offered to do on a former occasion, and to give that character of me to him and your other friends at Rome which you think me deserving of."

It will be observed from this communication that Milner, one of whose chief titles to fame afterwards rested on his violent opposition to acceptance of anything in the nature of an English royal veto on the appointment of British or Irish Bishops, was not himself ashamed to invoke British assistance and patronage to secure his elevation to the purple. Indeed, it seems pretty nearly certain that his actual appointment as one of the Vicars Apostolic in England was largely due to the intervention of Cardinal Erskine. It may, of course, be conceded that Milner honestly believed every word he wrote to Hippisley; he was convinced that he had been the victim of a cabal in the ecclesiatical councils directed against him solely because he was what he was, and no man who knows what the times were like and what his personal demeanor very often was will be likely to affirm that he was entirely wrong. Next he was profoundly certain that on his appointment to a place in the episcopacy of Great Britain would largely depend the security of the orthodoxy of the Catholic religion in that country. Indeed, it is doubtful if he believed in the reliability of a single one of his colleagues among the Vicars Apostolic should any period of real trial arise. They had been born and reared slaves and they had breathed nothing but submission all their lives. Milner had had the same fate, but he was one of those slaves who prefer to break their fetters rather than stand puling for an unlocking of the padlock. We do not apologize for his action; we merely seek to

explain and excuse it in the only way in which it can be explained or excused. To Milner it really seemed as if his appointment as a Vicar Apostolic meant the ruin or triumph of the Church in England. Looking back on the past, it is impossible not to see that he served a great part in securing a great end; but the fact remains that that end would never have been accomplished by methods such as commended themselves to him had not Ireland —urged on by O'Connell—asserted herself as she did and made emancipation or civil war a certainty of politics. If, however, Milner foresaw these things in 1802, he must have been inspired; but there is not a word in all his writings to indicate that he had any premonition as to what actually took place later on.

It is, moreover, necessary to remember, as Mgr. Ward reminds us, that, "after all, Milner was human. He was not always right, and, as a result of his self-confidence, his judgments were often over-hasty, sometimes, to say the least, uncharitable, or even entirely mistaken; and when this did occur, the harshness and intolerance of his language intensified tenfold the injury which he did. It seems fair to add that he seems to have been wholly unaware that his language was harsh at all. In his Supplementary Memoirs he even appeals to the style in which the book was written to show that he was mindful of the request that had been made to him by the Roman authorities to write "with moderation, and without irritating the feelings of others." The reader who takes note of the many paragraphs from that work quoted in the "Dawn of the Catholic Revival" and in the present volumes respectively can judge how far they fall within this description. But Milner evidently thought the whole book did, and that he was accustomed to write with moderation. Indeed, he often complained of others using harsh language to him, which may have been at times true; but it had usually been provoked by his own harsher language. And it is hardly an exaggeration to say that his feelings towards Charles Butler amounted almost to a monomania. In his Supplementary Memoirs he frankly calls him "the one domestic enemy of the Church, whom he despairs of reclaiming, and therefore thinks it his duty to disarm." This is not the place to discuss the merits or demerits of that famous lawyer. Milner could only see the former, and continually suspected him—and often openly accused him—of duplicity and intrigue of which he was entirely innocent. Charles Butler on his side felt strongly against much of Milner's action, and at times wrote in that sense, but his language about the Bishop must be admitted to be less wanting in Christian charity than the Bishop's towards him."[2] Curiously enough, almost pre-

[2] "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation," Vol. I., p. 26.

cisely the same thing that Mgr. Ward writes about Milner might with absolute truth be written about O'Connell. At one time, indeed, the Liberator's most slanderous invectives were poured on the head of the Vicar Apostolic. For some time before Milner's elevation to the episcopal office Dr. Douglass, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, had refused to hold correspondence with him, because of the vituperatory letters which the former had addressed to some of his priests, and when he had become a Vicar Apostolic the feeling between them was, if anything, even more mutually antagonistic. That both were equally desirous of securing the emancipation of their coreligionists goes without the saying. The trouble was that they held diametrically opposite views as to how it could most speedily be obtained. It is not asserting too much to say that if it had not been for the virtual revolt of Ireland, Milner's methods would most probably have resulted in a catastrophe of a very deplorable kind. What actually happened was that O'Connell, supported by the majority of his fellow-countrymen, was able to exercise a strategic pressure on English Ministers which—as he described it—resulted in the liberation of the English Catholics "in spite of themselves."

It would be absurd to suggest that Milner, even after his elevation to the episcopacy, was treated with reasonable respect by his brother English Vicars Apostolic. Mgr. Ward quotes a letter written by Bishop Douglass, in which that prelate declined to hold any further correspondence with "Mr. Milner" because the latter had written "violently, huffingly and insultingly," among others, to "Mr. Poynter." "Mr. Poynter" had acted as administrator of the Midland district before Milner's appointment and consecration by the choice of the deceased occupant of the charge, Dr. Stapleton. He was a lawfully constituted Bishop, but was not Vicar Apostolic of the Midland district, and even after Milner had been appointed to that position Dr. Poynter issued the usual Lenten pastoral to its people. Milner, of course, was not the kind of man to tamely submit to this kind of thing, and he promptly entered on a campaign which could not possibly have other effect than to make matters even worse than they already were. Mgr. Ward, describing what next occurred, says: "Milner did not settle down to his new life without some difficulty. The house at Longbirch, near Wolverhampton, was unsuited to his tastes, being away in the country, and more fitted, as he said, for a gentleman farmer such as Thomas Talbot, who had lived there many years, than for him. He soon moved to Wolverhampton itself, taking a house which is still standing, called Giffard House, after the Giffards of Chillington, then one of the most influential Catholic families in the Midlands.

It was the same house which had been occupied by Rev. John Carter, the leading member of the 'Staffordshire clergy,' till his death in March, 1803. Milner took up his residence there at Michaelmas, 1804. From the first, however, Milner felt the disadvantage of being so far from London. All his inclinations drew him to the capital, and he was convinced of the good he might do by means of the influence which residence there would give him. It was with his knowledge and consent that Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork, petitioned the Holy See to transfer him to London.[3] Interest was also made with Cardinal Erskine through their mutual friend, Sir John Coxe Hippisley, to procure his support to the proposal. Two alternative schemes were suggested: one was that he should reside in the metropolis as the official agent of the Irish Bishops and govern his district through a coadjutor; the other was that he should simply change places with Dr. Poynter. It appeared at first as though the negotiations were likely to succeed, and on January 29, 1806, Milner called upon Bishop Douglass to consult him on the matter. He offered the latter scheme in preference to the former, as being more in keeping with the dignity of Dr. Douglass, and considered that in so doing he was making a magnanimous offer, for Dr. Poynter would have become an independent Bishop instead of only a coadjutor. Against this, however, it might well be argued that Dr. Douglass was becoming very infirm and was not likely to live many years—in the event he lived only another six and a quarter —and the position of the London vicar, to which Dr. Poynter would naturally—and did in fact—succeed, was far more important and practically more dignified than the corresponding post in the Midlands. But however that may have been, Dr. Douglass absolutely refused to agree to what was proposed. He felt hurt at the matter having proceeded so far before he had been consulted, or even informed. He called attention to the fact that Dr. Poynter was president of St. Edmund's College and could not be spared; and in any case, he refused to accept Milner as his coadjutor, saying that he would rather resign altogether. The London clergy all supported him in his refusal, for they were deeply attached to Dr. Poynter. Dr. Douglass therefore wrote, in answer to the letter from Cardinal di Pietro, Prefect of Propaganda, in this sense, and for the time the scheme fell to the ground. Propaganda, however, gave leave to Milner to reside in London from time to time, so far as this was necessary for his work as representative of the Irish Bishops, a permission which the Pope afterwards confirmed

[3] For the correspondence bearing on the proposed translation of Milner to London, see numerous letters in the archives of Westminster, Birmingham and Dublin, as also in the Archivium of the Propaganda in Rome.

with his own hand. This was no doubt valuable as an official approbation of his position as Irish agent; but in so far as the privilege itself was concerned it was unnecessary, as he did not require to be absent from his district for more than a few weeks in the year, and for such short absences no special leave was necessary." It will be seen that by sheer force of character and determination to pursue the course he deemed right Milner had achieved a position of a predominant kind in the ranks of the English episcopacy. That position was, however, more nominal than real, for his brother Vicar Apostolics absolutely refused to yield to his pretensions to act as dictator. He, however, had behind him the forces of Ireland, and on these he relied.

Every one, of course, knows the fact that Pitt before the passage of the Act of Union, through his Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Cornwallis—the victim at Yorktown—had promised the Catholic prelates that the enactment of that measure would be followed by one for the emancipation of the Catholics of the country. Modern assailants of the Act of Union have constantly asserted that in giving such a pledge the British Prime Minister knew perfectly well that it was worthless, inasmuch as King George III. would never consent to its redemption. There is, however, absolutely no real proof that Pitt foresaw anything of the kind. No man can be expected to foresee the antics of a madman, and that George had long been a semi-lunatic may be held to be fairly well proven by his action in the case of the American colonies. Moreover, no matter what his enemies may assert to the contrary, there can be no doubt that Pitt was sufficient of a statesman to realize that once the Protestant Parliament was abolished the best and only real way of governing that kingdom would be in securing the contentment and loyalty of the majority of its people. When, however, Pitt was recalled to office, nearly five years later, he was base enough to promise the King that he would not worry him further with any appeals on behalf of the Catholics, who were, however, wholly without knowledge that he had given any such undertaking. As a consequence, Mgr. Ward tells us that "It was natural that Pitt's return to power should be the signal for raising the question of Emancipation again. A petition was accordingly prepared in Ireland, to be presented to Parliament. In this the petitioners began by a profession of loyalty to the King, quoting the terms of the oath which had always been taken by them. They proceeded to quote the preamble of the Irish Act of 1778, in which it was declared to 'tend not only to the cultivation and improvement of this kingdom, but to the prosperity and strength of all His Majesty's dominions, that His Majesty's subjects of all denominations should

enjoy the blessings of a free constitution, and should be bound to each other by mutual interest and mutual affection.' They then proceeded to a recital of their grievances. They complained that they were disabled from holding offices on all corporations, from being sheriffs or sub-sheriffs, of holding offices of rank in the army and navy and in the higher walks of the law. These disabilties they contended were very far-reaching, for they practically established Protestant monopolies, and this was detrimental to trade. They complained that while they had been conceded the elective franchise, the representative franchise was still denied to them, and even the peers of the realm had no share in the government of the country. They protested that they had not the remotest wish to injure the Established Church, declaring that their sole object was to obtain 'an equal participation, on equal terms with their fellow-subjects, of the full benefits of the British laws and Constitution.' The petition was signed by six peers, three baronets and eighty-nine men of property or distinction. When the petition was ready, a committee waited on Pitt, on March 12, 1805, to ask him to present it. To their surprise, he not only refused to do so, but said that if it was presented by any one else, he would feel it his duty to oppose it. Afterwards it transpired that he had made a promise not to bring the Catholic question forward again during the King's lifetime. The Irish deputies accordingly turned to his rival, Fox, who had always been a friend to religious toleration. He willingly undertook to bring the matter forward in the House of Commons, while Lord Grenville undertook the same office in the House of Lords. The petition was presented to both houses on March 25; and the motion to take it into consideration was fixed for May 10 in the House of Commons and May 14 in the House of Lords. A counter-petition was presented from the citizens of London and another from the University of Oxford." The English Catholics, although individuals among them expressed full sympathy with the purposes of the petition, stood aloof from it officially and were not, as a body, identified with it. They were fairly comfortably off as matters stood, or were, at any rate, content to remain as they were, although their legal disabilities were even greater than those of their Irish brethren, whose injustices had been somewhat lightened by the action of Grattan's exclusively Protestant Parliament. The majority of them were men of wealth and leisure, happy in the enjoyment of the estates and prosperity they possessed, and they did not desire to be drawn into an agitation the end of which they could not foresee. Irish emigration had not yet transformed the composition of English Catholicity as it has in our own time.

What the actual fate of the petition was Mgr. Ward tells in the following quotations from the private diary of Dr. Douglass:

"1805. May 10. On this day the petition of the Catholics of Ireland was discussed in the House of Lords. Lord Grenville, after a most comprehensive and masterly speech, which lasted upwards of two hours, moved that the House resolve itself into a committee, to take the petition into consideration. The motion was opposed by Lord Hawksbury, Minister for the Home Department, etc. The discussion was adjourned to Monday, the 13th. The House did not break up till after 2 o'clock in the morning. Earl Spencer and Lord Holland spoke well in favor of the motion: Lord Sidmouth (late Henry Addington) and Lord Redesdale, Chancellor of Ireland, particularly the latter, spoke violently against it.

"May 14. The debate on the petition of the Catholics of Ireland being resumed yesterday in the House of Lords, was carried on till 5 o'clock this morning, and at that late hour the House divided, when there appeared for the petition 49 votes, and against it 178. Majority against the petition 129. Proh dolor! Earl Moira, Lord Hutchinson, etc., spoke in a most animated, eloquent style for the petition. Before the close of the debate, Lord Grenville rose and in a very luminous and forcible speech replied to all the objections urged by the opposite side of the House during the debate on both days, but—

"The debate in the House of Commons on the said petition took place yesterday. Mr. Fox made a most comprehensive and masterly speech; he was answered by our enemy Dr. Duigenan, to whom Mr. Grattan gave a most severe dressing in one of the most brilliant and impressive speeches ever delivered. About 3 o'clock this morning the debate was adjourned till this day (Tuesday).

"On Wednesday morning at half-past 4 o'clock the House divided: for the motion 124; against it 336. Majority 212. Mr. Fox, just before the division took place, replied very ably to all the arguments of those who opposed the motion, and closed with a most animated appeal to the House: but all in vain."

Although Dr. Douglass does not mention it, one of the best speeches delivered in support of the Catholic claims, in the debate in the House of Commons, was that of Sir John Coxe Hippisley, who had become a member of the House of Commons, and who during his stay in Rome had become a personal friend of the reigning Pontiff. In this speech, however, the eloquent Baronet unfortunately held out the hope that not only the Catholics of Ireland, but also the Holy See, might be willing—in return for Emancipation—to recognize some right on the part of the British Government to supervision or veto over the appointment of Catholic

Bishops in Ireland. It was this suggestion which afterwards led to a great deal of unhappy controversy. Pitt died on January 23, 1806, and a new Ministry under the leadership of Lord Grenville as Prime Minister was formed. Fox, who had always been a loyal friend of the Catholics, was a member of the Cabinet, but he died in the following September. In February, 1807, the Government fell on the question of Catholic Emancipation. Mgr. Ward quotes as follows from Bishop Douglass' diary:

"1807. February 20. On this day Lord Howick, Secretary for the Foreign Department, in the absence of Mr. Windham, Secretary of the War Department (whose election has been declared void), signified to the House (Parliament) that he wished the committee on the miltary bill to be postponed from Tuesday next to Tuesday se'ennight; and gave notice that he meant to move in that committee two clauses, one to enable Catholics to hold commissions in the army, the other to secure to Catholics serving in the army the free exercise of their religon by the sanction and security of the law."

"1807. March 26. His Majesty has taken so much offense at his Ministers moving the Catholic bill that he has removed them and called our enemies into their places. Much obloquy will be raised against us. God send that civil commotions may not ensue."

Commenting on these entries, Mgr. Ward remarks that: "It seems strange enough to our modern ideas to find the king exercising such authority with impunity. A century ago, however, the royal will was all-powerful in such matters. Having vetoed the bill, he called upon Lord Grenville to make a promise that he would never again introduce a bill in favor of Catholics. This pledge the latter felt himself unable to give, and he formally resigned on March 18. The king then called upon the Duke of Portland to form a Ministry, and immediately afterwards dissolved Parliament. At the general election the cry of 'No Popery' was raised and did its work. The Government secured a large majority, and what we should now call a 'mandate' against conceding Emancipation."

As usual, however, "the Irish never knew when they were beaten," and Mgr. Ward tells us that: "In the meantime the agitation continued. Soon after the election of the new Parliament a fresh petition was drawn up by the Irish Catholics. It is noteworthy that on the committee which drew it up we find the name of Daniel O'Connell, who was then a barrister of growing reputation, in his thirty-third year. From this time his name is never absent from any gathering of his countrymen on the great question of Emancipation, which he was destined eventually to win for them. The petition was presented to Parliament shortly before Easter; but the

debate was unexpectedly delayed by an informality which had been curiously overlooked. Dr. Douglass writes as follows:

"1808. April 11. On this day the petition of the Catholics of Ireland was presented by Lord Grenville to the House of Lords, and though an informality attached to the petition, in consequence of some of the names signed to it not being written by the persons themselves who bear those names, but written by their desire or authority only, yet the petition was received by courtesy and allowed to lay on the table. Lords Aukland and Moira regretted that the petition was presented so soon after Parliament (or the Legislature) had declared its decided sense against the prayer of the petition.

"April 12. On this day the said petition was presented in the House of Commons by Mr. Grattan; but on account of the informality above mentioned, it was not received. Handbills inflaming the people against the prayer of this petition are again distributed about the town, as in 1801."

The petition was accordingly returned to Ireland to be properly signed, after which it was sent back to London. It was presented with due formality in the month of May, and a debate on the Catholic question took place in both houses of Parliament. In this debate the question of the creation of a veto, on the part of the Government, was for the first time formally raised, but this is a matter which we must reserve for treatment in a further notice of Mgr. Ward's admirable work.

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PREHISTORIC GREECE AND THE AEGEAN CIVILIZATION.

TILL within thirty or forty years ago the beginnings of Greek history were shrouded in a twilight of fable, which gradually deepened into "Cimmerian darkness" the further we strove to grope and peer into the mysterious *adytum* of remote antiquity. Greek history, properly so called, was supposed to begin with the year 776 B. C., the date of the First Olympiad. Before the eighth century all the dates are merely legendary, and all the events of that dark period, whether they be the migrations of nations in search of new abodes or the exploits of the "heroes of old," which poets have sung in immortal sagas—

> **Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,**
> **Or the tale of Troy divine,**

were deemed as mythical as the adventures of Thor or Wodin.

This shadowy period (previous to 776 B. C.) was known as "the Heroic Age," a later phase of which is portrayed for us in Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Just as Athene, goddess of wisdom, was fabled to have sprung fully armed from the head of Olympian Zeus, so the literature and civilization of Greece were supposed to have blossomed in their full-blown maturity about the year 650 B. C.[1] Before this time Greece was supposed to have been inhabited by semi-barbarous tribes, as Britain was in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy; "every one carried arms for want of walled cities and safe roads (as Thucydides tells us) to defend them against the attacks of pirates, and they were content with a bare subsistence." Then all at once they were supposed to have doffed their savage garb and to have reached at a bound that high degree of civilization and art which culminated in the matchless handiwork of Phidias and Praxiteles. The poems of Homer (B. C. 1000) and Hesiod (B. C. 800) constitute their earliest literary monuments. These were supposed to be the simple ballads of an uncivilized age, while their "Epic simplicity" was a proof that whatever ingenuity the authors had displayed in devising their stories, the scenes and persons they portrayed were only imaginery and did not represent realities.

The change of opinion among modern scholars is well expressed in these words of Professor Gilbert Murray.[2] Speaking of Homer and Hesiod, he says: "These ostensibly primitive poems show a length and complexity of composition which can only be the result of *many generations of artistic effort.* They speak a language out of all relation to common speech, *full of forgotten meanings and echoes of past states of society*; a poet's language, demonstrably built up and conditioned at every turn by the need of the hexameter metre. There must therefore have been hexameter poems before our "Iliad." Further the hexameter itself is a high and complex development many stages removed from the simple metres in which the sagas seem once to have had shape in Greece as well as in India, Germany and Scandinavia. But if we need proof of the *comparative lateness* of our earliest records, we can find it in Homer himself when he refers to the wealth of poetry that was in the world before him and the general feeling that by his time most great themes had been outworn. ('Odyssey,' I., 351, etc.)"

[1] Homer (who lived perhaps *before* 1000 B. C.) was an exception, but the "Homeric question" has vexed the minds of scholars for centuries. "Homer" became a sort of Platonic universal for the poetic talent of the Ionian race. His poems were like a premature budding of the Hellenic spring, and any misgivings that civilization was known in his day were lulled to rest or explained away by the reassuring thought of his "epic simplicity."

[2] "Ancient Greek Literature" (1902), page 3.

From this we see that behind the veil of the Heroic Age lurks a vast field of ungarnered history; long ago other civilizations flourished and declined in Greece, which were hitherto undreamt of. Greek historians, like Herodotus and Thucydides, ascribed events previous to 776 B. C. to some legendary demigod, Prometheus, Hercules, Jason and the Argonauts, or to some mythical hero like Minos, Pelops or Perseus. Such accounts were generally regarded as myths or fables, without any kernel of historic truth, and this belief was strengthened by the assumption that the art of writing had not yet been discovered, hence no contemporary chronicle of events happening before 776 B. C. was possible. "Homer" was explained by the fact that the "rhapsodists" or minstrels committed different portions of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" to memory and handed them down to succeeding generations of "rhapsodists" by oral tradition.

The last thirty years have witnessed an access of new material and, *pari passu,* an advance of method that have produced little short of a revolution in the whole outlook of classical scholarship. A new light has been gradually dispelling the mists of fable that were gathered for more than twenty centuries round the hoary antiquity of Greece. The talisman which has succeeded in resuscitating the buried and in calling back the breath to the frozen features of death is the testimony of the buried monuments of the "Aegean civilization," whereby early Greek history is seen stealing upon us through the dusky twilight in its first distinct lineaments. The archæologist's spade is slowly bringing to light the secrets of prehistoric Greece about which the vague notices occurring in Hellenic writers only gave answers as baffling as those of the Delphic oracle or the Theban Sphinx.

Schliemann was but a boy of seven when he spelled out the "Iliad" at his father's knee. He was absorbed, entranced by the romantic tale, which bore such a semblance of reality. Could it be only a tale? That he could not believe. It was too interesting, too living, too real to be a myth. He would go and take his spade and dig up the soil of Mysia, and the Troy of the "Iliad" should like the phœnix spring once more out of its ashes and live. That was his life-dream. Deep down under the mound at Hissarlik he burrowed, till he stood where Paris and Helen, and Prian and Hector had been, and then brought home the relics of the royal treasury as trophies for the world to see. His work was continued by his pupil, Dr. Dörpfeld, and through the labors of many others, culminating in the discovery by Dr. Arthur Evans of the "Palace of Minos" in Crete, an ancient and unsuspected civilization has been unearthed in the Eastern Mediterranean. Schliemann's discoveries are well

known—the eight successive cities unearthed at Troy (Hissarlik), the treasure of gold and gems found at Mycenæ, the "Cyclopean walls" at Tiryus, and the decorated ceiling at Orchomenus. Again, Crete has been proved by the excavations of Dr. Evans in 1900, at Knossos and other sites, to be prolific in remains of the prehistoric period out of all proportion to the remains of classical Hellenic culture. Site after site has yielded "Aegean" treasures; in fact, "beehive tombs" and *Bugelkannen* crop up everywhere.[3] In Greece they are found at Dimini, near Volo; at Goulas, Thebes, Tanagra and Delphi. In Argolis there are the Heraion, Nauplia, Troezen and Epidaurus. At Athens the Pelasgian fortress of her Acropolis, in Attica the tombs of Menidi, Spata and Thoricus. Laconia is represented by the site of Kampos and Vaphio.

Under the slow, persistent pressure of facts accumulating over so wide an area it began slowly to dawn on scholars that the "legends" of the "Heroic Age" were not entirely the fancies of Greek poets and *logographers,* but were distorted traditions of older civilizations. This growing belief amply confirms the opinion of Lord Bacon regarding these *logi* when he said: "The writings that relate these fables, being not delivered as inventions of the writers, but as things before believed and received, appear like a *soft whisper from the traditions of more ancient nations,* conveyed through the flutes of the Grecians."

It was no longer a "Homeric question" that confronted us; the curtain was rung up on a whole new Aegean—nay, more, as Italy, Sicily, Sardinia came to be represented, a whole unknown Mediterranean—civilization. The problem came to be, not can we by means of antiquities illustrate and explain Homer? but rather, what people made the objects called "Aegean?" Whence did they come? Were they one or many, home-born or immigrants? Of what race were they? What language did they speak? When did their civilization begin, and what caused its downfall? How are these people related to Egypt and Babylonia on the one hand, to Phœnicia and historical Greece on the other?

We must first explain what is meant by "the Aegean civilization." This is a convenient epithet for a certain phase of prehistoric civilization, which a few years ago was called "Mycenæan." In 1876 Schliemann unearthed the royal tombs at "Mycenæ the golden," in Argolis, and all the objects discovered since then by archæologists, similar in style to the Mycenæan ornaments, are called "Mycenæan," or "Aegean." Some common influence spread at

[3] The dome-shaped or "beehive" tombs and false-necked jars (Bügelkannen, as the Germans call them) are the unfailing signs of Mycenæan civilization.

a certain period over the Aegean area and reduced almost to identity a number of local civilizations of similar origin, but diverse development. The area mentioned includes the eastern and southern parts of Greece, the "Cyclades," or isles of Greece in the south of the Aegean Sea; the Troad, in Asia Minor (Hissarlik); Crete, Rhodes, Cyprus and Malta. The site of the "Aegean" influence is thus fairly well defined. The question as to its authors (i. e., of what race and language they were) and its duration is more difficult to answer, and although "adhuc sub judice lis est," we will try and indicate the sources from which a solution will probably be forthcoming.

The Greek poets and writers speak of several different races as inhabiting Greece in early ages at various times, e. g., the Pelasgians, Leleges, Achæans and Danaans. The Greeks of later days spoke of their nation as being divided into three great families, the Ionians, Aeolians and Dorians, as we might speak of the Norman, Saxon and Danish element in the English people of the Norman period. The term "Hellenes," to denote the Greeks as a nation, was only used after the Trojan war; in Homer they are variously called Achæans, Argives or Danaans; the names "Hellenes," "Hellas" were only used of Greece as a whole (in contradistinction to *barbaroi*, or foreigners) in classical times. Let us call these primitive peoples *x*. Now, during the last quarter of a century traces of a prehistoric civilization in the shape of pottery, ornaments and tombs have been discovered, showing the various stages of progress and decline, which nowise resemble Greek art as we know it. Let us call them the Aegean *y*. Now, the problem we have to determine is, How far can we equate the *x* of Greek literary tradition to the *y* of the "Aegean civilization?" or of what race were the authors of this wonderful Aegean art? First, it is clear that the character of the fabric and decoration of the Mycenæan graves is not that of any well-known art. It differs entirely from that of Assyria, Babylonia and Egypt, though it shows strong traces of their influence. Mr. Hall tells us:

"Great as may have been the influence exercised upon it by the civilizations of the East, the 'Aegean' culture always retained its predominantly European character; it belonged not to the East, but to the West."

Again, Mr. Hogarth says: "We know at least what Aegean civilization was not. It was *not* the disguised product of any of the Eastern peoples, with which we have long been acquainted, least of all, of the Phœnician Semites."

Following these authorities, we may say that the "Aegean" art was not of Semitic origin.

If we knew when civilization first began in the Aegean islands, we might have a clue as to its authors. It was diffused over the Aegean area by a seafaring race, but, then, navigation, according to Professor Flinders Petrie, was known in the Mediterranean as early as 6000 B. C. "That commerce was already carried on in the Mediterranean is shown by the foreign pottery imported into Egypt even before the middle of the prehistoric age." Again, "Tombs and vases of the predynastic period (before 5000 B. C.) have been discovered, whereon large ships, sometimes having as many as sixty oars, are painted, which carried the trade of the Mediterranean and brought foreign pottery to Egypt."[4]

And Dr. Evans tells us: "The island-world of the Aegean was the natural home of primitive navigation." Though the beginning of navigation lies beyond human memory, and so reveals nothing as to the people who started it, at least it shows that a very early date for the *terminus a quo* of Aegean culture ought not to surprise us; in fact, Dr. Evans dates its beginnings from about 5000 B. C. Turning now to the Greek writers themselves, we read in Thucydides this account of the earliest inhabitants of Greece:

"Greece, as we know it to-day (circ. 444 B. C.), evidently had no settled population till within recent times. Of old there were constant changes of peoples, and band after band of settlers left their abodes, being continually driven away by more powerful invaders. . . . And the most fertile portion of Greece had a constant succession of owners, viz., the district now called Thessaly and Boeotia,[5] most of the Peloponnesus (excepting Arcadia) and the most fertile parts of the rest of Greece, for the very fertility of the soil was a tempting bait to more powerful neighbors to dispossess the actual owners of it; thus the country had continually fresh and fresh rulers, and, moreover, these rulers were in turn exposed to the intrigues of foreign nations." In Attica the population was less shifting owing to its barren soil, so they waxed powerful and brought the neighboring tribes under their sway. And again: "Before Hellen, son of Deucalion, the name 'Hellas' was unknown, but each tribe gave its name to its own territory, the name *Pelasgia* covering the largest extent of territory."

Again, Herodotus (viii., 44) tells us: "The Athenians, when the Pelasgians possessed the land now called Hellas, were themselves Pelasgians."

Grote in 1846 declared that *Pelasgia* was a mere name, its very derivation was uncertain and nothing could be affirmed about

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[4] "Encyl. Brit." (s. v. "Egyptology").

[5] Thessaly was formerly called Hæmonia or Pelasgia (Il. 2, 840) and Bœotia Cadmeis.

Pelasgian influence, etc., on the classical Hellenes. Modern archæology has disproved his words and shown that Thucydides and Herodotus, in speaking of the pre-Hellenic age, wrote of real persons and things, the warlike memorials of whose lives were buried with them in their tombs—

Quae gratia currüm
Armorumque fuit vivis . . . eadem sequitur tellure repostos.[6]

These words of Newman[7] will explain the cause of these frequent migrations:

"Some nations have been civilized by conquering, others by being conquered. . . . More commonly the victorious people has been the pupil, not the teacher, and has voluntarily placed itself at the feet of those whom it began by treading under its own. This appears from the nature of the case: the more favored countries of the earth are the natural seats of civilzation; and these are the very objects of the cupidity of northern or eastern races, who are at once more warlike and less refined. Accordingly, the rude warrior quits his ice-bound crags, his desolate steppes or his burning sands for the sunny hills or the well-watered meadows of the temperate zone; and when he has made good his footing in his new abode, what was the incentive of his conquest becomes the instrument of his education. Thus it was that Goths and Lombards put off their national fierceness . . . and thus the Northman also softened both his name and his nature, and over his characteristic qualities—the cruelty, the cunning and romantic ambition of his barbarism—threw the fantastic garb of Christian chivalry."

For many reasons Greece was specially favored by nature, and from time immemorial foreign invaders had at various periods settled on her soil, tempted by her

land of hills,
Rivers and fertile plains and sounding shores.

The fact that the "Aegean" civilization flourished in Hellas many centuries before the rise of the classical Hellenes and that successive hordes of foreign races invaded the country and gradually conformed to the prevailing type of civilization is clearly stated by Mr. Hogarth:

"Now that we are assured of the wide range and long continuance of the influence of Mycenæan civilization, overlapping the rise of Hellenic art, we can hardly question that the early peoples, whom the Greeks knew as *Pelasgi, Leleges, Danai, Carians* and so forth, *shared* in it. But were they its *authors?* and who, after all, were they themselves? The Greeks believed them their own kin, but

[6] Vergil's Æneid.
[7] "Historical Sketches" (Northmen and Normans).

what value can we attach to the belief of an age to which scientific ethnology and archæology were unknown? Nor is it useful to select traditions, e. g., to accept those about the Pelasgi and to override those which connect the Achæans equally closely with Mycenæan centres. We are gradually learning that the classical Hellene was of no pure race, but the result of a blend of several racial stocks, into which those preëxisting in his land can hardly fail to have entered; and if we have been able to determine that Mycenæan art resembled the Greek art which succeeded it in the same area, we cannot doubt that Mycenæan art was in some sense the parent of the latter, whatever be the racial affinities of their authors."

These words give us the universal opinion of scholars to-day regarding Greek folklore, viz., that it represents the Greek tradition of earlier historical events, the record of which had been blotted out by the Dorian invasion. It would have been as difficult for a Greek of the seventh century B. C. to account for the "Lion Gate" at Mycenæ or the "Cyclopean walls" at Tiryns as for a Saxon of King Alfred's days to explain the meaning or name the builders of Stonehenge. These floating memories were woven by the Greek poets into beautiful legends, and hence there is great difficulty in sifting the history contained *in the ore,* so to speak, in them from fiction, viz., whether the races they mention really existed and what influence they had on the Aegean civilization. Homer's "Iliad" portrays a warning phase of this civilization. Homer's "Iliad" of a still later period of those "old Ionian days," when the spirit of commercial enterprise had superseded the pursuit of arms. The "Achæans" then were lords of Hellas, the name "Danaan" being only applied to warriors, from which we may infer that the Danaans preceded the Achæans, just as in England our use of the term "British army," "British soldier," points to an *earlier* period, when the inhabitants of England *were* British. The ethnological question is more difficult also from the fact that Homer (and Greek writers generally), either from patriotism or ignorance, carefully disguise all traces of foreign origin in their heroes of Epic and drama. Thus, to explain the ethnic names of the later Hellenes, they invented an eponymous hero, who was the founder of a clan; e. g., the "Ionians" claimed descent from a mythical *Ion,* the "Hellenes" were the children of "Hellen, son of Deucalion, and these founders were said to be *autochthonous,* i. e., sprung from the soil. Thus the Athenians ascribed their origin to a mythical autochthonous ancestor named Cecrops. Herodotus (ii., 91) loved historic truth more than his country when he wrote: "Danaus and Lynceus were Chemmites (i. e., *Egyptians*) before they sailed for Greece."

We shall now describe the chief products of "Aegean" art discovered in the Aegean area and then sketch the probable history of those peoples mentioned by the Greek writers, who have the strongest claim to be considered its authors. From this we shall see that not only was Grecian art the result of long ages of artistic effort, but also that some record of the "Aegeans" themselves, though but in fugitive hints and distorted fragments, who inherited their territory is preserved in the writings of the Greeks.

Let us accordingly turn to the "Aegean" treasures discovered in Greece and the Aegean isles. The tombs at Mycenæ unearthed by Schliemann were richer in gold than any found elsewhere in the world. The metal was worked up into heavy death-masks and lighter breast-plates, diadems, baldrics, pendants and armlets, often made of mere foil, and also into goblets, hairpins, rings engraved with combats of men and beasts, miniature balances and an immense number of thin circular plaques and buttons, with bone, clay or wooden cores. We must specially mention the inlays of gold and niello on bronze dagger blades, showing spiral ornament or scenes of the chase, Egyptian in motive, but non-Egyptian in style, and to little models of shrine façades analagous to those devoted to Semitic pillar-worship. Bronze swords and daggers, and many large caldrons, *crateres,* were found with arrowheads of obsidian, and also a few stone vases, beads of amber, intaglio gems, sceptre heads of crystal, certain fittings and other fragments made of porcelain and paste, and remains of carved wood; much pottery also, which begins with a dull painted ware, and develops into a highly glazed fabric, decorated with spiraliform and marine schemes in lustrous paint, and showing the typical forms, false-mouthed *amphorae*[8] and long-footed vases, now known as distinctively "Aegean."

But besides Mycenæ, in Argolis, dome-tombs were excavated at Arkina and Eleusis, in Attica; at Dimini, near Volo, in Thessaly; at Kampos, on the west of Mount Taygetus, and at Maskarata, in Cephalonia. The richest grave of all was explored at Vaphio, in Laconia, in 1889, and yielded, besides many gems and gold work, two golden goblets chased with scenes of bull hunting. The technical skill which beat out each of these Vaphian cups in a single unriveted plate has never been excelled.

The treasures found in the tombs of these peoples give some indications of their religious cult. "The great wealth of many of the tombs, the rich contents of the pit-graves of Mycenæ itself, the rock-cut chambers, the massive vaults of the beehive tombs, are all indeed so many evidences of a highly developed cult of departed spirits."[9]

[8] See note 3.

[9] "Mycenæan Tree and Pillar Worship" (Evans).

Ceramic art reached a specially high standard in fabric, form and decoration about 2500 B. C. in Crete. In the pottery at Mycenæ we can discern four distinct periods:

1. A grayish ware with dull white and red decoration in a paint slightly lustrous.

2. A class with black brown decoration on a white slip.

3. The acme of the style—a thin yellow ware of very pure clay, with hard slip and decorated with a paint highly lustrous. It ranges in color from brown and yellow to red, and differs from

4. Only in the fact that its paint is more lustrous, its ground deeper in tint and its glaze more brilliant.

The pottery of 2500 B. C. compares favorably with any potter's work in the world. The same may be said of fresco painting and probably of metal work. Modeling in terra cotta, sculpture in stone and ivory, engraving on gems, were following it closely about 2000 B. C., but sculpture, as evidenced by relief work, carved stone vessels, metallurgy in gold, silver and bronze advanced further. This art and those of fresco and vase painting and of gem engraving stood higher about the fifteenth century B. C.[10] than at any subsequent period till the sixth century, when Hellenic art arose. The manufacture, modeling and painting of faience objects and the making of inlays in many materials were also known to Aegean craftsmen, who show in all their best work a strong sense of natural form and an appreciation of ideal balance and decorative effect, such as are best seen in the best products of later Hellenic art. Aegean art, at its two great periods (circ. 2500 B. C. and 1500 B. C.) will bear comparison with any contemporary arts.

Bronze, among *useful* metals, accompanies almost alone the genuine Aegean objects at Mycenæ and the other "Aegean" centres, v. g., Enkomi, in Cyprus. Iron has been found only as a great rarity. Some five rings, a shield boss and shapeless lumps alone represent it at Mycenæ. Silver is much rarer than gold, as is the case in Egyptian tombs.

The "Aegean" age was an age of metal. That stone implements had not entirely passed out of use is attested by the obsidian arrowheads found in the circle graves and the flint knives and basalt axes which lay beside vases of the full "Aegean" style in Sicily. But they are survivals, unimportant beside the objects in copper, bronze and precious metals. Silver makes its appearance before gold and is found moulded into bracelets and bowls and very rarely into figurines. Gold is more plentiful. Beaten, it makes face-masks,

[10] The fifteenth century B. C. corresponds roughly with the palmiest days of Egypt (XVIII. Dynasty), when she subdued the whole of Syria and Palestine and part of Asia Minor.

armlets, pendants, diadems and all kinds of small votive objects; drawn, it makes rings, whose bezels are engraved with the burin; riveted, it makes cups, and overlaid as leaf on bone, clay, wood or bronze cores, it adorns hundreds of discs, buttons and blades. The Aegean goldsmiths apparently did not use acids. They imitate the *cloisonnée* work of Egypt in pastes only, but reproduce very beautifully the soldered bead patterns of that country. In general schemes of decoration metal follows pottery. Linear ornament passes through vegetable to organic forms, mainly marine, which are finally stylized into heraldic conventions.

The intaglios in stone, work of the same class of artist as the ring bezels, are fashioned oftenest out of agates, among semi-transparent materials, and jaspers among opaque. But finer stones, such as amethysts, are not infrequent, and soft stones, like hæmatite and steatite, are also used. Rock-crystal seems to have been the most valued material. In shape the intaglios are lentoid, oval or round. The subjects engraved are animals in various attitudes, single or in combat, heraldically opposed or held by men by the neck or leg. The lion, the bull and various kinds of goat appear most often. Less commonly are seen human figures, sometimes apparently praying before altars or aniconic divinities, sometimes engaged in combat. Rarer still are birds, and fish and fantastic creatures like the griffon. On the commoner sorts of stone we see geometric patterns, but very rarely vegetable. Impressions of gems bearing human portrait heads were found at Knossos, and the vast number of other clay irmpressions unearthed there and at Zakro confirms the theory that the use of these intaglios was primarily for sealing.

There were still skeptics who argued that in the absence of inscriptions we can prove nothing. Probably these objects belonged to the "Homeric age" (whatever that may mean), and the scanty glimpses which they give us of earlier times are like the broken remembrances with which we retrace that first mysterious portion of our childhood, ere memory has yet become continuous, and we begin to live in the thought of our own identity.

The latest excavations have at last established beyond question that the civilization which was capable of such splendid artistic achievement was not without a writing system. Thousands of clay tablets, many being evidently labels, and a few inscriptions on pottery from the palace of Cnossus, in Crete, have confirmed Mr. A. Evans' previous deduction that more than one script was in use

[11] According to Dr. Evans, Aegean civilization lasted at least four thousand years (from 5000 to 1000 B. C.), which he divides into nine Cnossian periods (named Minoan I., 1, 2, 3; II., 1, 2, 3; III., 1, 2, 3), each marked by some important development in the potter's art.

in the Minoan period.[11] The characters cannot be alphabetical letters; the first alphabet, that of the Greeks, was received from the Phœnicians about 1000 B. C., and by the eighth century B. C. these Mycenæan characters were probably unknown even to the Greeks, as the Runic letters were to the English of the Norman period. The linear script seems to be related to the "Asianic" systems, Cypriote and Hittite, and perhaps with later Greek.

In Egypt and in Crete, where Dr. Evans in his excavations at Knossos discovered countless inscribed tablets, investigation into this problem is only beginning, and the next quarter of a century may see as surprising a development as has taken place since 1880. The origin of the linear script is mode doubtful. No such tablets or sealings have been found outside Crete, and their writing remains undeciphered. His investigations have at least shaken the long-accepted theory of the origin of the alphabet. His theory is briefly as follows:[12] Comparing the Minoan signs with other early scripts, Egyptian, Carian and Lycian, the Cypriote "syllabary" and the Phœnician alphabet, he concludes that developed Egyptian hieroglyphic influenced the Minoan script, but did not originate it. The non-Hellenic elements in the Carian and Lycian alphabets are possibly (as the Phaestos disk suggests) cognate and independent developments, but more probably *by-forms* of Minoan itself. Cypriote and Phœnician are definitely colonial by-forms of Minoan.

On the new theory it was from the Philistines, as emigrants from Minoan Crete, that the Phœnicians borrowed their letters. Though Semitic and Egyptian scholars must be heard before his theory can be accepted, yet *prima facie* it has much in its favor. His theory has the great advantage that not only can twenty out of the twenty-two Phœnician letters be derived, fairly and without overstrain, from Minoan prototypes, but the Semitic name of thirteen of them answers to the original Minoan shape. *Aleph* really is the degeneration of the Minoan ox's head, *Kaph,* of the palm of a Minoan hand resting on an outstretched arm. The Phœnicians must have translated Minoan words into Semitic for thirteen letters. The names of the other seven letters, whose shape can be equally well derived from Minoan prototypes, do not admit of a Semitic meaning. They are very probably, therefore, themselves Minoan words, or adapted from Minoan words.

Comparing this theory with that of Professor Flinders Petrie,[13] we find that both agree in ascribing the origin of the alphabet to "Aegean," or rather Cretan sources, and they show that the art of

[12] "Scripta Minoa" ("The Written Documents of Minoan Crete") (Dr. Evans, 1910).

[13] *Cf.* THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW (April, 1905, p. 343).

writing with alphabetical signs is far more ancient than was hitherto generally supposed.

But in a large subject perhaps we are exceeding our necessary limits. We have seen that there was a floating tradition among Greek writers of older races that had once dwelt in Hellas in an era scarcely historical; and again, that archæologists had recently discovered an ancient and unknown civilization buried under Grecian and Cretan soil; calling them respectively *x* and *y*, the problem we set out to determine was, "How far can we equate the *x* of Greek literary tradition to the *y* of the 'Aegean civilization?'"

As stated above, we saw that the Greek writers often mentioned various races (Pelasgi, etc.), but no one could tell whether they had really existed or not. Again, recent excavations over the Aegean area have brought to light the tombs, vases, pottery, etc., of a hitherto unknown prehistoric civilization, which we have termed "Aegean." It now remains for us to try and determine how far these races (if historical) originated or shared in this highly-developed "Aegean" civilization. It may remind the reader of the course of our argument if we compare the various periods of this prehistoric art with the Egyptian dynasties contemporary with them. As we said, Dr. A. Evans holds that this Aegean culture flourished for over 4,000 years; he divides them into three "Minoan" periods, comprising severally three "Cnossian" epochs. His first "Minoan" period begins with the Bronze Age, and is marked by the introduction of pottery decorated with monochrome pigment. By exact observation of stratification he distinguished eight more periods, lasting throughout the Bronze Age:

Minoan period, I., 1.	Egyptian Dynasty, I. (4777-4514 B. C.).
Minoan period, II., 2 (Cartouche of Shepherd King, Khyan, found at Knossos).	Egyptian Dynasty, XIII. (2500 B. C.).
Minoan period, II., 3 (under Pelasgian influence).	Egyptian Dynasty, XIV. (2000 B. C.).
Minoan period, III., 1, 2 (Minos built a palace at Knossos and navy. Thuc. I., 4).	Egyptian Dynasty, XVIII. (1600-1300 B. C.). (Minoan vases found at Tel-el-Amarna. Achæan fleet attacks Egyptian coast.)
Minoan period, III., 3 (under Achæan influence).	Egyptian Dynasty, XIX. (1300-1000 B. C.).

In the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty a monument of the Pharaoh, *Meneptah,* tells us how the piratical fleets of the *Akaioushi* (Achæans) and *Turshena* (Tyrrheno-Pelasgians) harried the coasts of the Delta, about 1400 B. C.; and again, a monument of *Rameses III.* speaks of incursions by sea of the *Danaau* (Danaans) and *Teucrians* about 1200 B. C. The last Minoan period (iii., 3) is espeically interesting, because at this time the Israelites were led

by Moses from "the house of bondage" of Egypt into the promised land of Canaan.

We have seen that the "Aegean" civilization is apparently not the product of any older race to the east or southeast of the Mediterranean—Persians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, etc.—much as it owed to those races. Style is conclusive. From first to last the persistent influence of a true artistic ideal differentiates Mycenæan objects from the hieratic or styloid products of Egypt or Phœnicia or the conventional figures of Babylonia. A constant effort to attain symmetry and decorative effect for its own sake inspires the geometric designs. The conventional bull of an Assyrian relief was referred to the image of a living bull by the Cnossian artist and made to express his emotions of fear or wrath by the Vaphian goldsmith, the Cypriote worker in ivory mirror handles or the island gem-cutter.

It had, undoubtedly, intimate relations with other contemporary civilizations, Egyptian, Babylonian, perhaps "Hittite," and early began to contract a huge debt, especially to Egypt. Thus Professor Petrie found pottery of Aegean style in the tombs of Gurob in the Fayoûm (about 1500-1200 B. C.), and in the Aegean imported Nilotic objects, vases in gray granite and diorite, statuettes and fragments of porcelain and paste bearing the names of the Pharaohs.[14] The later Aegean culture is deeply indebted to the Nile for forms and decorative motives. As far as we can gather from archæological evidence, the history of Aegean art seems to have followed some such course as this:

A people, agreeing in its prevailing skull-forms with the Mediterranean race of Northern Africa (Libyans)[15] was settled in the Aegean area from a remote Neolithic antiquity, but except in Crete, remained in a savage and unproductive condition till far into the fourth millennium B. C. In Crete, however, it had long been developing into a certain civilization, and at a period roughly contemporary with the thirteenth Egyptian dynasty (2500 B. C.) the scattered communities of the cities of the island were formed into a strong monarchical State, whose capital was at Cnossus. There the king, probably also high priest of the prevailing nature-cult (like the *patesi* of Babylonia), built a great stone palace and received the tribute of feudal chiefs (e. g., the prince of Phaestos). The Cnossian kings had maritime relations with Egypt and presently sent their wares all over the South Aegean, receiving in return such

[14] Thus at Mycenæ pieces of porcelain were found bearing the name of Amen-hotep III. (1414-1379 B. C.) and a scarab with his wife's name, Tyi.

[15] The Lebu of Egyptian monuments. According to Professor Sergi, Achilli, Petrie and other modern authorities, the Mediterranean shores were first peopled by the Libyans of North Africa in the Neolithic age (circa 8500 B. C.).

commodities as Melian obsidian knives. The absence of fortifications at Cnossus and Phaestos suggest that now Crete was internally peaceful and externally secure. This art reached its acme about 2000 B. C., then it gradually declined. Meanwhile, at other favorable spots in the Aegean, but within easy reach of the sea, e. g., Tiryus and Hissarlik, other communities of the early race began to grow civilized, but were naturally influenced by the more advanced culture of Crete, in proportion to their proximity to Crete.

It was probably about this time (2000 B. C.) that the wave of Pelasgian migration flowing westward across Asia Minor began to make itself felt. Professor Ridgeway, who claims the Pelasgians as the authors of the Aegean art, has at least shown that they largely shared in it, when they were masters of Greece.[16] The evidence both of Greek writers and of the Aegean remains clearly proves this. Thucydides (I., 3) tells us: "Before Hellen's time the *Pelasgian* race seems to have given its name to the larger part of Greece." Strabo, too (V., 2), quotes Ephorus as saying that Peloponnesus was of old called *Pelasgia.* Herodotus says that the ancient inhabitants of Athens were *Pelasgians.* Again, Acusilaus (fifth century B. C.), in a fragment happily preserved, includes all Greece as far north as Pharsalia under the name *Pelasgia.* They seem to have come from beyond Armenia, the cradle of the human race, whence proceeded the three ethnic branches of the human family—Semitic, Indo-European and Tâtar (Turanian). Of the Indo-European branch Rawlinson tells us:

"It is from (the mountain district of Armenia) that the various tribes constituting the Indo-European family may be regarded as diverging, when the straitness of their territory compelled them to seek new abodes. As Cymry, Gaels, Pelasgi, Lithuanians, Teutons, Aryans, Slavs, etc., they poured forth from their original country, spreading in three directions—northward, eastward and westward. Northward across the Caucasus went forth a flood of emigrants, which settled partly in the steppes of Upper Asia, but principally in Northern and Central Europe, consisting of the Celtic, Teutonic, Lithuanian, Thracian, Slavonic and other less well-known tribes. Westward into the high plateau of Asia Minor descended another body, Phrygians, Lydians, Lycians, Pelasgi, etc., who possessed themselves of the whole country above Taurus, and in some instances penetrated to the south of it, thence proceeding onwards across the Hellespont and the islands from Asia into Europe, where they became perhaps the primitive colonists of Greece and Italy.

[16] "The Early Age of Greece" (1901). Egyptian monuments also bear witness to the presence and activity of the Pelasgians in the Mediterranean, especially in the time of Meneptah (circa 1400 B. C.).

Eastward wandered the Aryan tribes in search of a new country, and fixed their home on the Pamir steppes, in the mountains of Afghanistan, and upon the course of the upper Indus."[17]

The Pelasgians then, whom Niebuhr considered long ago to be an historical people, probably settled about this time in the Aegean area, and came under the influence of the Aegean civilization. "Graecia victa victorem cepit" even in Pelasgian days. They apparently occupied the western part of Asia Minor at a very early date, and the two cities called Magnesia have with reason been ascribed to them. They are enumerated by Homer among the allies of the Trojans ("Iliad," II., 840), and they continued to possess places on the Asiatic side to a time later than Herodotus (I., 57).[18] They are found in many of the islands[19] between the two continents, and on the mainland of Greece they occupy a number of the most important positions, widely distant from one another, at a very remote period. Of these the chief are Thessaly, Epirus and the Peloponnese. In Thessaly their presence is marked by the Pelasgic Argos and the district called Pelasgiôtis; in Epirus, Dodona was their special seat; in the Peloponnese they seem to have been rulers, and the Arcadians, Ionians and even the primitive Argives seem to have been, one and all, Pelasgian races. Moreover, Attica was Pelasgic in former ages, and a Pelasgian seems to have preceded an Illyrian population in Macedonia. Nay, the Hellenes themselves appear from the statement of Herodotus to have been originally one of their tribes. (I., 58.)

The skill of the Pelasgians in fortification was justly celebrated. The Pelasgic wall at Athens was no solitary specimen, but one of a vast number of works, which everywhere through Greece and Italy attested the presence of this people. These structures, made of polygonal blocks fitted together without cement or mortar, are found in great abundance on the western coast of Asia Minor, in Epirus; the Peloponnese and Italy. Till the excavations of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ they were known as "Cyclopean," after a mythical race of prehistoric giants, who were said to have built them.

Apparently the unwarlike character of the Pelasgians led them, from the first, to trust to walls for their defense against the enemies who assailed them on all sides. Hence the numerous *Larissas* or strongholds by which their movements can be tracked —defenses which from the vast size of the separate blocks have

[17] Rawlinson's "Herodotus," Bk. II.

[18] Such as Plakia, Skylake on the Propontis (Hdt. I., 57) and Tralles in Caria.

[19] In Crete, Andros, Samothrace (Hdt. II., 57), Lemnos, Imbros (V., 26) and Cyclades (VII., 96).

defied the hand of time and bid fair to outlast all the structures of later ages.

But it seems unlikely that the Pelasgians were the *only* authors of the Aegean civilization, as Professor Ridgeway holds. About 1600 B. C. we observe great changes. The Aegean remains have become astonishingly uniform over the whole area; the local ceramic developments have almost ceased and been replaced by ware of one general type both of fabric and decoration. Cretan art, which had been languishing, once more revived under some national impulse. The artists have developed a more convenient and expressive written character by stages, one of which is best represented by the tablets of the Hagia Triada.

The art of all the area gives evidence of one spirit and common models. The sphere of Aegean influence had widened and become more busy. There can be little doubt that a strong power was now fixed in one Aegean centre and that all the area had come under its social and artistic influence. On the Greek mainland (to digress a little in our narrative) *Danaus,*[20] or the Danaan invaders, had founded Argos about 1900 B. C., and the Danaid kings ruled there over the Argolid and later over the whole Peloponnesus. About 1880 B. C. his descendant, Acrisius, built Tiryus, while Proetus ruled at Argos. His grandson, Perseus, founded Mycenæ, which became the capital of Danaan power, and his posterity ruled there till the sceptre passed into Achæan hands in the persons of the Pelopidæ. But Danaan influence over Aegean art was overshadowed by that of Crete (seventeenth century B. C.), for it was about this time (as Hesiod, Thucydides and Aristotle relate) that "Minos, being the earliest king on record, collected a fleet and became master of the Hellenic sea . . . and first colonized the Cyclades (Greek Archipelago) and drove the Phœnicians from the Aegean Sea."[21] The Cretan art under the Minoan kings was now at its zenith and exercised a strong influence over the whole Aegean area. It was, too, in a lesser degree, the golden age of Mycenæ and the Argolid—witness the "Lion Gate" and the wealth of gold in the graves—but a new invader, this time from the north, came to overthrow the Danaan and Minoan rule and to degrade the high standard of art which they had reached. Dr. Tsountas[22] tells us: "Later than the Danaans the Achæans came down into the Peloponnesus and by their superior vigor and prowess prevailed

[20] The Greek legends of Danaus, confirmed by "Herodotus" (II., 91), seem to show that the Danaans were of Egyptian stock; they indicate at least the high antiquity of Argos and its early intercourse with foreign countries (Egypt, Lycia, etc.). *Cf.* "The Argive Heræum" (Waldstein, 1905); "Pausanias," ch. xvi.

[21] *Cf.* "The Palace of Cnossus in Its Egyptian Relations" (Evans, 1900).

[22] *Cf.* "The Mycenæan Age" (page 343).

over the older stock. . . . About 1500 B. C. the Achæans had made themselves masters of Mycenæ. . . . We have no tradition of any struggle in connection with this dynastic revolution, and it appears probable the Achæans did not expel the older stock." The Cnossian palace was sacked and burned and Cretan art suffered an irreparable blow. The comparatively lifeless character which it possesses in the Minoan epoch (III., 3) coincides with a similar decadence all over the Aegean area and shows that the "fair-haired Achæans," having no culture of their own, adopted, while they spoiled, that which they found. They planted colonies in Rhodes, Cyprus and elsewhere, and soon the whole of the Aegean area came under their sway. The Cnossian palace was reoccupied in its northern part by chieftains who have left numerous rich graves, and commercial intercourse was developed for the uniformity of the decadent Aegean products, and their wide distribution became more marked than ever.

The investigations on Cretan soil have shown us that European culture, hitherto supposed to be Hellenic (though it came to us from Athens, its university), was Cretan first, according to the legends long discredited, and now at last proved true. We have learned by cumulative and multiplying evidences that Crete and not Hellas deserves to be named the Torchbearer of our Western World.[23]

But the civilization of Crete had existed. Its effects were yet to be seen on the Hellenic mainland, round about the Aegean; its memories and its influence lingered in Greek art and were not wholly obliterated in the Greek poets and historians. The Brazen Age described by Hesiod corresponds to the third "Late Minoan" epoch. The Cnossian palace and the emblem of the "Double Axe" led to strange stories concerning the Labyrinth, connecting Athens with Crete by the adventures of Theseus and a yearly festival. But to Homer and his Achæans the island was already a place of myths. Hellas took the leadership which Minoan rulers could no longer wield.

The traditional date of the capture of Troy is 1184 B. C. The Homeric picture of society is a fair representation of that in Aegean days, though its glory had waned under Achæan rule. To Homer Greece is the land of Achæa." The Achæan civilization differed from the earlier Aegean in these respects: the Aegeans buried, the Achæans *for the most part* burned their dead;[24] the Aegeans only used bronze weapons, the Achæans were beginning to use iron; the

[23] *Cf.* "Crete, the Forerunner of Greece" (Hawes, Harper Brothers).

[24] The dead in the earlier period were probably laid in cists constructed of upright stones. These were sometimes inside caves. After the burial the cist was covered in with earth. Later (and chiefly in Achæan days) a peculiar "beehive" tomb became common.

Aegean offensive weapons were bow, arrow and sword and for picked men the spear and oblong shield; the Achæan were spear, sword and round shield, with breastplate and greaves; the Aegeans wore their hair tied up in a knot on their heads, the Achæans wore theirs flowing loose. The language spoken would have been a primitive Greek, an early or "primitive" form of the language which we know as that of Attica in the classical age of Greek literature. Homer tells us that in his day all the Greeks spoke the same language ("Iliad," IV., 437). The Homeric dialect passed into New Ionic and Attic by a gradual but ceaseless development of the same kind as that which brought about the change from Vedic to classical Sanskrit, or from old high German to the present dialects of Germany. The new Dorian dialects, Ionian, Attic and the various forms of Aeolic, are regarded as relatively closely akin, and go by the common name "Achæan." They formed the common language of Greece before the Dorian invasion. The historical divergencies of Achæan into Aeolian and Ionic were later than the Migration,[25] and were due to the well-known effects of change of soil and air. Homer's existence was questioned by Wolff in 1798, in his "Prolegomena." The discussion lasted during the greater part of the nineteenth century; but the excavations over the Aegean area have turned the balance of opinion against the Wolffian hypothesis, and tend to show that the author of the "Iliad," at least, was a European Greek, who lived before the colonization of Asia Minor, and though the poet tells us—

> **Seven great cities claim great Homer dead,**
> **Through which the living Homer begged his bread,**

the claims of these cities mean no more than that in the days of their prosperity, they were the chief seats of the fame of Homer.

Even when the clouds of skepticism concerning Homer's existence were darkest there were still scholars whose faith in a real Homer never wavered. We will quote a passage from one acute observer, which, written in 18—, seems to furnish *a priori* evidence that Crete was the forerunner of Greek civilization—a fact which Aegean discoveries have now firmly established. De Quincey speaks as follows: "The place which, to my thinking, lies under the heaviest weight of suspicion as the seat of Homer's connections, and very often of his own residence, is the island of Crete. . . . The legends and mythology of Crete are what most detect the intercourse of Homer with that island. It will be sufficient here to remind the reader of *the early civilization, long anterior to that of Greece con-*

[25] The Ionian migration occurred between 1100-950 B. C., and was mainly due to the pressure of the Dorian tribes on the north of Greece, who finally overran Greece and compelled the inhabitants to seek new homes in the Aegean isles and along the western coast of Asia Minor.

tinental, which Crete had received."[26] One argument, which told powerfully in favor of Homer, was this: The real value of the Homeric poems lies in the picture of the social life of Greece which they place before us. The picture is too striking, too plausible, to be a mere romance. Moreover, it is the account of one who, if not an eye-witness, lived very near to that age, and could not be the work of several later writers. It was easier to believe in a real Homer, in spite of all objections, than to pin one's faith in some nebulous hypothesis, largely based on negative arguments, about which no two scholars were agreed. The evidence of the Aegean pottery, etc., fully justifies De Quincey's surmise that Homer really existed and that he sang of a real civilization which owed its existence to Crete at some remote period.

The Pelasgians had come from the mountains of Armenia; but the Achæans probably came from Switzerland and the Styrian Alps. They were one of the fair-haired tribes of upper Europe known to the ancients as *Keltoi,* who from time to time have pressed down over the Alps into southern countries successively as Achæans, Gauls, Goths and Franks. The culture of the Homeric Achæans corresponds to a large extent with that of the early Iron Age of the upper Danube (Hallstatt) and to the early Iron Age of upper Italy (Villanova). The "beehive" tomb is a modification of the ancient lake-dwellings found in Switzerland. The Achæan customs resemble those of the northern races of Europe; they were a warlike people of larger stature and sterner mould than the previous invaders of Greece. Their frequent banquets on roast meat and wine, described by Homer, contrast with the dainty fish diet of the Pelasgian Athenians.

About 1000 B. C. there happened a final catastrophe. The Dorians, armed with iron weapons, overran Greece and occupied the chief sites and swept away all traces of the Aegean civilization. It was a catastrophe as complete as the taking of Alexandria by the Kaliph Omar or the sacking of Sidon by the Philistines. Probably they were the rude Scythians, who dwelt in Thrace and beyond; but at length earlier influence survived and came once more to the surface. Homer perhaps did not live to see the downfall of the Achæan civilization,[27] which, however, remained unscathed in Cyprus and Asia Minor and passed by an uninterrupted process of development into the Hellenic. It took two or three centuries for the

[26] "Homer and the Homeridæ." Modern research places Homer's date at 1000 B. C., or even earlier. The Homeric poems only know of Dorians in Crete. It seems probable that his poems were written before the Dorians invaded and sacked the Peloponnesus.

[27] In the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" all those parts of Peloponnesus and the Aegean isles which in historic times were Dorian are ruled by recently established dynasties of Achæan chiefs.

artistic spirit, instinct in the Aegean area, and probably preserved in suspended animatiin by the survival of Aegean racial elements to blossom anew.

These northern invaders were probably the barbarous Scythians, as we said, who dwelt in Thrace and round the shores of the Euxine. They seem to have taken up their abode chiefly in the Peloponnesus; but the Aegean civilization was overwhelmed in the Dorian flood, and only gradually reappeared in the eighth century B. C. under the Hellenic forms as we know them—Dorian, Corinthian and Ionian. This last style was destined to produce the best results both in art and literature, perhaps because it survived and flourished on the Aegean and Asian coasts all through the dark winter of Dorian oppression, when art on the mainland had perished, and it was brought to perfection about the fifth century—in art by the unrivaled genius of Phidias, Ictinus and Praxiteles, and in history and the drama by Aeschylus, Sophocles and the great writers of the classical period.

Greece, and especially Attica, was the cradle of European civilization. As Newman tells us:[28] "Looking at the countries which surround the Mediterranean Sea as a whole, I see them to be, from time immemorial, the seat of an association of intellect and mind such as to deserve to be called the Intellect and the Mind of the Human Kind. Starting as it does and advancing from certain centres, till their respective influences intersect and conflict, and then at length intermingle and combine, a common Thought has been generated, and a common Civilization defined and established. . . . In its earliest age it included far more of the Eastern world than it has since; in these later times it has taken into its compass a new hemisphere; in the middle ages it lost Africa, Egypt and Syria, and extended itself to Germany, Scandinavia and the British Isles. At one time its territory was flooded by strange and barbarous races, but the existing civilization was vigorous enough to vivify what threatened to stifle it and to assimilate to the old social forms what came to expel them; and thus the civilization of modern times remains what it was of old, not Chinese, or Hindoo, or Mexican, or Saracenic, or of any new description hitherto unknown to what we call fame. At length . . . the vagrant *mutatis mutandis,* of the civilization which began in Palestine and Greece."

He continues thus: "In the country which has been the fountain-head of intellectual gifts, in the age which preceded or introduced the first formations of Human Society, in an era scarcely historical, we may dimly discern an almost mythical personage, who, putting

[28] "Idea of a University" ("Christianity and Letters").

out of consideration the actors in Old Testament history, may be called the first Apostle of Civilization. Like an Apostle in a higher order of things, he was poor and a wanderer[29] and feeble in the flesh, though he was to do such great things and to live in the mouths of a hundred generations and a thousand tribes. A blind old man, whose wanderings were such that, when he became famous, his birthplace could not be ascertained. . . .

"The great poet remained unknown for some centuries—that is, nuknown to what we call fame. At length . . . the vagrant ballad-singer, as he might be thought, was submitted, to his surprise, to a sort of literary canonization and was invested with the office of forming the young mind of Greece to noble thoughts and bold deeds. . . . As time went on, other poets were to be associated with Homer in the work of education, such as Hesiod and the Tragedians. . . . The literature of Greece, continued into and enriched by the literature of Rome, together with the studies which it involves, has been the instrument of education and the food of civilization from the first times of the world down to this day. . . ."

We see, then, what a great part Greece was destined to play in the world's history as the source and the school of intellectual culture for all time to the nations of Europe; but how she reached in a few short years such a pitch of civilization, why her literature has never before or since been rivaled by any other race, was an inscrutable mystery until the discovery of the Aegean tombs and vases clearly showed that her intellectual vigor and artistic skill were the gradual result of many centuries of preparation, lasting through the Stone, Bronze and Iron Ages. As Dr. Barry tells us: "From the first Olympiad, 776 B. C., to the Fall of Constantinople, 1453 B. C., we follow a luminous track, on either side of which lay the darkness visible of Barbarism. Even the Christian Church rested on the classic bases of learning and art, of literature, administration and jurisprudence. . . . To this period we ourselves belong. Europeans have never known a different type of civilization—until the other day, when spade and pickaxe laid bare the hidden underworld of Babylonia, Egypt and the Aegean cities, with Crete as a meeting place from which to look out on a manifold perspective of history. The classical type is no longer unique. We can measure and judge it by others of such vast duration that its years shrink almost into an episode, while in some degree the causes which explain its vicissitudes are made clear to us."[30]

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[29] See note 13.

[30] *Dublin Review*, January, 1912 (p. 87).

It was always known that various nations had started round the Eastern Mediterranean and ha dreached a high civilization, and then in due season had come to nought. The pyramids of Egypt, the sculptures of Assyria and Babylonia, the ruined temples of Phœnicia show the high degree of culture which they attained, but they had their day[31] and exercised no direct influence on European civilization. Looking back "in the dark backward and abysm of time," we notice that these civilizations pass through recurring cycles of perfection and decline, but each successive phase marks a higher standard than the preceding one. Greece alone was supposed suddenly to have shone out of the surrounding darkness like a star of the first magnitude, to be the intellectual beacon of Europe for all time. Now, however, we are learning that the Grecian civilization was no exception to the general law, that it started within the Aegean area in the Neolithic Age, and that it had periods of high excellence, only to be followed by an inevitable decline. The human element sinks lower and lower until the crest of the wave becomes the hollow and art is made an amusement from which all serious meaning has been cast out. Thus the beautiful painting and architecture of Minos' Palace at Cnossus (1600 B. C.) introduce the splendors of a brief yet astonishing era, "the rival, if not the superior, of the classical age,"[32] followed later by a period of mechanical imitation.

While admitting that changes of climate, famine or abundance, health and disease, wars and disasters of every kind have their due effect on civilization, the prime factor in these fluctuations of civilization, according to Professor Petrie, is the intermingling of races. From variations thus produced the new impulses arise, the mental faculties are given fresh power and motive, which stir them to creative effort. Whenever past experience is the record of culture, it bears witness to the invasion of some foreign stock. Centuries may be required for the strangers to be fused in one common people with the natives, but when that has been accomplished, a new era of activities will begin.

Thus it was with the Aegean civilization. The blending of several different races, variously gifted, at successive periods, resulted in the formation of the Hellenic people and Hellenic art and culture—the highest, viewed from a purely natural standpoint, that the world has ever seen.

Later investigation will map out more accurately the various phases of the Aegean culture, but we have at least seen the long and laborious preparation needed to mould and fashion the Hellenic

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[31] *Cf.* Isaias, cc. xvii., xix. and xxiii.

[32] *Cf.* "The Revolutions of Civilization" (Professor Fl. Petrie, 1911).

civilization, which was destined, in Newman's words, "to form the human intellect" for all succeeding years.

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CATHOLICISM AND SCHISM.

THERE is no serious question among Catholic writers as to the relation of Catholicism and Schism. The two are mutually exclusive. A church or a country in a state of schism cannot be called Catholic without departure from correct usage. But there is a confused opinion or idea current in some Catholic circles to the effect that the Greek churches, though in a state of schism, may still be classified as Catholic. Thus, in the July number of this REVIEW the Rev. Daniel Quinn says: "Russia is Catholic; but, besides being in schism, has the common Northern unintelligence of the essence of religion." What does the word "Catholic" mean in this connection? If it can be so used correctly, there is room for the title "Roman Catholic," which Father Quinn strives to justify. To get a correct point of view I turn to that article of Cardinal Wiseman in the *Dublin Review* which helped Newman so much in his journey to the Catholic Church. It is headed "Tracts for the Times: Anglican Claim of Apostolical Succession," and it appeared in the August number of 1839. It deals especially with the Donatist Schism and the inferences deducible therefrom. The Donatists retained the whole Catholic system except organic unity. It was more nearly a case of pure schism than can be found in the world to-day. It was no question of doctrine that divided the parties. No doubt, questions of doctrine came in later as a consequence of division, but in itself the matter was one of ecclesiastical communion. Wiseman says:

"The Donatists as well as their adversaries claimed the title of the Catholic Church. The general body of them maintained that the Catholic, that is, the true Church, only existed among themselves, and cut off all who were not in communion with them. At the celebrated Conference of Carthage, held by order of Honorius, in 411, between the Catholic and Donatist Bishops, the former headed by St. Augustine, the latter by Petilanus, the schismatics were exceedingly indignant that the title of *Catholic* should be claimed by and given to the other side."

The Donatists claimed to be Catholic on the ground that they observed all the commandments and administered all the sacraments.

St. Augustine, Fortunatianus and the other Catholic Bishops argued that this was not a question of doctrine or of observance, but one of union with the Church throughout the world. Catholicity, they contended, was a matter of plain, visible fact. Wiseman says:

"The first, the most frequently, and the most earnestly urged of these arguments (on the Catholic side) is the fact of the Donatist Church, however numerous its Bishops and its people, being excluded from communion by other churches, and not being admitted by them within the pale of the true Church. And this, as we shall see, is not an argument based upon right, but upon fact; it does not require, in the opinion of the Fathers, any previous examination into which party was right; the very fact of one's being in communion with foreign churches, and the other's not, was considered a decisive proof that the other was necessarily in a state of schism."

This was considered decisive of the question which side had a right to be called Catholic. "If you say," urged St. Augustine, "that you have the Catholic Church, *Catholic* is in Greek 'one,' or the 'whole'; behold you do not constitute the whole, since you have seceded apart."

Another test applied by the Fathers in controversy with the Donatists is connection with the Roman See. "The one See," argued St. Optalus, "which is the first of the properties (of the Church), Peter filled the first, to whom succeeded Linus; to Linus succeeded Clement . . . to Damasus succeeded Siricius, who is now in fellowship with us, and with whom the whole world is joined with us in the society of one communion."

All this is elementary theology, but it is necessary to bring out the fact that the word *Catholic* means world-wide and visible communion. It does not mean doctrine or worship or sacramental usage. It expresses an attribute of the Church considered as a polity. It says that the Church is a great ecclesiastical empire which embraces all varieties and combinations of men. A given country withdraws from this empire for one reason or another, usually for the sake of the power and patronage which thus accrues for a time to the national government. *Ipso facto,* that country ceases to be Catholic, as the Donatists ceased to be Catholic in consequence of their withdrawal from communion with the rest of the Church. How, then, account for the fact that some Catholics speak and write as if the plain state of the case were other than it is? More than one article have attributed Catholicity to "Orthodox" Greeks. I think the reason is, or at least may be, that the word *Catholic* has two distinct uses, and that the Catholics in question do not advert to the twofold use. It has not two distinct meanings, but it has two distinct uses. A parallel case is the word

"reformation." In its significant use reformation implies improvement; but since it has been appropriated as the proper name of a religious upheaval of the sixteenth century, it has also this appellative use. We can use it appellatively without implying that the upheaval in question was really an improvement. Moreover, as an appellative it becomes also an adjective to qualify anything connected with the Reformation. We speak of "Reformation leaders," "Reformation period," "Reformation doctrine," etc. Similarly the word "Catholic" has its significant use, and the Donatist controversy brings out clearly what it implies as a significant word; but since it is appropriated as the proper name of a particular Church, it has also this appellative use. In its appellative use it becomes applicable to everything connected with the Catholic Church. We speak of Catholic books, Catholic worship, Catholic schools, etc., simply because these are connected with the Church which is called Catholic. A "Catholic nation" would be a contradiction in terms if the word were thus used significantly. There is no universal nation. The familiar, everyday use of the word is the appellative use. Now, our controversies with Protestants have given a certain twist to this appellative use in some minds. It is as if they would say: "Whatever is Christian and not Protestant is Catholic." Russia is a Christian country. It is not Protestant. Therefore it is Catholic! It would be nearer the truth to go to the opposite extreme and say that schism is more directly anti-Catholic than is heresy. Catholicism, in strictest primary meaning, is Christian charity. It means observance of the "new commandment."

"In one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond-slaves or freemen." "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus." To be all one in Christ is to be members of the one Church which Christ established. That is the primary condition of Christian charity. Catholic unity is the medium created for the cultivation of charity or brotherhood. Schism is the sin which makes Catholic brotherhood impossible. Heresy has a malice peculiar to itself as against revealed truth. It is the greater sin. It leads also to schism. In practice, however, the difference is only one of degree, because schism also leads to heresy. Wiseman, summarizing the teaching of the Fathers, says:

Schism is pronounced by the Fathers a dreadful sin, whether in a church or in individuals, when they persevere in it. They do

"Schism is pronounced by the Fathers a dreadful sin, whether in consider the evil done to the Church by schism sufficient to coun-

terbalance any imaginary good to be gained, and equal to any real or imaginary evil to be avoided thereby. The very circumstance of one particular church being out of the aggregation of other churches constituted these judges over the other, and left no room for questioning the justice of the condemnation, 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.' Though the valid exercise of the sacramental power was allowed to such schismatics as preserved the lawful forms, yet its legitimate exercise was never acknowledged."

In a word, a state of schism unchurches any part of the Church which chooses a separate existence. Catholic unity, and with it all right to the Catholic name, is lost to the schismatical body.

When the Oxford "Tracts for the Times" crossed the Atlantic they attracted the attention of Bishop England. He could scarcely bring himself to treat seriously their claim of Catholicity for the Anglican Church. "There is no claim to 'Catholic' where there is separation from Rome." That settled the matter for him. "We merely keep our old family name. They only play an old trick, which St. Augustine says was used by some folk, many of whose names are now scarcely recollected. Fourteen hundred years have elapsed since that good and holy Bishop tells us that they had a mighty great liking for the name of 'Catholic,' but by some sort of good or evil chance there was no fastening it on to them, and they had nicknames then also for the Catholic Church, but neither would they adhere to it."

In Russia the people do not call themselves Catholics, except when they are in communion with Rome. They call themselves Orthodox. It is only in America, where the Catholic name is in honor, that Russians and Greeks cause confusion similar to that of Anglican efforts by claiming the Catholic name.

PROPAGANDIST.

MARCELINO MENENDEZ Y PELAYO.

EIGHT months have passed since the death of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, and Spain still mourns over the loss of her noble son; and many months and many years will pass before Spain forgets the untiring zeal and loyal, devoted patriotism which he devoted to raising the standard of Spanish literature. How universal was the grief occasioned by the death of Menéndez y Pelayo, philosopher, literary critic and poet, may be gathered from the still recent public manifestations of sorrow, the speeches made in honor of the deceased, the ceremonies at which a bereaved populace mourned their friend and benefactor, and from these sincere messages of condolence which, coming as they did from every quarter of the literary world, attested to the fact that our age had lost a great man and Spain the most illustrious of her present writers and apologists. The place Menéndez y Pelayo had won in the estimation of his people was too firmly established to be forgotten in a day. His popularity was not of an ephemeral kind, such as would cease with the last spadeful of earth thrown upon his grave; rather we should say that the name of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo will be associated with Spain and Spanish literature as long as they exist, and he will ever be remembered as the Napoleon of Spanish science. His life-work was devoted to the most laudable and possible—God and his nation; so that Spain, placed as she is in the midst of nations each at war with each other and all at war with God, has good cause for grief now that the Angel of Death has robbed her of a staunch and exemplary defender.

Though the genius of Menéndez y Pelayo compels our admiration to the extent of making us impatient of listening to biographical details, still a glance at the path he trod before reaching the eminence he finally occupied will not prove devoid of interest either to the aspiring litterateur or to the admiring friend. Born at Santander, November 3, 1856, Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo spent the days of his boyhood in the surroundings, scenes and haunts rendered famous by the lives and works of many other Spanish writers, such as Pereda and Amós Escalante. At the age of fifteen, after completing his minor studies, in pursuance of which he displayed a marked diligence, which never, however, dampened the ardor of his joyous, light-hearted temperament, Marcelino was sent to Barcelona. There, too, he gave ample proof of his genius, studiousness and untiring application by securing twenty-four ordinary and three extraordinary prizes in the short

space of two years. Now that his college education was completed, our youth sought to supplement and extend his knowledge of men and letters by traveling through the famous literary and art centres of Northern and Eastern Europe. The observations made and the consequent knowledge gained enriched the mind of the brilliant young man, and animated for the struggle wherein he had to spend his length of days, he turned his steps to his native land, there to employ his already comprehensive learning and brilliant talent in the defense of his nation and of his Church. It must have seemed like the resurrection of a Vives or a Carranza when, in 1875, Menéndez y Pelayo accepted the appointment to the chair of literature at the University of Madrid. But that was merely the first step—the first advance of a course that presaged much. At nineteen he occupied a chair in the university, but his distinguished merits were to win him a more enviable position before three years had elapsed. The great ambition of every Spanish artist, writer or genius is to be received as an honorary member into the Spanish Academy. Some spend years of anxious expectation, others are granted this supreme honor after a hard and severe probation; there are some who never succeed in realizing their fondest hope. What, then, must have been his merit and honor when at the age of twenty-two Menéndez y Pelayo was received into the Academia Real? His youthful appearance was in marked contrast to the grave and solemn visages of those veterans who had been tried in many a combat and been victorious on many a field of science, art and literature; and yet it was acknowledged by all that in ability he was inferior to none.

The reception of a new member into the Academy is always an important event for the members. They make much of the ceremonies, regarding, and with justice, the persons in whose honor they are held, as coöperators in the preservation and propagation of Spanish science. But the reception of Menéndez y Pelayo was marked by certain events that have formed an epoch in the history of the society. For in the present of that august assemblage D. Alejandro Pidal y Món, president of the Academy, rising to make his address of welcome, gave utterance to a startling prediction. He said he had witnessed the reception of other members into the Academy; that he himself had welcomed many new additions to that enlightened body. He had lived and talked and worked with the best men in Spain. He knew the history of Spanish literature from the moment its history began. And in view of all those facts he did not hesitate to affirm that "if God gives length of days to this, the last member received into our order, we shall one day, and that no distant day, behold the most glorious repre-

sentative of science in Spain." His prophecy was not a vain boast, nor a thoughtless statement based only on a hasty impression of the young man's talents or a feeling of partiality towards his fellow-countryman. Mr. Pidal y Món had been a keen and watchful observer of Menéndez y Pelayo's gradual advance; nor was it likely that he should have voiced so unwonted a statement unless he had conclusive proof of its assured fulfillment. That Pidal y Món's statement was true is evidenced in the life-work of the man whose loss has caused such grief among Spanish scholars. Moreover, his assertion was no more unusual than the many singular and striking qualities possessed by Menéndez y Pelayo. "Hear him speak of the prehistoric races and you would believe that he had dwelt in the cave of the troglodite and had wandered across the desert wilds with the nomad tribes; hear him speak of Oriental civilization and you would think him a hierophant of those far-distant days; listen to him when he talks of Greece and you will be convinced that he was a regular guest at Plato's banquets, and when he speaks of Rome, a courtier of Maecenas' age could do no better; hear him on the Christian age and you will feel sure that you are listening to a chronicler of some religious monastery; hear him discourse on the Renaissance and you will mistake him for a grammarian of the court of the Medicis or for a professor of Salamanca or Alcalá; hear what he has to say about the eighteenth century and you will believe that he was a contributor to the Encyclopedia. Hear him on the questions of the day and you will conclude that the evil spirit has brought him to the view of the chairs and academies of Europe, renewing for Menéndez y Pelayo's particular benefit the prodigy which he enacted in the seventeenth century for the ill-famed Don Cléofas, at the bidding of that astute writer, Luis Velez de Guevara."[1] Nor was Pidal y Món's assertion more unwonted than the spirit which animated the youthful laborer in that difficult and dangerous field. When Menéndez y Pelayo arose to answer that unexpected speech of reception, we may suppose that he was at a loss as to what to reply. But it is at such a moment that the thought one has cherished long comes first to mind, and the purpose one has set before him finds expression in words. There may be more that followed and even more that preceded by way of formality, but one dominant sentence of that noble champion of Church and State will live when all else, even the Academy records, have gone to join the elements. "Every work that I shall undertake, every success or failure that attends my efforts in the field of science will be devoted to the greater glory of God and the exaltation of the name of Jesus." Such a

[1] Pidal y Món; Menêndez y Pelayo in "Discursos y Artículos literarios."

sentiment was enough to rouse a responding sense of Catholic devotion in the hearts of those men whose forbears had fought and bled for the selfsame cause and whose literature, poetry and folklore were replete with instances of deeds performed and sufferings endured for the selfsame motive that actuated this new cavalier whose weapons were not to be the sharp sword nor the piercing lance; but whose voice and whose pen were to serve as a buckler of defense and a helmet of protection for his nation and religion against the malicious attacks of ungodly and unpatriotic foes.

Menéndez y Pelayo did not go far afield in search of adventures in which he might manifest his powers in the realm of letters. No; his kingdom was his study, and his throne his professor's chair. For ever since his first nomination he remained at Madrid, professor of literature by his own choice, but in reality he has been helper, encourager, guide and father to all who have come under his loving care. His pupils state that his method of imparting instruction had to be experienced to be understood. His erudition was as profound as his thought and expression were clear and pleasing. And besides this, his love for Spain, his love for God the daily and hourly motives of his work, as well as his inexhaustible fund of kind and encouraging generosity won the hearts of all who knew him. One of his pupils, whose authority is trustworthy, characterized him as a simple, humble man, unswayed by vain ambition or haugthiness, though possessed of the greatest learning: beloved and esteemed by all and loving and encouraging all in turn.

In his position we should naturally expect a person to lead a quasi if not a real heremitical life. But Menéndez y Pelayo has kept in constant touch with the public and the world of letters, as is shown by the almost numberless contributions in the form of essays, books—histories, criticisms, lectures, poetry. In the words of a contemporary writer, "there is not a branch of letters of which he is ignorant. For he is as conversant with the idiomatic writings of Greece and Rome as he is with his mother tongue, to say nothing of his knowledge of French, German, English and Italian. His writings show a most cultivated taste, marvelous facility and ease of expression, and speaking generally, an admirable sense of skillful and considerate criticism."[2] His literary career commenced before his reception into the Academia Real. But if we disregard his work on the "Poetas Montañeses" and the series of articles he wrote on the Spanish Jesuits of the time of Charles III., we may say that his literary life marks its real beginning from the publication of "Los Heterodoxos Españoles," in three volumes. It is a learned and judicious work on the political and literary

[2] Valera, "Homenaje al Sr. M. Menêndez y Pelayo," Introcussión.

history of Spain in its relations with the Catholic Church from the time of Priscilian to the present age. The author in recounting and reviewing the many personages who in matters of greater or lesser moment have differed from the Church manifests the qualities of a close and observing student of history, of a firm and loyal adherent to the Catholic faith, which he supports and defends with a vast knowledge of men and sciences. This work, which Menéndez y Pelayo composed when he was but twenty, is perhaps the best of his three great publications and it far outclasses similar works by Döllinger and Cantu. "The appearance of 'Los Heterodoxos Españoles' caused a stir in the literary world," says a learned Spaniard, Antonio Perez Goyena. "It was a monumental proof of skill, research and study as regards those difficulties which require a thorough training in theology."[3] Ramón Nocedal declared that it was the most remarkable work edited in Spain in modern times; Perez Villamil styles it the work of a giant; Juan Mir y Noguera, who is at present one of the foremost writers of Spain, has assured us more than once that he finds it hard to believe that Menéndez y Pelayo, aged twenty, could succeed in writing such an extensive, learned and judicious history; eminent Spaniards as Fidel Fita, Vasquez Mella, Pidal y Mön, Rodriguez Marin, Zacarias Martinez, Navarro Villoslada, Antonio Astrain, Blanco Garcia, Eduardo Hinojosa, Serrano y Sánz and many others have highly appreciated this work of Menéndez y Pelayo. It will never disappear from the world of historical literature and theological controversy. It is, to use the grand expression of Thucydides, "a treasure for all time."

Not long after the appearance of the above-mentioned volumes a new phase of the author's genius was displayed in his "Horacio en España." A lyric poet himself of no mean ability, he was well fitted to undertake the task of collecting and criticizing the Spanish translations of Horace, and in the second place of praising the felicitous imitations and tracing the course of the Sabian bard's influence in the realm of Spanish poetry. In one of his books he writes: "Only to the great is given the power of understanding and appreciating great deeds and of expressing the great thoughts, ideals and inspirations that fire their souls." His appreciation of the poetry he criticizes is sufficient evidence of his own poetic spirit, even if we had not the proof of his many poems, his lengthy and excellent prose translations of Shakespeare's plays and in the book in question his Epistle to Horace, which Valera maintains to be "a veritable mine of poetic diction, concise elegance of language, abounding in instances of the *curiosa felicitas* and of the

[3] "Historia de la teología dogmática en España," in Razón y Fé, Vol. 32.

inspired and classic writings of the ancients."[4] Menéndez y Pelayo, somewhat after the fashion of Scott and Newman, is generally overlooked as a poet because his prose works are more numerous, more important and certainly in their way also far superior to his poetic effusions.

The next book from the pen of Menéndez y Pelayo was his "Historia de la Ideas Estéticas en España."[5] This voluminous work again shows the extraordinary talent, the diligent research and that judicious criticism which have made their possessor one of the most brilliant contributors to Spanish critical literature. The extensive knowledge of the author and his ready facility in interpreting the literature of the Continent have raised this book from what might have been a merely gratuitous assertion of unsupposed claims of Spanish writers to a really valuable and complete history of æsthetic ideas in Europe. For not only Spaniards, but Latin, Greek, Italian, French, German and English writers, as Plotinus, Aristotle, Plato, A. G. Baumgartner, Hegel, Tonnellé, Kant, Zimmermann, Hamilton, Taine, Sainte-Vives, Nieremberg, Lemaitre, Beuve, Luis de León, Jungmann, have been treated with impartiality and unwonted fairness. Their merits and demerits have been placed on the scales of untrammeled justice, and the result is found to meet the satisfaction of all fair-minded students of art and literature. Many Spanish authors find mention here who otherwise would have remained buried under the dust and forgetfulness of ages. An objection has been raised against the completeness and accuracy of the work on the score that some Spaniards who have contributed to æsthetics are not recorded. But the objection will solve itself, and the objectors will reverse their decision if they consider the shallowness of the claims of such men as Milá y Fontanals, Coll y Vehi, Nunez de Arce, Martinez de la Rosa and others who in this branch of literary science are of very little importance.

Menéndez y Pelayo's attitude towards what he terms the æsthetic doctrine of England is as unique as it is just and fair. "The strange admixture of passion and common sense, of assumed sensibility, fiery phantasy and profound sense of realism which characterizes the English nation has made it one of the most poetic countries of the world, to say nothing of its importance in moulding England into the most favored of nations for the arts of government and the science of warfare and those triumphs of the will where

[4] "Horacio en España," i.-xviii.

[5] This book is being reëdited in three parts, each part a complete work itself—"Ideas Estéticas en España hasta fines del siglio XVIII.," "Ideas Estéticas en Europa hasta fines del siglio XIX.," "Historia del Romanticismo Francés."

reason points out the useful. This characteristic note appears not merely in her literary history, but in her philosophy and in her criticism, which are imaginative and empirical. The English imagination is very much inclined to enter into details, and the same copiousness must also extend to the amount of facts and observations required by their thinkers before the promulgation of any inductive law. English philosophy has never been spiritualistic nor materialistic, and for this reason its originality is the more striking. It is a purely inductive philosophy, logical or psychological, moral and politic, almost quite unmetaphysical. The English have their wings clipped and boast of it. The English, says Emerson, are earthy and of the earth. But we may add that as the fabulous Antes was thought to find strength from contact with the earth, they (the English) are strong from contact with the earth, and when they pursue Utility—their passion for the acquisition of that good is strong enough to raise their enthusiasm to fever pitch. . . ."[6] His appreciation of English authors may be seen by the following criticisms which have been taken from the book in question:

"The lyric poets educated in Italy (Surrey, Sidney, Spencer) tuned the Anglo-Saxon lyre to accents which for sweetness and ideal beauty equal those of Petrarch, while they imparted a certain inward melancholy only conceded by the Muse of the North.

"The purest expression of the English Renaissance is to be found in the verse of the poet's poet, Edmund Spencer. . . . Romanticism was instinctive as it was in Germany. It coursed through their blood, was a mark of the English race, impregnated the very atmosphere.

"Pope coins his precepts with classic perfection and exactness." He styles Johnson "a grammarian, a literary gladiator, bitter and savage with his antagonist, trusting sometimes to no other authority than his own word and at others relying on the weight of paradox for a crushing blow."

"The progenitor of English Romanticism was the wild and indomitable Scotch cart-driver, Robert Burns, one of the poets who made the nearest approaches to nature. The Scotch bard was one of the most popular poets that have existed, though laboring under the disadvantage of not having lived in an earlier age, when popular poetry fluctuated between the depths of vulgarity and mediocre culture. The Bible and the ballads of Scotland were the only poetic instruction received by the then rude and semi-savage race.

"Lord Byron cannot be strictly considered romantic; for his theories and methods are classic. Yet by reason of his eccentric

[6] "Historia de las Ideas Estéticas en España," VII., 8-9.

and tremendous personality he passes beyond the limits of any special school. Byron, as also Goethe and Schiller, should be considered apart from the ordinary class of poets. Byron's entry and advance through the world of letters was a march of triumph. His course was like that of some luminous and terrifying meteor, which left in its wake a vast deal of glory and scandal that dazzled and dismayed his astonished contemporaries. Such was his reputation for temerity, for foppishness, for heroism, so radical a revolutionist was he and so notorious a sinner—one moment the incarnation of Satan, the next wrapped in some poetic flight and tending to the sublimity of a lofty ideal—so far distant were the extremes of his eccentric disposition that it is no easy task to portray that undoubtedly great poet in his just and human proportions.

"Scott remains even to-day an unequaled master, and he bids fair to retain his laurels and his glorious reputation intact. He is the Homer of a new heroic poetry suited to the taste of the more prosaic generations. But his chief claim on our praise lies in the fact that he has proved himself one of the greatest benefactors of mankind in leaving as a legacy a series of books in which a veritable mine of honest and unending pleasure may be had for the willing of it.

"Shelley lived a sort of somnambulistic life among his fellowmen, but his eyes were ever open to the world of colors, of forms, of vibrations. Never has the spirit of rebellion found a more energetic defender, and never has poetic blasphemy been clothed in more beautiful language than Shelley's. When he proposes to speak of things of this world and of his own time he seems like an inhabitant of a sister planet suddenly fallen to our own. Shelley's philosophy is a sort of monistic idealism which commences by supposing that matter in every grade is endowed with rational life.

"Macaulay has given us the best fruits of his labor and of his talent in his essays, in which he exhibits an alliance of two qualities rarely found combined even among the English, but when they are found make the most charming composition imaginable. One is good, practical sense, that of the moralist and politician, which is common enough among the Saxon people. The second is a live, quick and clever ingenuity to which the peoples of the equatorial districts lay no claim. . . . Macaulay imparts light to whatever subjects he treats. But it must be remembered that he is English, and consequently little disposed to make abstractions and devote himself to æsthetics. Literary criticism in his hands is a species of moral criticism. For Macaulay sees more than the writer; he sees the man worthy of blame or praise both for his writings

and his life. Should he find the least reason for displeasure, he seems to feel himself obliged to launch forth into a vigorous indictment of the offender's conduct. All this is done with more or less reason, but always with superior talent, common sense and that deep conviction which are the fountain head of all great eloquence.

"Carlyle is an unfathomable, obscure writer, an enlightened and phantasmagoric historian, a puritan moralist and pantheistic metaphysician . . . . for whom the natural is supernatural and miracles a thing of every-day occurrence. In every man, in every thing there is an ineffable signification of the divine, full of wonder, splendor, awe-aspiring. Carlyle is a theosophist and regards nature not as an inanimate thing, but as a living reality, and he exacts of all, both learned and ignorant, a tribute of devout obeisance, humility of soul, silent adoration. Nature's genius is an insight into the mystery of things. The fantasy is the organ of the divine; the understanding is no more than a window, the phantasm an eye, and Carlyle is the prophet of the fantasy."

Four volumes of "Los Origenes de la Novela en España" have already been published. It may be said without fear of contradiction that this work is superior to anything of its kind in European literature. Each chapter of the monumental work forms in itself a masterpiece of skillful and lucid arrangement, thorough erudition and mastery of all the literary, critical and historical facts bearing on the treatment of the question, and all set off in the simple and clear style characteristic of all his writings. Of his study and exposition of "Calderon y su Teatro" we may apply what has been said about Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare: that by them he has done more to give some idea of the breadth and grasp of that Spanish Shakespeare's intellect than any critic before or since.[7]

From a national as well as from a Catholic viewpoint the "Ciencia Española" is one of the most valuable publications of recent years. The work is chiefly a collection of letters which demonstrate how Menéndez y Pelayo brought order out of the chaotic ideas and defamatory statements of certain persons who maintained that there was no Spanish philosophy. The controversy, beginning from an unpretentious article on the Philosophy of Spain written by Laverde Ruiz, soon waxed strong and vehement. Revilla and Perojo took up the question, and bolstering up the negative side of the question, endeavored to prove that Spanish philosophy was a misnomer. They argued and substantiated their claim by decrying the Inquisition as a weapon of religious intolerance in itself sufficient

[7] Sr. Arturo Masriera, in his excellent article on Calderon published in the "Enciclopedia Universal Espasa," says that this book is the best ever written on Calderon.

to thwart all initiative and effort in the field of science. The nation looked about for a champion; it looked for one who would be fearless in his refutation and positive in his doctrine—and he was none other than Menéndez y Pelayo. When he began his refutation of the statements which he proved to be groundless, no further reply was forthcoming from the distinguished gentlemen who were endeavoring to subvert a vast amount of national tradition. With great philosophical skill and cleverness the nation's champion showed beyond the shadow of a single doubt that Spain had not only produced great philosophers, but great philosophical schools, among whose scholars and masters could be mentioned Seneca, R. Mosche ben Maimon (Maimonides), Raymond Lully, Vives, Suarez.

In regard to that much-mooted topic of the Inquisition, the author of "Ciencia Española" writes: "What a great glory it is for our country that the heresy which ran riot over Europe in the sixteenth century never even passed our frontier. I understand and praise and even bless the Inquisition as a unifying principle which directs and governs the national life throughout the centuries as a daughter of the true spirit of the Spanish people, and not as the oppressor of it, save only in individual cases and on rare occasions."[8] In another place[9] we read: "It is enough to excite ridicule to see persons trying to explain everything by the Inquisition, even those things with which the Inquisition had nothing to do. . . . In literary matters the Holy Office, instead of being blameworthy for its oppression, went to the extreme of liberality."

In five volumes Menéndez y Pelayo has published many of his lectures and discourses on various subjects and a great number of letters bearing on important subjects; e. g., "Rodrigo Caro," the author of false Don Quixote; "Ramon Marti," "Saint Isidore," "History Considered as an Art," "Mystic Poetry of Spain," "Manuel Quintana," etc. But besides the lectures published in his books, there are three which have appeared only in periodicals and which deserve even greater mention—an address delivered before the City Council and citizens of Santander, when his fellow-townsmen held a celebration in honor of his fiftieth birthday, a discourse delivered on the occasion of the erection of Pereda's monument, and perhaps best illustrative of his religious sentiment, the elegant, finished discourse delivered during the Eucharistic Congress of 1911.

So much for the general survey of the more important publications of our author. It would be an almost endless task to mention all the essays, criticisms, reviews, brochures, talks, lectures, con-

[8] "Ciencia Española," Vol. I., p. 271.
[9] "Horacio en España," Vol. II., p. 370.

ferences that formed the daily tasks and tasks of love of this singularly gifted professor. In brief, his printed works may be added as follows:

1. History of Spanish heresies.
2. History of Spanish poetry in the Middle Ages.
3. Treatise on the ancient romances.
4. Juan Boscan.
5. History of Spanish-American poetry from its origin to 1892.
6. Origin of the Spanish novel and study of the Spanish novelists before Cervantes.
7. Sketches and lectures on literary criticism.
8. Science in Spain.
9. History of æsthetic thought in Spain to the end of the eighteenth century.
10. History of æsthetic thought in Europe to the end of the nineteenth century.
11. Essays on philosophical criticism.
12. History of French romanticism.
13. Poems and poetic translations.
14. Translations of some works of Cicero.
15. Calderon and his theatre.
16. Horace in Spain.
17. Works of Lope de Vega.

Besides the publication of so many and such extensive works, Menéndez y Pelayo was engaged in several other occupations. He was the president of the Academia Real de la Historia, director of the Revista de Archivos, Bibliotecas y Museos, editor of the "Nueva Biblioteca de Escritores Castellanos" and member of countless literary and scientific societies both in Spain and in the other European countries.

In point of style Menéndez y Pelayo is readily conceded to be superior to all writers who have flourished since the golden age of Spanish literature. Even his first essays are clothed in a language which has none of the harshness of archaic form, nor of the startling insolence of the latest fad. His language is concise without being obscure; ornate only to that degree which reveals the master's touch. His latest works were also composed with all his poetic and youthful enthusiasm (which he himself says is of more importance and sometimes more useful than great learning).[10] His poetic disposition manifests itself at the right moment. He knows when to apply the poet's touchstone to human affairs, whether in criticism

[10] Sr. Francisco Rodriguez Marín has written a learned paper on the style of his beloved master and friend. It has been published in "Discursos pronunciados . . . en honor de M. Menéndez y Pelayo en la velada organizada por El Debate," Madrid, 1912.

or history, and in so doing he has achieved an extraordinary elasticity and balance to his prose works. The sovereign art of exposition, without which critics are never much appreciated, is found in Menéndez y Pelayo's writings, rich in good sense and devoid of that turgid rhetoric and high-sounding emphasis so common in the writings of Castelar and in the writings of those many wordmongers who looked up to Castelar as a model par excellence. How different both in matter and form were the models that Menéndez y Pelayo proposed to himself as his exemplars. It is well known that from his early years he studied not only Juan de los Angeles, whom he calls his special favorite and most genial companion, but Granada, Luis de León, St. Teresa were his daily literary food. And from these he gradually acquired his sublime simplicity and elegance of diction.

Each page of his writings reveals a wealth of strong common sense, a clear perception, a vein of wonderful and ever-varying information and a constant praiseworthy effort to fulfill that advice of the poet he admired—to interweave the pleasant and the instructive. To please while he instructs—the *omne tulit punctum* of the Roman bard—seems to have been present to Menéndez y Pelayo as he took up his pen to write.

If Menéndez y Pelayo were to be judged by his critical works alone, he would be sure of lasting fame. He may be seen at his best advantage when engaged in the criticism of some piece of literature, literary epoch or literary character. Needless to say, he who undertakes such a weighty responsibility must be endowed with many high qualifications. He must not only be possessed of broadmindedness, power of liberal interpretation, not only must he be preëminently just and impartial in his dealings with men and books, but he must be a man who can measure present works by the standards of the master minds. Consequently it is imperative that he be well informed on all the subjects that pertain to his art of criticism, that he have a well-grounded, solid and certain understanding of the achievements of the masters, in order to establish his own position of director for literary aspirants, and in order to point out just where the ancients and moderns are to be followed and where to be avoided. The mind of Menéndez y Pelayo was an impartial one, as impartial as it was clear and penetrating. To him it was natural to judge correctly and at the proper moment and in the proper place to set down his judgment. He had lived all his life with his books, and he knew them as few men ever attain to knowledge of their studies. Wherever he spoke there was authority in his speech, colored by companionship with the great of his own election—with the saints; with Aristotle and Plato;

Horace and Virgil; Shakespeare and León, and in fact all the Spanish authors of note. If Menéndez y Pelayo is not one of those geniuses who, according to his own words, "appear from time to time to fulfill a providential mission in the world of science," the opinion of many prominent men must be set at nought. And that opinion is based on the gradual growth of Spanish critical literature from the time when as a college student Menéndez y Pelayo began his contributions to various literary journals. Despite the many obstacles and setbacks he received at the beginning of his career because of the untried or forgotten route over which he was to make his way, for the critical literature of Spain had not yet been aroused from its fallen state, Menéndez y Pelayo could say of himself that which Reiske said in similar circumstances when complaining of the lassitude of his predecessors, that "he had done as much as any thousand of them."

The style of criticism which first appeared on the shores of the Rhine began to spread throughout Europe in the first half of the eighteenth century, but did not reach Spain until late, when Luzan, Quintana and Cadalso introduced it. No advance was made during the first half of the nineteenth century, for the reason that criticism then was in the hands of writers whose greatest ability was displayed in plagiarizing French and Italian critics. The first and most notable figure to appear in Spanish literary history was Sr. Amador de los Rios, who, not satisfied with making his extensive work, "Historia de la literatura Española," notable for its rare erudition and historic value, left it to be completed by a favorite pupil; by one for whom he predicted a glorious future, who would bring to completion the labor commenced by his master. The acute judgment, the unbiased sense of right and wrong, the classic mould of thought, the habit of assiduous investigation and painstaking exactness in detail, the independent and sincere conviction, the depth of penetration, the facility in grouping and contrasting periods and writers, the power of most lucid exposition, the harmonious rhythm of language—all those combined in the storehouse of one man's brain tended to make Menéndez y Pelayo the standard of contemporaneous criticism.

His religious ideas, as we have stated above, were thoroughly Catholic. If the "Heterodoxos Españoles" were not sufficient to prove this, one could not set down the "Ciencia Española" in any other frame of mind than that of deep conviction that he had been perusing a work of a most loyal adherent to the Church of Peter. In these days, when the religion of many consists in a shameful homage paid to the golden calf under various aspects of human pride and passion, it is indeed a consoling thought for those who

are laboring to spread the kingdom of Christ to realize that they had, and in effect still have, so staunch an ally in the person of our Spanish author and litterateur. He who could find words of praise for the Inquisition, and who with Catholic and national ardor feels proud of the nation that produced a Domenic, the father of an Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas, who was overjoyed to believe that he was a compatriot of the captain of a company which numbered such valiant heroes as Francis of Borgia, Francis Xavier, Alfonsus Rodriguez and a host of others,[11] makes no difficulty of openly avowing his faith. "I am proud of my Catholic faith. And I say this without hedging, without mental restrictions."[12] He stigmatizes the questionable morality of Quintana as something to be outlawed from a Christian society which has profited by the instruction and tradition of numberless generations, which had imbibed of the streams of life and love that flowed from the wounds of Christ on Calvary."[13] He warns the people against Perez Galdós, telling them to disregard the fulsome praises of this latter's friends. For Perez Galdós would appear in his true light when the judgment of future years should have corroborated the charges made against him for the immorality of his works. Speaking of this novelist, he says: "Let us hope that the salutary evolution may continue as the generous nature of the author gives us reason to hope it will and that the grace of God will assist him in his honest effort until he gains in the shadow of the Cross the one solution of human destiny."[14]

All his life he was a Catholic and a practical Catholic of the most sterling type. He was put to the test time and time again, but just as often was found true to the faith of his fathers. He had the spiritual courage to bear testimony to that faith before men and to sing the praises of the Omnipotent God even in the midst of hostile audiences and in the centre of an otherwise universal silence. But he soon found souls to share in his sympathies and religious belief, and soon voices long since silenced by doubt and distrust were heard to join him in the heaven-directed praise he had begun. Ramon Nocedal is reported to have said in a speech that Spain was the land of intrepid heroes, of great artists and of famous writers as long as the spirit of Christianity ruled the hearts of the Spanish people. He goes on to say that the writer who aspires to draw men's hearts to higher things—to heaven, gains undying fame on earth, but from the moment he breaks the bonds that bind him to this sacred duty even the glory of the

[11] Carta al Sr. Laverde Ruíz, "Ciencia Española," Vol. I., 208.
[12] "Ciencia Española," Vol. I., p. 455.
[13] "Crítica literaria," Vol. V., p. 329.
[14] "Crítica literaria," Vol. V., p. 114.

world ceases and will never be renewed. It is for this, if for nothing else, that Menéndez y Pelayo merits the esteem of every Catholic. In none of his works is there expression of anything unorthodox or radical. Of his first publications, as of his latest, we can say without any pretense or exaggeration that each page, in fact each line, is a profession of faith, a snare for the wickedness of evil-minded opponents of Catholic truth and an incentive, encouragement and invaluable assistance to all who seek increase of knowledge without endangering the priceless heritage of their faith. The one guiding principle of his life seems to have been a practical application of Christian charity—love of God, love of his country, love of his fellow-men.

Jacinto Verdaguer, one of the most inspired poets of modern times in the opinion of A. Baumgartner, thus wrote of Menéndez y Pelayo when the latter was but a youth: "The young and already eminent writer, Menéndez y Pelayo, has reached in his first flight a high degree of excellence in the temple of science and has penetrated far into the serene heights of Christian inspiration."[15] Would he not agree with us that his eminent contemporary, lately deceased, had fulfilled Pidal y Món's prophecy and more than fulfilled it? For he has risen to an eminence where his fond admirers and devoted friends in every quarter of the globe will ever see his spirit, though time lay claim to the man. God in His Providence was pleased to grant length of days to the new defender of science and religion, that he might become, as he has become, the most illustrious founder of the majestic position which Spanish science holds to-day. And we may add that he has been given power to shed over the nation false sons led astray by the *ignis fatuus* of foreign impiety those streams of light which the light of Catholic truth in more propitious times spread over the whole territory of Spain. The pen in his hands has been a means of enlightening the darkness of the ignorant, of confirming the faith of the wavering and of removing doubts from troubled souls. As an historian, he has removed the veil of centuries from facts that were waiting to be brought to light, he has confirmed present traditions and ascertained many that had been forgotten. As an apologist, he has established the fact of Spanish philosophy, and has shown Spanish Catholicism to have been proof against all heretical attacks. As a critic, his work has been instructive, destructive of false notions and misdirected principles and constructive of a new standard style of criticism.

It is thirty years since Alejandro Pidal y Món made his prediction, and we in our day have seen it realized with a most convincing

[15] "Idilis," p. 239. Barcelona, 1879.

reality. The realization, moreover, brings back to mind that incident which supplemented an apparently boastful assertion on the part of an admiring friend—the incident of Menéndez y Pelayo's speech when the young man whose talent had been fostered by great and careful study, whose studies and talent, supported and augmented by a heaven-sent gift of grace in abundance, protested that his every work would be devoted to the greater glory of God and the exaltation of the name of Jesus. Menéndez y Pelayo remained true to his promise, and God remained true to him, enabling him to succeed in the titanic undertaking fitted for the strength of giants.

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FREDERIC OZANAM.

FREDERIC OZANAM, the centenary of whose birth occurs on April 13, was one of the most gifted of the brilliant band of Catholic laymen identified with the religious revival in France in the first half of the nineteenth century. His birth and his all too brief career synchronized with stirring and epoch-making events. In the very month in which he was born Napoleon I. was already hastening towards his downfall. That masterful man, who had long awed and terrorized Europe, the maker and unmaker of kings and kingdoms, was about to see the immense empire he had created broken up After the abortive invasion of Russia, ending in the retreat from Moscow, he was fighting for his existence as a ruler against the allied powers of Europe, who, at the close of the campaign of 1814, entered Paris in triumph and compelled him to abdicate at Fontainbleau. Then came the first Bourbon Restoration, followed by Napoleon's unexpected return from Elba; the Hundred Days, with their many crowded hours; Waterloo and the exile and death of the vanquished empire-builder in his island prison; the second Restoration; the brief reign of Charles X.; the Three Days' Revolution, which gave France its citizen-king in Louis Philippe; '48, when not only France, but all Europe was again in the throes of revolution; the Second Republic, and then the coup d'état which gave birth to the Second Empire, and then the coup expired of internal decay and met its Waterloo at Sedan.

All these dynastic changes coincided with changes in the moral and social order more revolutionary. It used to be accepted as an accomplished fact that the advent to supreme power of the first Napoleon marked the close of the great Revolution which convulsed Europe at the close of the eighteenth century. It was a

false reading of history. It is not ended yet; it is still running its course. Mirabeau said it would make a tour of the world, but —with the Catholic Church behind it. The restoration of freedom of public worship and the Concordat, it is true, introduced a semblance of order in the midst of the moral chaos created by the Revolution; but it was only a semblance. The Encyclopedists and Voltaireans had done their baneful work too thoroughly. The ruthless uprooting of beliefs left France, as a whole, without any faith in the unseen; its ancient religion, the religion of St. Louis and of the days of Crusader chivalry, had been discarded for materialism and rationalism. The hearts of a deluded and degenerate race were turned aside from the worship of Christ to the worship of the goddess Reason. Catholic churches were secularized and profaned; religious instruction was abolished, and the rural clergy had to minister in secret like the priests in England and Ireland in penal times. Some faint-hearted priests who had subscribed to the Civil Constitution of the clergy were endeavoring to keep the lamp of faith alight in Paris as best they could; but their best did not amount to much. The Church had lost its hold upon the people; it is only now slowly regaining it.

Napoleon's aim was to subject the Church to the State and to make himself supreme in both. Metternich, his great protagonist in the field of diplomacy, read him rightly when he recognized in him the incarnation of the spirit of the Revolution; the man who boasted in the East that he had "overturned the Cross" and "destroyed the Pope" (alluding to the seizure of Pius VI. by the Directory); who declared at Luxembourg, at the Christmas of 1797, "religion to be one of those prejudices which the French people had yet to overcome;" who later became the jailer of the gentle and saintly Pius VII.; who ordered the Bishops to send in their pastorals to be supervised by his prefects before being read in the churches; who forbade the opening of any community of men or women, whether for prayer, teaching or the service of the sick and poor, until the rules and statutes of each order or congregation had been investigated and endorsed by himself or Portalis; who, ignoring parental rights, which even the Revolution and the Consulate, at least outwardly, respected, completely extinguished liberty of teaching, making it the exclusive monopoly of the State. With him, much more than with Louis XIV., it was a case of "L'état, c'est moi!" The autocrat who established divorce and issued a decree forbidding priests to refuse the blessing of the Church to divorced persons who chose to remarry, and who, to show his utter indifference to time-honored Christian usages, strove, but in vain, to make the tenth, and not the seventh, the day of rest, thus abolishing,

as he fondly hoped, the Christian Sabbath—such a man was not the Man of Providence that France needed, and still needs, to restore it to its rightful place in the comity of Christian nations.

Little wonder that when the first Restoration freed the State-enslaved Church and broke its bonds French Catholics, who had preserved their faith unscathed through the fiery ordeal of the Revolution and the depressing despotism that followed it, hailed with joy and with high hopes begotten of that joy the return of the Bourbons to power. But that joy was premature and those hopes were not well grounded. Although Sunday observance was reënacted; Bishops recovered the direction of their seminaries; religious orders were fostered and protected by the State; missions were held in every town and village; pilgrimages to long-neglected shrines were resumed; and many of the Ministers were sincere Catholics, atheism and skepticism, sedulously instilled into the minds of the people for more than a generation, had inflicted wounds upon the Church too deep to be readily healed. Abstraction made of the economic changes which the Revolution had brought about, many of which were beneficent and long loudly called for, it had practically destroyed what it had taken centuries to uprear. When, therefore, Louis XVIII. inserted in his charter a clause constituting the kingdom Catholic, skeptical France laughed him and his charter to scorn. "It was not to be expected," says an able writer[1] who studied the subject well, "they would now turn Christians at the bidding of a State paper. The efforts of the Government to bring about such a result only irritated and aggravated the existing evil by provoking a spirit of direct antagonism."

It was in such a country and at such a time was born one whose high destiny and glorious privilege it was to have a large share in the grand work of reviving the Catholic spirit and teaching and infusing it into the minds of his generation and into the literature of the epoch upon which his name sheds a brilliant lustre. Frederic Ozanam belonged to a family distinguished by virtue and learning. Several served the Church either in the sanctuary or the cloister, while among those who devoted themselves to science was Jacques Ozanam, whose conception of the relative importance of science and dogma was expressed in the oft-quoted phrase. "It is the business of the doctors of the Sorbonne to dispute, that of the Pope to dogmatize and of mathematicians to go to heaven by the perpendicular." They claimed descent from a pretor of one of the Roman legions that accompanied Julius Cæsar in his campaign in Gaul and died the same year that the Emperor received his death-stroke at the

[1] "Frederic Ozanam, Professor at the Sorbonne: His Life and Works." By Kathleen O'Meara, p. 47.

hands of Brutus. Of Jewish origin, they were Christianized in the seventh century, when, so the family legend runs, St. Didier, who had denounced the wicked Queen Brunhaut and had to flee for his life, found refuge in the dwelling of Samuel Hozannam, whose hospitality he repaid by baptizing him and his people.[2]

Frederic Ozanam's father, Antoine, after serving five years as a conscript in the army of the first Republic, making the Italian campaign under Napoleon, who spoke of him as "the brilliant young officer whose valor had made a lively impression on him," returned to his native city, Lyons, where he engaged in commercial pursuits, made a fortune and lost it in Paris, ruining himself by giving the use of his name to a near relative who was in pecuniary difficulties. The Emperor, when he heard of it, sent him a brevet of captain in his own guards; but, a staunch republican, he refused to serve under the Empire. Leaving his wife and young children in Paris, he went to Milan, where, while endeavoring to provide for them by giving lessons in French, he qualified as a doctor, devoting much of his time to the poor and volunteering his services to succor the sick soldiers in the military hospital during an epidemic of fever until the Austrians took occupation of the city, when he returned to Lyons. For many years he was at the head of his profession, of which he took a high view, regarding it as a sort of priesthood, nobly dividing his time and his labors between the rich and the poor.

That his son Frederic inherited his spirit of charity and sensibility for the sufferings of others was abundantly made manifest in the sequel, as was also his practical piety. Alluding to his first Communion in a letter written at the age of sixteen, he says: "Oh, glad and blessed day! may my right hand wither and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I ever forget thee!" He was ever mindful of that important event. It would be well for France if all, or even the majority, of French Catholics were faithful throughout their lives, as he was, to the graces then received. In a French family the event is made much of as an occasion of rejoicing and festivity, but the impression too often fades out of the minds of the young communicants. If they moulded their lives on that of Ozanam, they would not be so supinely acquiescent in the arbitrary abuses of power by government and the stigma of returning anti-Christian freethinkers would not rest upon the French electorate.

[2] St. Didier was subsequently seized and strangled by the Queen's emissaries on the banks of a stream called Renom, where a village was afterwards built called St. Didier de Renom. The name Ozanam was originally written Hozannam, the plural of Hozanna, according to the Hebrew custom of writing a family name in that number. Frederic Ozanam's grandfather, Benedict, was the first to drop one "n" and the initial "H."

The future litterateur was foreshown in the school lad of thirteen who essayed a long Latin poem in Virgilian hexameters on the taking of Jerusalem by Titus and the future Catholic polemist for his special mission by being subjected to agonizing doubts that severely tested his faith, and from which he was delivered when, on a sudden impulse, he entered a church, knelt and prayed, promising that if God gave him light to see the truth he would for ever after devote himself to its defense. The prayer was answered and the promise faithfully kept. The experience made a deep impression on him. He could never in after years, we are told, allude without strong emotion to "the horror of those doubts that eat into the heart, pursuing us even at night to the pillow we have drenched with our tears." Those only who have passed through this ordeal will understand what his feelings must have been. "It was the teaching of one who was both a priest and a philosopher," he gratefully records, "saved me; he brought light into my mind; I believed henceforth with an assured faith and, touched by this mercy, vowed to consecrate my days to the service of that truth which had given me peace." This priest was the Abbé Noirot, who had a special gift for directing and developing each one in his vocation.

It was not long before an opportunity, readily seized, of fulfilling his vow presented itself. While engaged in the dry drudgery of clerking in an attorney's office before entering on the study of law —studying at intervals English, German, Hebrew and Sanscrit— he wrote a treatise against the St. Simonians which, his biographer says, may be said to have struck the keynote of his future literary career. Ampère said "it was like a preface to the work which was to occupy him to the end of his days." He had already entered the lists against them in the local journals when they sought to propagate their opinions in Lyons. They were dreamers like the masons and modernists who talked vaguely of "the religion of the future," spoke patronizingly of Christianity as a thing of the past and formulated a creed which to them seemed to solve the great problem of life; ensnaring many who, weary of the prevailing apathy on the religious question which left an unfilled void in the human heart, hungered for a faith of some sort to satisfy their spiritual cravings. St. Simonianism had its day and it ended, as that of masonic deism and modernism will end. The religion of the future will be the religion that was taught in the hill country of Judea and on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Ozanam's treatise, which was published in 1831, at once struck Lamartine, who wrote to congratulate the youthful author. "This beginning," he added, "promises us a new combatant in the sacred struggle

of religious and moral philosophy, which this century is sustaining against a materialistic reaction. Like you, I augur well for the issue. We do not see it, but the voice of conscience, that infallible prophet of the brave man's heart, promises us that our children shall. Let us trust to this instinctive promise, and live in the future."

Ozanam was already arming himself for the combat. He studied the social life of France, moved by a desire to ameliorate its condition in conjunction with others, riper in mind and in years, and more capable of solving the problems it raised. In a letter to two college friends, written midway in his eighteenth year, he calls himself "a poor little dwarf who sees things from afar." The dwarf was destined to develop the energies of a giant. He had made his choice and sketched out his plan for the future, which he unfolded to his friends. The first want of man, the first want of society he recognized was some notion of a religion, something solid to take hold of in order to resist the torrent of doubt. He worked out the solution of this first and most important of social problems. "My soul," he says, "was filled with a great joy and a great consolation; for lo! it discovered, by the sheer force of reason, that this something was none other than that Catholicism, which was first taught me by my mother, which was dear to my childhood, and so often fed my mind and my heart with its beautiful memories and its still more beautiful hopes—Catholicism, with all its grandeurs and all its delights. Shaken for a time by doubt, I feel the invincible need to cling, with all my might, to the pillar of the temple, were it even to crush me in its fall; and lo! I find this same pillar supported by science, luminous with the beams of wisdom, of glory and of beauty. I find it and I clasp it with enthusiastic love. I will take my stand by its side, and there, stretching out my arm, I will point to it as a beacon of deliverance to those who are tossing on the sea of life. Happy shall I be if a few friends come and rally round me. Then we shall unite our efforts and create a work together; others would join us, and, perchance, the day would come when all mankind would be gathered together beneath the same protecting shade. Catholicism, in its eternal youth and strength, would rise suddenly on the world, and placing itself at the head of the age, lead it on to civilization and happiness." The prospect fills him with intellectual delight, "for," he says, "the work is magnificent and I am young." In his youthful optimism he outlines the scheme of a book on the history of religious creeds to be written at thirty-five and for which he proposes to begin to qualify himself at eighteen by the acquisition of twelve languages and an exhaustive study of geology, astronomy

and universal history! Although he confesses that he was aghast for a moment at his own audacity, his boldness, he laid the whole scheme before the Abbé Noirot, who encouraged him to carry it out. In this idea, which possessed his mind for two years, we may discern the *idée germe,* the genesis of those masterly historical and critical studies which he gave to the world later on and which are among the classics of modern French literature.

When he went to Paris in 1831 to read for the bar he found atheism dominant in the lyceums and colleges, himself and three others being the only Christian students at the Ecole de Droit. He felt intellectually isolated in the midst of young men who were either avowed atheists, rationalists or St. Simonians, until he was drawn within the more congenial circle of which the celebrated mathematician, André Marie Ampère was the centre and became an inmate of his hospitable house, 13 Rue des Fossé St. Victor. It brought him into contact with the most distinguished men of science and letters, for Ampère was then at the pinnacle of his fame. This association exercised a formative influence upon his receptive mind and was essentially educative. Besides, it safeguarded him from the contagion of unbelief and false science which gave the tone to society in what he calls "this great capital of egotism, this vortex of human errors." The example of a man of Ampère's eminence, who was not only a great scientist, but a firm believer, supported and strengthened his faith. He would often break off abruptly in what he was explaining or investigating, and burying his great white head in his hands, exclaim like one overpowered by some high presence, "Oh, how great God is, Ozanam! how great God is!"[3]

The three days' revolution of 1830 had taken place. Politico-theological liberalism was the disintegrating influence then sapping the basic principles of Catholicism and monarchism. It was an epoch of false philosophy, of Utopian dreamers and quasi-religious innovators who were going to change the face of the earth and forestall the millennium. Still the number of Catholic students attending lectures at the College de France was increasing. Earnest, level-headed young Catholics were drawing together and gaining strength and courage from union. One young student, who had often seen Ozanam at the Ecole de Droit, met him one day coming out of the Church of St. Etienne du Mont. "What!" he exclaimed. "Are you a Catholic? How glad I am! Let us be friends; I thought you were an atheist!" He had been little more than a year in Paris when he wrote to his cousin, Ernest Falconnet: "We are more numerous than we thought. I have met here with young

[3] O'Meara, p. 58.

men strong in intellectual vigor and rich in generous sentiments who devote their thoughts and researches to the high mission which is also yours and mine. Every time a rationalist professor raises his voice against Revelation, Catholic voices are lifted up to answer him. We have, several of us, banded together for this purpose. Twice already I have taken my share of this noble work by addressing my objections in writing to these gentlemen." They made one professor, who attacked the Papacy, practically retract his words, and by a protest, which Ozanam drew up and which was signed by fifteen students, brought to book Jouffroy, one of the most prominent rationalists, who, from the chair of philosophy at the Sorbonne, denied the very possibility of Revelation. The latter, in presence of an audience of two hundred, who listened with respect to these young Catholics' profession of faith, apologized and promised to endeavor for the future not to wound the belief of any of his Catholic hearers. "The most useful result of all this," wrote Ozanam, "is that it enables us to show the students of the present day that one may be a Catholic and have common sense, that one may love liberty and religion at the same time; also it stirs them up from their fatal religious indifference, and accustoms them to grave and earnest discussion. But the most interesting and consoling thing of all for us young Christians are the 'conferences' which have been undertaken at our request by the Abbé Gerbet. Now we may say with truth that light shines in the darkness—'Lux in tenebris lucet.' Let us cheer up; our enemies are weak; these fine doctors of incredulity could be worsted by the simplest of our village priests."

But it was not a simple rural curé that the founder and leader of the young Catholic party was instrumental in bringing forward as the champion of Catholicism, but the great Dominican pulpit orator, Lacordaire, who was to brave the sons of Voltaire in the habit of the Inquisition. When he heard the eloquent friar preacher, then the Abbé Lacordaire, discourse in the chapel of the College Stanislas, the most unpretentious of Paris colleges, in a new style adapted to the age in which they lived, he said; "There is the man we want to confound Jouffroy[4] and his school!" At that time all the Paris professors were insidiously attacking the doctrines of Christianity; like Gibbon "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." One day, on leaving the Sorbonne after listening to a display of sophistry and false science, Ozanam observed to a companion, "What we want is a man of the present time, young like

[4] Jouffroy on his deathbed returned to the faith which he had spent the greater part of his life in attacking. His dying words to a philosopher friend, who stood beside him, were: "All the systems put together are not worth one page of the catechism."

ourselves, whose ideas sympathize with ours, that is, with the aspirations and struggles of the young men of our day." Convinced that Lacordaire was the man, he and two other law students waited on the Archbishop, Mgr. de Quélen, and respectfully submitted their plan of lectures or conferences on the vital questions then agitating the schools, presenting religion in its relations to society and combating the anti-Christian publications of France and Germany. Lacordaire was conspicuously a man of his time. His name had been before the public in connection with the school question, when, in his quality of barrister, he had ably defended himself. He had been in the forefront of those who signalized themselves by fighting the battle of freedom of education and association and was known through his connection with the *Avenir* to hold popular and progressive views. A devout and zealous priest, he later on grave proof of his fidelity to the Church by his filial obedience and submission; further emphasized by his breaking with Lamennais, who was just then on the eve of breaking with Rome. After a series of sermons by seven selected preachers of the old school at Notre Dame failed to attract any portion of the public they were specially intended to draw, and after a delay due to jealous opposition—for human nature will reveal itself under the cassock as well as under any other garb—Lacordaire, as yet a secular priest, was unexpectedly invited by the Archbishop to preach the Lenten course at the Cathedral. Then began those famous fifteen conferences which captivated a select and critical auditory and hold their place in the standard literature of Catholic France. One day, rising from his archiepiscopal throne, Mgr. de Quélen, in presence of an immense congregation, greeted him as "the new prophet." Montalembert, who described him as the impersonation of "virtue armed for the defense of truth," says; "We all know what was the audience at Notre Dame. Never had its venerable walls seen the like. Let us remind our readers that the core of them was first formed by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which had just been given to the Church by Ozanam, one of those whom Lacordaire most loved and of whom he said, 'He is an ancestor.' The ranks of this glorious band swelled and multiplied tenfold around the pulpit of Notre Dame. It there drank in that spirit which carried it until yesterday[5] intact, respected and blessed through our revolutions and struggles. Lacordaire was next to Ozanam, and with him its father. He may have said of it, 'Apollo plantavit, ego rigavi, sed Deus incrementum dedit.' "[6]

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[5] Alluding to its dissolution by Napoleon III. in 1861.

[6] "Memoir of the Abbé Lacordaire." By Count de Montalembert. Bentley, 1863.

Ozanam always disclaimed the credit of having founded the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which, in the words of one of his co-workers, revived the faith and charity of the first centuries. He did so not merely from modest self-depreciation, but from a higher motive. "I firmly believe," he said, "that the most solid institutions are not those which man creates after his own fashion, with a deliberate purpose and with elements of his own creation, but those which spring, as it were, from circumstances and out of elements already existing." He longed "to see all young men who have intelligence and heart united in some scheme of charity, that thus a vast and generous association for the relief of the poorer classes might be formed all over the country." The society has long since more than amply realized his ideal. It is spread not merely over France, but all over the world. The eight members who formed the first conference have been multiplied manifold. It may be said to have fortuitously, or rather providentially, grown out of the little debating society started by the young Catholic party which held its meetings first in the offices of Bailly's *Tribune Catholique,* 7 Rue du Petit Bourbon St. Sulpice, and afterwards in a spacious hall in the Place de l'Estrapade, to which all comers were welcome. They discussed everything, history, philosophy, literature, the scientific and social bearing of the Gospel, etc. The fifteen students who began it soon numbered sixty, and included names not unknown to fame. It was there Ozanam, for the first time in public, displayed that impassioned and sympathetic eloquence which was later to win him such brilliant triumphs at the Sorbonne.[7] It gave visible form to a project conceived before he left Lyons when he "yearned to form a reunion of friends working together at the edifice of science under the flag of Catholic ideas." Ten of them, more closely united in heart and mind, formed a sort of literary knighthood. At one of Montalembert's soirées, where they met the most illustrious champions of Catholicism and other distinguished persons, a great deal was said about the misery of the people.

When inaugurating a conference at Florence in 1853, in relating the early history and progress of the society, he said: "We were just then invaded by a deluge of heterodox and philosophical doctrines that were clashing all round us, and we felt the need of strengthening our faith in the midst of the assaults made upon it by the various systems of false science. Some of our fellow-students were materialists, others Simonians, others Fouerierists, others deists. When we Catholics sought to call the attention of these wandering brothers to the marvels of Christianity, they said

[7] O'Meara, p. 67.

to us: 'Yes, you have a right to speak of the past. In bygone days Christianity did indeed work wonders, but to-day Christianity is dead. And you, who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? What works can you show which prove your faith and can claim to make us respect and acknowledge it?' And they were right; the reproach was but too well merited. Then it was that we said to one another, 'Let us to the front! Let our deeds be in accordance with our faith.' But what were we to do? What could we do to prove ourselves true Catholics except that which pleases God most? Succor our neighbor, as Jesus Christ did, and place our faith under the safeguard of charity. Eight of us united in this idea, and at first, as if jealous of our new-found treasure, we would not open the door of our little assembly to any one else. But God had other views with respect to us. The association of a few intimate friends became, in His designs, the nucleus of an immense family of brothers that was to spread over a great part of Europe. You see that we cannot with truth take the title of founders, for it was God who willed and who founded our society." One of the St. Simonians smiled incredulously at the idea of "eight poor young fellows" relieving the misery that swarmed in a city like Paris. A world-wide organization now, under the patronage of that great apostle of charity, St. Vincent de Paul, largely helps to relieve the misery of two hemispheres.

If he refused to be recognized as a founder, he was made a leader despite himself. He had to take the lead in every movement; when there was anything difficult to be done, he had to bear the burden of it. They could not hold a meeting, a conference of law or literature but he had to take the chair; five or six reviews and newspapers wanted articles from him; in short, he was forced to diverge, more and more, from the narrower path he first trod as the work he vowed to pursue widened.

Successively a barrister, a doctor of laws and then of letters, he was much more enamored of the study of the law than of its practice in the courts, which raised certain scruples from which the majority of lawyers are self-divested. There must have been a good deal of "moaning at the bar" then in Paris and Lyons as elsewhere. Although he was not one of the great unbriefed, and his French thesis for the doctorate of letters—which was on Dante, whose character and genius he had studied with something of religious enthusiasm—was so eloquently declaimed as to draw from Cousin, one of the examiners, the exclamation, "Ozanam, how is it possible to be so eloquent?" his fee book had many blank leaves. A daily lesson in law was the most stable part of his income, and his clients, he said, left him "large leisure." The professor of

barrister, he notes, is "one of those at the end of which a man is surest of making a large fortune, provided he does not die of hunger at the beginning."

Appointed professor of commercial law by the Municipal Council of Lyons, and after having had the refusal of the chair of philosophy at Orleans, he contemplated writing a book on the philosophy and history of law, treated from the Christian point of view, which, it seemed to him, would fill up a great void in science. The opening of the course of law lectures brought him more into prominence. Foisset, in his introduction to these lectures, published from notes left by Ozanam, says: "Those who did not know Ozanam as a jurist did not know him fully. Law was for him, above all, a branch of philosophy; it was a portion of history; it was even one side of literature." Whatever subject he treated he always regarded it from the viewpoint of the litterateur; above all, the Catholic and philosophical litterateur, not the mere surface skimming phrasemaker. Literature was to him a lay apostolate. When his mind was disturbed about his vocation; when a visit to the Grande Chartreuse attracted him towards the monastic life; when, for a time, he thought of the priesthood and of following Lacordaire into the Dominican Order and wrote to him: "If God deigned to call me to His service, there is no army in which I would more gladly serve than that in which you are enrolled," and the restorer of the Friars Preachers in France responded: "The hope of seeing you some day one of ours is dear to me;" there was one vocation about which his friend, of whom he took counsel, had no doubts. When his thesis on Dante, expanded into a volume entitled "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treiziène Siècle," had been reprinted, Lacordaire wrote to him: "You must on no account lay aside your pen. Writing is a hard trade, no doubt, but the press[8] has become too powerful for us to desert our post there. Let us write not for glory, not for immortality, but for Jesus Christ. Let us crucify ourselves to our pen. If nobody should read us in a hundred years hence, what does that signify? The drop of water that falls into the sea has gone to swell the flood, and the flood never dies. 'He who has been of his time,' says Schiller, 'has been of all time.' He has done his work, he has had his share in the creation of things which are eternal. You have a nervous, brilliant style and solid erudition. I advise you strongly to go on working, and if I were the director of your conscience, I would lay it on you as an obligation."

His vocation was finally fixed when, in 1840, Mlle. Amélie

[8] Lacordaire did not mean simply journalism, but rather literature, properly so called.

Soulacroix, daughter of the rector of the Academy, accepted the offer of his hand and heart. He had just been offered the position of assistant professor of foreign literature at the Sorbonne, tenable only during the illness of M. Fauriel, who held the chair, and which only carried a salary of about £100 a year. When Villemain, then Minister of Public Instruction, heard of the engagement of his friend's daughter to the brilliant young professor, he offered Ozanam the chair of foreign literature in the University of Lyons, which, with that of commercial law and other sources, would bring his income up to £600. As the Sorbonne was the more direct avenue to eminence, his fiancée, to whom he left the decision, bravely putting her trust in him, determined him to forego an assured and adequate income in the provinces for a precarious one in the capital. So one June morning in that year an ideal Catholic marriage, a perfect union, was solemnized in the Church of St. Nizier, in Lyons. At the altar his eldest brother lifted up his sacerdotal hands, while the younger one made the liturgical responses, and the bridegroom's old comrades of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, with numerous friends, filled the choir and peopled the nave.

It was a bold bid for fame, if not for fortune. It was, besides, a perilous position for a young Catholic, the comrade-in-arms of Montalembert—the first of his race who fought only with the pen, but who found the pen mightier than the sword in the combat for freedom of education, in which he was tilting at all opponents —at a time when the public mind was envenomed against religion. But to the knightly soul of Ozanam the post of danger was the post of honor. "Guizot, Villemain and Cousin," says his able biographer, "had for some years past formed a triumvirate of genius which had raised the standard of professorships at the Sorbonne to the highest point of critical severity; it was, therefore, a tremendous ordeal for the inexperienced young provincial doctor of laws to be brought into competition with such rivals."[9] He stood the ordeal with a successful issue that added greatly to his growing reputation. He did more; he opened a new era at the Sorbonne. Nearly half a century had elapsed since an uncompromising Catholic had ventured to raise his voice there. Voltaireanism and rationalism had inspired all the teaching. This young man of twenty-seven, seated among gray-haired veterans, boldly made use of his professorial rostrum to propagate Catholic truth through the medium of science, poetry and history. He did it with such signal ability as to dispel the prevailing illusion that Catholics were lacking in intellectual capacity to uphold the teaching of their Church and the Catholic philosophy of history. It was, in the

[9] O'Meara, p. 193.

opinion of his biographer, "a rash experiment;" but such "rashness" has always been displayed by courageous Christian apologists in every age since St. Paul addressed the Athenians from the steps of the Parthenon. The fact that neo-pagans of the nineteenth century formed the majority of the students before him did not deter him. "The skeptics," records Kathleen O'Meara, "heard him in astonished admiration, the Catholics applauded with a sense of victory."[10] One day, on coming home from the Sorbonne, the following note was handed to him: "It is impossible that any one could speak with so much fervor and heart without believing what he affirms; if it be any satisfaction, I will even say happiness, to you to know it, enjoy it to the full and learn that before hearing you I did not believe. What a great number of sermons failed to do for me, you have done in an hour; you have made me a Christian! . . . Accept this expression of my joy and gratitude."

Besides being an eloquent and persuasive lecturer, he was a born educationist, using the word in its literal and truest sense. "He would take endless pains with a student whom he saw trying to supplement by diligence and courage a nature scantily endowed. He was gentle, even respectful, to dullness, as he was to poverty in every shape; and it sometimes happened that, under his fostering influence, those who had utterly failed with other masters unexpectedly developed with him latent capacities which had hitherto remained stubborn and unproductive. He loved the young and had the secret of gaining their fullest confidence. The students came to him in all their troubles, consulted him about their studies, about everything in which they wanted direction, and he gave himself up to them as if it was his most important business. The room adjoining his study was besieged as if it had been the ante-chamber of a Minister."[11]

Evidently one of the results of Ozanam's presence and influence at the Sorbonne was the striking conversion from skepticism to Christianity of Lenormant, a very distinguished man, who occupied Guizot's chair as assistant professor of history at the Collége de France, and who courageously and conscientiously followed up his conversion by publicly vindicating and exalting what he had formerly denounced and denouncing what he had exalted. Michelet and Quinet, who mockingly called him "the convert of the Sorbonne," resented his conversion as a personal insult, and his lecture room became the scene of hostile and riotous demonstrations organized in the offices of some revolutionary newspapers, whose interest it was to stimulate and keep alive the religious, or rather anti-

[10] Biography, p. 195.
[11] O'Meara, pp. 199, 201, 202.

religious, ferment in France. Ozanam and Lenormant made common cause in the strenuous struggle that was being waged against the party of irreligion, whose machinations, however, caused Lenormant's course of lectures to be stopped by order of the Government. This did not, as was probably meant and expected, cause Ozanam to change the tone of his lectures, as many well-meaning but weak-minded men might have done—timid temporizers who would cloak their cowardice under the guise of prudence. His lectures continued to be as thoroughly Christian and Catholic as ever. His faith and intrepidity gained for him increased influence and popularity. "His faith," says his biographer, "was in itself a power. Men delight in the sight of enthusiasm and strong conviction, even when they do not share them; a faith of any sort is a power; skeptics, who do not believe in belief, envy those who do."

An indefatigable worker, he strove to infuse his own energy into others. Addressing a meeting of young men at the Cercle Catholique—founded in 1843 by Mgr. Affre as a centre for Catholic students coming to Paris to take out lectures—he said: "Every day our friends, our brothers, are killed as soldiers or missioners on the soil of Africa or before the palaces of the mandarins. What are we doing meanwhile? Seriously, do you imagine that God has appointed for some to die in the service of civilization and the Church, while others walk about with their hands in their pockets or lie down on roses? Oh! gentlemen, you, toilers of science, and you, Christian men of letters, let us, one and all, prove that we are not cowardly enough to believe in a division which would be an accusation against God who would have made it and an ignominy on us who would accept it. Let us be ready to prove that we, too, have our battlefields, and that, if need be, we can die on them."

Upon the death of Fauriel, in 1844, Ozanam was appointed his successor and professor at the Sorbonne for life. In 1846 his health began to fail, and after a fever attack he made a health tour in the south of France and Italy. He traveled much on the Continent, each journey resulting in the production of one or two books, his whole works comprising eleven volumes. This holiday tour resulted in the subsequent publication of "Unpublished Documents to Serve for the Literary History of Italy from the Eighth to the Thirteenth Century" and that much-admired book, "The Franciscan Poets," which contemporary critics extolled as "a pearl without a rival."

His holidays, like the rare ones of Cardinal Manning, only meant a change of work. Those of 1845 were employed in finishing what he called his "interminable volume" on the "History of Christian Civilization Among the Germans." The object of the lectures, which

formed its groundwork, was to prove that Germany owes her genius and her whole civilization to the Christian education she received; that her greatness was in proportion to her union with Christendom; that she drew her power, her light, her poetry, from her fraternal connections with the other nations of Europe; that for her, as for others, there is, there can be, no real destiny except through Roman unity, the depository of the temporal traditions of humanity, as well as of the eternal designs of Providence. Writing to Foisset in 1847, he says: "My two essays on 'Dante' and 'Les Germains' are for me like the two extreme points of a work which has been carried on partly in my public lectures, and which I should be glad to resume in order to complete it. It would include the literary history of the barbarous ages; the history of letters, and consequently of civilization, since the Latin decline and the first commencements of Christian genius until the close of the thirteenth century. I should make it the subject of my lectures during ten years, if necessary, and if God leaves me life." He designed largely and studied deeply, never losing sight of a subject which fascinated him in his youth, and which absorbed the ripened thought of an accomplished man of letters. The first five of the lectures on the "Fifth Century," delivered in 1849 and 1850, taken down in shorthand by the reporters of the Sorbonne, revised by the author and published in the *Correspondant,* formed, in Ampère's opinion, "the finest and most finished pieces that have issued from Ozanam's pen." In European civilization he recognized the chief work of Christianity. Non-Catholic writers, like Gibbon, distorted the historical perspective of the Middle Ages, misconceiving and misrepresenting the share which the Catholic Church had in the making of that history. In his introduction Ozanam wrote: "We must reconquer this territory, which belongs to us, since we find it cleared by the hands of our monks, our Benedictines and our Bollandists —those men who did not think their life ill spent in growing pale over parchments and legends." He resolved to write the history of the progress of that period where the English philosopher saw nothing but decay, the history of civilization in the barbarous ages, the history of the human mind escaping from the shipwreck of the empire of letters and traversing the flood of the invasions as the Hebrews crossed the Red Sea, and under the same guidance: *forti tegente brachio.* "I know nothing," he says, "more supernatural, nothing that proves more clearly the divinity of Christianity, than to have saved the human mind."

When writing the two posthumous volumes, "Civilization au Cinquième Siècle," he let these words fall from his pen: "I know not what fate awaits this book, whether I shall finish it or whether

I shall reach even the end of the page that flies beneath my pen. But I know enough to throw into it the remnant, be it great or small, of my strength and of my days." It is a magnificent fragment of an incomplete whole, but it enables us to realize the grandeur of the scope of the *magnum opus* it adumbrates. Crowned by the French Academy, it was adjudged the annual prize of ten thousand francs, just then founded, for the finest literary work produced within the year. Villemain, the illustrious critic who pronounced the *éloge,* said of it: "It raises criticism to eloquence; it conceives and seeks and finds eloquence itself in its highest source, in that type which never dies, or rather which is for ever born anew in the native instinct of a soul that vibrates to the good and the beautiful, to everything noble here below—virtue, liberty and science, and to those great truths above which constitute the promise of Christian faith and hope."

His "Etudes Germaniques," comprised in two volumes, entitled "The Condition of the Germans Before Christianity" and "Civilization Amongst the Franks," trace the evolution of a new civilization and a new empire—that of Charlemagne—out of the ruins of the old Roman Empire through the subjection of its barbarian conquerors to the mild and humanizing yoke of the Gospel, and the formative influence of the Celtic races, notably the Irish missioners, in Christianizing those rude tribes. Of this work Montalembert observes that Ozanam has left absolutely nothing to be said by those who come after him to glean in the fields where he has reaped.

His "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizième Siècle"—a subject which first suggested itself to him when he contemplated the laurel-crowned figure of the great Florentine poet in Raphael's "Dispute of the Blessed Sacrament" at the Vatican—is a study of mediæval philosophy as unfolded in the "Divina Commedia," an aspect of that sublime work which he considered to have been the least considered.

It has been noted that his visits to the Continent generally resulted in some literary output. For instance, a short excursion into Spain, which included a few days at Burgos, was followed by "A Pilgrimage to the Land of the Cid," the latest of the many works he wrote and only completed during his last illness.

Meanwhile the eventful year, '48, that epoch of insurrectionary movements which convulsed Europe, when Dublin, Paris, Vienna and Rome were the storm centres of a political cyclone, drew Ozanam—who had, to use his own words, shut himself up in the Middle Ages, which he studied with a kind of passion—from his studious seclusion into the vortex of a revolution—such a revolution, he says, which the world had not seen since the fall of the

Roman Empire. He to whom the history of even modern revolutions was almost unknown was forced by events, and through a sense of public duty, to abandon his "dear studies" and in the struggle between the classes and the masses to throw himself, along with others, between those hostile ranks, to deaden the shock if he could not prevent it. He donned the uniform of the National Guard and took his turn of duty at the post of peril with all good citizens. He did more. Drawn at the same time again into journalism, to which he had earlier served a kind of apprenticeship in Bailly's *Tribune,* he tried to make his voice heard above the storm in the pages of the *Ere Nouvelle,* a democratic Catholic organ he started with the coöperation of Père Lacordaire, with the object of reconciling Catholics with the Second Republic, which, quite different from the Third Republic, gave freedom to their schools and religious bodies. It quickly gained pouplarity and was the medium of propagating Christian democratic principles. Lacordaire, though he did not give his adhesion to the Republic so fully—accepting it, like the majority of French Catholics, only as a plank in the shipwreck of constitutional monarchy —was elected by Marseilles as its representative in the National Assembly and cheered vociferously when, tonsured and habited as a Dominican friar, he appeared on the peristyle of the Palais Bourbon. Ozanam himself had been frequently pressed, but declined to seek election. He counseled Catholics to give their votes to the republican candidates who shared their faith, and who offered serious guarantees for their liberty. He went further and urged priests to come out of their presbyteries and make themselves conspicuous in public and social action. "If a greater number of Christians, and, above all, priests," he wrote to his brother, the Abbé, "had but occupied themselves with the working class these last ten years, we should be more secure of the future, and all our hopes rest on the little that has been done in this direction up to the present." He was profoundly impressed with the belief that underlying the political movement was the social question; a belief which has now found more general acceptance in every country and been the *primum motor* in remedial legislation. In 1836 he had written to his friend Lallier: "The question which agitates the world to-day is not a question of political forms, but a social question." Twelve years later, on the eve of the '48 outbreak, he repeated: "It is a social question; do away with misery, Christianize the people, and you will make an end of revolutions."

Appealing to the French priests as citizens, he wrote in the *Ere Nouvelle*: "The time is come when you must go and seek those who do not send for you, who, hidden away in the most disreputable

neighborhoods, have perhaps never known the Church or the priest, or even the sweet name of Christ." His friend, the Abbé Cherruel, who had blessed thirteen trees of liberty, had been quite affected by the proofs of faith which he found amidst the people, where since 1815 the priest had been taught to see only enemies of God and the Church. Ozanam had a like experience when, in the distribution of public relief and in furtherance of the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, he visited the homes of the very poorest of the poor, the submerged tenth, who were sunk in the deepest misery. In Paris alone the number of unemployed then amounted to 267,000. What he saw, while it saddened stimulated him; it touched his heart and fired his zeal in the cause of charity, for he was no fireside philanthropist, but a genuine humanitarian. In a quarter that was one of the strongholds of the insurrection he found fifty families in one house; in another ten married couples even without a bed; in the depths of a cellar a family lying on a handful of straw, on the earthen floor, with a rope fastened from wall to wall from which the poor creatures hung their bread in a rag to keep it out of the reach of the rats; children dying of consumption as fast as flies; yet very few who had not a crucifix at the head of their bed, a picture or a piece of blessed palm. "If I turn wearily from the controversies that are agitating Paris," he wrote to Foisset, "I am torn to pieces by the sight of the misery that is devouring it. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul finds grave duties here, and it may be that God has permitted its rapid development only that it might be ready for the task He was preparing for it. One is astounded to find how much Christianity there still is amongst this people, consequently how much there is to work upon. Ah! if we only had some saints! But can we doubt that God has a few in reserve for a century to which he has given Pius IX. and the Archbishop of Paris?" It was at the instance of Ozanam that Mgr. Affre intervened as a peacemaker when the insurrection was hottest and met his death—a glorious death, that of the martyr—at the barricades, the olive branch he held out being changed into a palm; his dying prayer as he staggered back, fatally wounded, being, "May my blood be the last shed!"

Though 8,000 copies of the *Ere Nouvelle* were daily sold in the streets of Paris, it suspended publication in the year that called it into existence. Invited to write for the *Moniteur Religieux,* a new paper edited by the Abbé Gerbet, he could not be induced to reënter the lists of journalism. He was then in his thirty-seventh year, "worn out prematurely with cruel infirmities." But it was not merely physical suffering he had to endure, but mental. He had some sharp passages of arms with the *Univers.* An anonymous

writer in that journal denounced him as a deserter, a Catholic who disbelieved in eternal punishment, who through cowardice and self-interest betrayed the common cause, taunting him with what he called "his denials." In repelling this gross calumny, he wrote: "I wished to devote my life to the service of the faith. It seemed to me that my days would have been well spent if, in spite of my own insufficiency, I succeeded in gathering and keeping round my chair a number of young spirits, in reinstating the principles of Christian science and forcing my audience to respect what they had hitherto despised—the Church, the Papacy and the monastic life. I should like to have collected these same thoughts into books more durable than my lectures, and all my desires would have been accomplished if a few wandering souls found there a reason for abjuring their prejudices and coming back, with God's help, to the truth of Catholicism. This is what I have been striving for these ten years, without any ambition for a higher destiny, but also without having ever had the misfortune to desert the field. . . . Was there really no peril," he asked, "in bringing forward the religious question, in reinstating, one by one, the institutions of Catholicism, when, a mere assistant professor, I had to consider the philosophical opinions of those who held my future at their disposal—when alone I stood by M. Lenormant, assisted at his *cours* and supported him by my presence and my voice, when later, in 1848, the Revolution passed daily under the very windows of the Sorbonne? If I have had some success as a professor and a lecturer, it is to courage, to work and not to base concessions that I owe it. It is true, I am nothing but a poor sinner before God, but He has not yet let me cease to believe in eternal punishment. It is false that I have ceased to believe in it; that I have denied, dissembled or attenuated that or any other article of faith." Cardinal Manning once said: "There are times when resentment becomes a virtue." This incident in Ozanam's life was such a time.

Ozanam, as a Catholic publicist, endeavored to adjust the balance of opinion between two opposing schools of thought—uncompromising reactions in the Conservative ranks to whom the Republic was anathema, "young statesmen of from five-and-twenty to thirty," he calls them, who would not hear of such things as a Constitution, a national representation and a press; and the rigidly orthodox, in their own estimation more Catholic than the Pope, who, in Cardinal Newman's words, "strained principles almost to snapping." Ozanam was of the school of Châteaubriand, Lacordaire and the Abbé Gerbet, whose aim it was to search out all the secret fibres of the human heart that could attach it to Christianity, awakening in it the love of the true, the good and the beautiful, and then

showing it, in revealed faith, the ideal of those three things to which every soul aspires. He never forgot that saying of St. Francis de Sales, "that we can catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a barrel of vinegar." Though not a politician in the party sense of the word, he was, to a certain extent, what would now be called in England a radical, or at least an advanced liberal; but his radicalism was the radicalism of the Encyclical, *Rerum novarum,* which went to the root of the social problem—the betterment of the condition of the toiling masses and the adjustments of the relations between employer and employed, between capital and labor —a problem that has shaped, and is still shaping, the course of political history.

This life of incessant and arduous study and restless activity told upon a naturally weak constitution. At one time a malignant fever threatened to terminate fatally. Upon his partial recovery he was sent by the Minister of Public Instruction on a literary mission to Italy, when he was twice received in private audience by the Pope, of whom he has traced a graphic pen-portrait. This was in 1847, when Pius IX. inaugurated his reign by a policy of reform which made him the popular idol. Ozanam, an advocate of the emancipation of oppressed nationalities, shared to the full the enthusiasm and optimism which that policy evoked. He believed that Pius IX. had a political as well as religious mission and was raised up opportunely for Italy and for the world. How that long-suffering Pontiff's hopes were deceived is matter of history. The popular acclamations that greeted his accession were the hosannas that preceded his *via dolorosa.* The prophecy of St. Malachy was to be fulfilled to the letter. Ozanam had forebodings of it, for on his return he declared at a public meeting: "I believe firmly the future has serious troubles in store for Pius IX.; I believe it is for his greater glory. God does not raise up such men for ordinary difficulties. If this great Pontiff had only to cope with the over-enthusiasm, the eagerness of his people—a thing that so few princes have to complain of—his mission would be an easy one; it would fill too small a place in history; his bark would glide over tranquil waters. We must look out for the tempest. But let us not fear, like the disciples of little faith: Christ is in the boat, and He is not sleeping; never has He been more wakeful than in the present days."

His health again broke down in 1850, when he toured Brittany, where he saw much evidence of faith and piety and many things that appealed to him as an archæologist, but was under strict prohibition to touch a pen during the holidays. Next year, the year of the Crystal Palace Exhibition, he visited London, when he was cheered by the increasing number of conversions and "the

example of those two grand souls, Newman and Manning," but depressed by the horrible excess of pauperism which disfigured the wealthiest metropolis in the world. The latter phase of English life touched his sympathies very keenly. "Better than I," says M. Ampère *fils,* "he would leave me to return alone to the Crystal Palace, that he might have more time to visit the cellars and garrets inhabited by the poor of Catholic Ireland; he would come away from them with his heart full, and always, I suspect, a little poorer than he went."

In 1852 an attack of pleurisy seriously endangered his life. The most grievous trial of illness to Ozanam, we are told, was the inactivity which it enforced. He continued, however, to lecture at the Sorbonne as long as he had strength enough to drag himself to his chair. His last appearance there called for an heroic effort. The students were clamoring for him. He was accused of self-indulgence and neglecting duties for discharging which he was paid by the State. "I will show them it is not true. I will do honor to my profession," he said with some heat, and drove straight to the Sorbonne. "When the Professor, leaning on the arm of a friend, pale, worn, more like a spectre than a living man, advanced through their midst, the rioters," relates his biographer, "were smitten with horror and remorse; as he ascended the chair that had witnessed so many of his triumphs, and that he was never to ascend again, their applause broke forth, rising and falling like waves around him. He stood for some minutes gazing in silence on the thoughtless, cruel young crowd, his black, dazzling eyes shining with the terrible light of fever, his long hair hanging, his whole appearance that of a man who was nearer to death than to life. When at last the tumult subsided, he spoke. His voice rang out as clear as silver, more piercing from its very weakness, like a spirit imprisoned in a body too frail to bear the shock of its inspiration. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'our age is accused of being an age of egotism; we professors, it is said, are tainted with the general epidemic; and yet it is here that we use up our health; it is here that we wear ourselves out. I do not complain of it; our life belongs to you; we owe it to you to our last breath, and you shall have it. For my part, if I die, it will be in your service!' He said truly; this last effort killed him."[12]

Ill as he was, he excelled himself; it was the last flaming up of the lamp before its light was extinguished for ever. He spoke, it is related, with an eloquence and power that startled those who had heard him in his palmiest days; the enthusiasm of his emotional French audience rising at last to frenzy.

[12] O'Meara, pp. 363-364.

The next day his brother, Dr. Ozanam, diagnosed a principle of decomposition in the blood. "He may be dead in ten days!" he whispered to his eldest brother.

The lamp of life flickered low, but it was not yet on the point of extinction. Successive sojourns at Eaux-Bonnes; at Biarritz, where he saw for the last time the Abbé Perreyve, another *ame d'elite,* whom he told that he knew the hand of death was on him; at Bayonne, from which he made a little excursion into Spain and a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Buglosse, a sanctuary close to the native village of St. Vincent de Paul, "the beloved patron," he says, "who protected my youth amidst so many dangers, and who shed such unlooked-for blessings on our humble conferences;" and in Italy, if they could not "keep the flame from wasting by repose," at least ensured its burning to the last, as long as there was the least spark of vitality in the worn-out frame.

While preparing for the final sacrifice he received many kind, complimentary messages from Cardinal Maï, who greatly admired his "Poëtes Franciscains," just then published in book form; was gratified by hearing that a certain Padre Frederic, himself a Franciscan, was going to publish a translation of it; and honored by the general of the Franciscans, who sent him his thanks with a diploma —"not the least precious of my titles," he wrote Ampère—placing him on the list of benefactors of the Franciscan family and thus associating him to the merits of the Friars Minor, "who work and pray for all the world."

It was at Antignano the end drew near. The Bible, which he generally read in Greek, was his "daily bread," as he called it. It was his habit every morning to cull from it such texts as most impressed him, jotting them down for the purpose of recalling them to mind during the day. To render a last service to other invalids, by pointing out to them the passages that had soothed his own soul during his illness, he dictated them to his wife, and they were afterwards published under the title of "Le Livre des Malades."

Devoted to the last to literature, which formed the largest part of his life-work—truly "crucified to the pen," as Lacordaire phrased it—he occupied himself with his "Pilgrimage to the Land of the Cid," which he called "his Odyssey," although he was so weak that he could only write a few lines at the time, resting on a sofa during the intervals. The closing pages are almost the last he ever wrote. Equally, if not more, characteristic of the man, and in keeping with his practically and consistently religious bent of mind, was the fact that his last walk on earth was to the church on the feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1853. The old curé of Antignano was dying at the time; but when he heard that Ozanam had

come to the church and wished to receive Communion before Mass, he said to those about him: "Get me up; I must give it to him; no one else shall have that privilege." The dying priest, assisted likewise in his weakness, gave Communion to Ozanam and his young wife, and then was led away. It was his last priestly act; he never left his room again; neither was Ozanam ever again present at Mass.

His course was now well finished. Speaking with regret of his interrupted work, he said to his wife: "If anything consoles me for leaving this world without having accomplished what I wished to do, it is that I have never worked for the praise of men, but always for the service of truth." On the last day of August they left Antignano. He hoped to reach Paris and die amidst the scenes of his labors, but was too exhausted to continue the journey. He could go no farther than Marseilles. Having asked for and received the last sacraments with the greatest fervor, his brother urged him to have confidence in the mercy of God, to which he replied with a surprised look: "Why should I fear Him? I love Him so much!" He fell into a slumber on the evening of the 8th of September, the feast of Our Lady's Nativity. Suddenly opening his eyes and raising his hands, he exclaimed: "My God! my God! have mercy on me!" They were his last words, and with this plea upon his lips, he passed to his eternal rest.

R. F. O'Connor.

Cork, Ireland.

Book Reviews

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine and History of the Catholic Church. In fifteen volumes. Vol. XV.—Tournon-Zwirner. Errata. New York: Robert Appleton Company.

There is general rejoicing on the completion of the Catholic Encyclopedia. Its importance can hardly be exaggerated. It is the first work of its kind in the English language, and the fund of necessary and useful information which it contains is invaluable. Now that we have it the wonder is, how did we get along without it. The lack of public Catholic libraries placed Catholics at a great disadvantage in the study of Catholic affairs. The use of the Latin language in theological and liturgical works closed those fields to the laity generally. The comparative scarcity of books in English on philosophical, historical and devotional subjects as compared with books in foreign languages made the work of the English student still more difficult. As a result, Catholics were forced to depend to a great extent on secular encyclopedias and works by Protestant authors for information on Catholic subjects. What they received was meagre, inaccurate, prejudiced and unfair. It is useless to expect that non-Catholic authors will teach Sacred Scripture and history in a manner satisfactory to Catholics, when the Church and the sects to which these authors belong differ in regard to essentials, in regard to authority and in regard to motives and responsibility. All due allowance may be made for the desire of some non-Catholic authors to be fair in regard to these matters, but, morally speaking, it is impossible for a Catholic to learn the truth about Catholic things except from Catholic sources.

The wonder is, then, how did we get along until the present time without a book of this kind? And the truth is, we got along rather badly. All classes, without exception, have felt the need of it. The very fact that the scholars and the libraries of the world have contributed to its making shows this. It is not the work of one man or group of men; it is not the product of any one nation; it is not a summary of one library, however extensive; but it is the result of the combined efforts of the scholars of the world, of various nationalities and drawing on the storehouses of knowledge that contain the real wealth of ages.

And now this wealth is brought to our very doors—is placed on the shelves of our libraries and laid upon our tables. It is made accessible to all, and the amount of good that must result from it is incalculable. Falsehood is very insidious; it comes in

very deceptive disguises; it finds many victims among the young, who are unsuspicious, confiding and easily deceived. It is much harder to erase a wrong impression than to make a right one. Therefore the necessity of having at hand in practical form correct information on things Catholic.

The Catholic Encyclopedia does this. It ought to be in every Catholic household in the English-speaking world. It is or it will be in every public library, secular and religious, and in every parish library and community library; but it ought to be in every parish school and in every family, if possible, because it should be read and consulted constantly if Catholics wish to get true knowledge concerning the Constitution, Doctrine and History of the Church, and if they wish to correct the false impressions that are so frequently being made in regard to these subjects.

CELTIC BRITAIN AND THE PILGRIM MOVEMENT. By *G. Hartwell Jones, M. A., D. D.*, Member of the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments in Wales and Monmouthshire. 8vo., pp. 581. Illustrated. London: Cymmrodorion Society.

"The growth of religious thought, Ethnic, Hebrew or Christian, besides being of supreme moment, is of an interest so perennial that no apology should be needed for presenting any evidence not hitherto easily accessible. It has been my custom for some years, whilst occupied with the study of ecclesiastical history, to jot down or at least to make a mental note of anything that seemed to bear upon Wales, Cornwall, Ireland and or Scotland, and as I pursued my investigations (begun solely for the satisfaction of my own curiosity) the cultural significance of the pilgrim movement was strongly borne in upon my mind. Whether we consider its many-sided character, its human elements, its doctrinal import, its intellectual fertility or the tenacity of this irrepressible instinct throughout the ages, it appears to challenge comparison with any other field of inquiry, and after a considerable amount of material had accumulated it was more than once pointed out to me that the publication of what I had garnered might serve a useful purpose, a suggestion in which the honorable Society of Cymmrodorion readily acquiesced.

"To avoid any misapprehension with regard to the scope of this work, two features must be explained. First, the term 'pilgrim' and 'pilgrimage' are used, as were the Latin 'peregrinus' and 'peregrinatio' in the Middle Ages, to denote an ecclesiastical or semi-ecclesiastical errand, in fact, practically any mission or journey accomplished under the sanction of Holy Church. Viewed from another standpoint, the following pages deal with the foreign

influences operating in the mediæval churches of Britain. Secondly, the work treats of the Celtic inhabitants of the British Isles, inextricably interwoven, as they were originally, by ties of blood, and subsequently by constant intercourse, but displaying in the course of time marked idiosyncrasies. More particularly I have endeavored to throw into relief the social parts played in the pilgrim movement by the Cornish, the Welsh, the Irish and the Scotch and the salient characteristics exhibited by these branches of the Celtic race in the history of the Church as it toiled up the slope of progress."

It is not often that the author and the subject fit so well together as in this book. The reader will soon be convinced that it is the work of a scholar and an enthusiast laboring in a favorite field, the chief motive power being love. And one cannot help thinking what a pity it would be if such a subject were treated in any other way. And the conviction follows that if it were the work would be unattractive and valueless. But such a subject in the hands of such an author is charming indeed as well as informing, and the combination is completed by the excellent manner in which the book is made. The Honorable Society of Cymmrodorion has shown a splendid appreciation of the work in the paper, type and illustrations.

THE ROMAN CURIA AS IT NOW EXISTS. An account of Its Departments; Sacred Congregations, Tribunals; Offices; Competence of Each; Mode of Procedure; How to Hold Communication With; The Latest Legislation. By *Rev. Michael Martin, S. J.* 12mo., pp. 423. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The volume here presented to the public is intended to convey some knowledge of the Roman Curia as it exists to-day. This Curia was reorganized by His Holiness Pius X. in accordance with the Apostolic Constitution, "Sapienti Consilio," of the 29th of June, 1908. A few months afterwards a series of articles was begun in the pages of the *Ecclesiastical Review* by way of commentary, in which the writer endeavored to indicate the new legislation of the Sovereign Pontiff. This series of articles treated of the Sacred Congregations, Tribunals and Offices of the Curia, setting forth the province assigned to each department and the method of procedure in the management of ecclesiastical business. The articles appeared in occasional numbers of the *Review* from December, 1908, until October, 1910.

From various quarters it was suggested that for the convenience of readers those articles ought to be republished in a separate volume. In considering this suggestion a certain difficulty occurred. After the appearance of the articles, a considerable number of

Decrees were issued by the Holy See, elucidating particular questions not previously settled by the legislation of 1908. If the articles were to be republished without any mention of these Decrees, the result would be disappointing for some and misleading for others.

To solve in some manner the difficulty just referred to, it was decided to reproduce the articles substantially as they appeared in the *Review* and also to subjoin addenda containing the latest Decrees and a brief exposition of their purport. Besides, in the addenda will be found some practical hints upon the method of communicating with the various departments of the Roman Curia, and likewise some formulas of petitions.

Since the ecclesiastical legislation of 1908 there has been a positive need for a book of this kind. The transition in Church government is hard even for clerics, especially when the change is from the simplex to the complex. The departments of the Curia under previous Roman Pontiffs were comparatively well known; but probably very few have had the opportunity to acquire full and accurate knowledge of the present condition of the Curia.

The reverend author, who is professor of canon law and moral theology in the University of St. Louis, and who is already well known as the annotator of Slater's Moral Theology, is unusually well equipped for a work of this kind, and the book is a necessary adjunct to a priest's tool chest.

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR. By *Bird S. Coler.* 8vo., pp. 248. New York: Frank D. Beattys & Co.

This is a very remarkable book. It is not, as the title seems to indicate, a work on arithmetic, but a treatise on the necessity of religion and morality in the schools. Mr. Coler's long connection with public affairs in New York and the public offices which he has held give him exceptional opportunities for the study of the subject. The fact that he is not a member of the Catholic Church, which has defended this thesis almost single-handed until recently, lends a special value to his declarations. They cannot be set aside as the product of an inexperienced or prejudiced mind, but must be weighed calmly and carefully.

He says: "The public schools in this country are not for making righteousness. There isn't an educator of any note who hasn't admitted this. The metropolis of this country is thug-ridden. It has developed a new type of criminal, a conscienceless, fearless young brute who murders for hire and recognizes no moral accountability and no special obligation.

"The relationship of the Godless school to the growing viciousness among our people did not come to me as a religious man. As a practical man, a public officer administering a municipal office, I was called upon by my official duties to pass upon the expenditures of public money for charitable purposes. I found, as a matter of cold fact, that he mortality rate in State institutions for the care of the weak and helpless was terribly high, while in similar institutions under the care of religious bodies it was quite low. This interested me, and an inquiry resulted, which revealed the truth that in the care of the helpless those who have the service of God at heart are more efficient than those who are mere servants of the State. If this were true of foundling asylums, why not of schools? Quite by accident the obvious relationship between the Godlessness of the public school and the poor moral and mental character of its products forced itself on my attention."

His conclusions are startling. For instance: "A century and a half of the Godless school would leave the Catholic Church in complete possession of Christianity." "A century and a half of eugenics would leave her alone in the field." "Such a school as Spargo (modern Socialist) says will be compulsory under Socialism would drive the Church back to the Catacombs to protect the faith from a hostile world." "The result of the public policy so many Protestants now blindly support will be a complete extinction of their branch of Christianity and a division of the world of opinion between Catholicism and atheism."

GOD OR CHAOS. By *Rev. Robert Kane, S. J.* 12mo., pp. 243. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons.

"The subject matter of this work presents a double difficulty. It demands deep and tough thinking. It needs clear and precise expression. This double difficulty is intensified in our day. Our age is in such fever haste that it is impatient of deep reasoning, which must be slow, while it will snatch up any appearance of proof which it may find upon the surface. It is so conceited that it arrogantly challenges all truth which it does not understand, while it contemptuously refuses the time and trouble necessary for the understanding of it. It is so prejudiced that it is docile or even credulous in matters of mere material knowledge, while it is defiant or even cynical towards abstract thoughtfulness. It is so radical that it is as rebel against the laws of language as against the authority of kings. But if ever age had need of understanding the reason of God, it is our own.

This book was written more than twenty-five years ago. It is the fruit of long years of patient meditation and of strenuous

study. It has been matured while the writer was teaching the matter of it to able and mature minds. Ever since it has been waiting for the calm judgment of experience."

What stronger recommendation could any book have than that contained in the words of the author himself just quoted. The subject, the existence of God, is ever old and always new; it is not confined to any age, any country or any community; it concerns all men, all nations and at all times. Every one should believe in God and hope in Him and love Him. It is the end of each one, without exception, to know, love and serve God in time that he may be united happily to Him for eternity. And yet in every age and every clime there are men who are positive and negative atheists and agnostics, and hence the subject of this book is of universal interest.

The result of meditation and study, tested by practical teaching, matured by twenty-five years of waiting and now published as the result of the calm judgment of experience, it is terse, clear, convincing, irresistible. It should be worth its weight in gold to the students of public schools of the higher grades and of secular colleges and universities, and we hope that the publishers will bring it to the attention of the authorities of such institutions. In most of them God is not known and in some of them He is denied.

SOCIALISM FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT. Ten Conferences. By *Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.* 12mo., pp. 390. New York: The Macmillan Company.

It is at the earnest and repeated request of very many non-Catholics, as well as Catholics who heard them, that I am venturing to publish these conferences on Socialism from the standpoint of Christianity. Six of the number were preached during the Lent of 1912, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. To make the set complete, and, I hope, more useful, I have added the remaining four addresses.

May I make bold to beg my readers not to forget, when perusing the pages of this book, that they are rather listening to the spoken than reading the written word? I do not want to "talk like a book." These conferences do not pretend to be exhaustive treatises on the subject with which they deal. On the contrary, they are meant to open up vistas of thought, while they themselves deal rather with the larger principles of the question than enter fully into the scholastic and economic difficulties to which they give rise.

Are Socialism and Christianity opposed to each other? Would Socialism serve to redress industrial wrongs? What attitude should those who wish to uphold the principles of Christian faith assume

toward this most rapidly growing movement? These and similar questions are asked and answered by Father Vaughan in this book, and the various phases of these questions are brought before the reader in that popular style and vivid manner which have enabled the author to catch the attention of the multitude and hold it long enough to force home conviction. We have very good scientific treatises on the subject, but the crowd has not time to digest them. Father Vaughan's book brings the subject before the mind in a manner not requiring deep study, and yet effectively.

SAINTS AND PLACES. By *John Ayscough.* 12mo., pp. 477. Illustrated. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Old places as well as old subjects take on a new charm when described by one who has traveled extensively and who is noted as philosopher, poet, wit and novelist. The descriptions of such a person lend a newness and an interest that are akin to the pleasure to be derived from a traveling companion who is at the same time a well-informed guide. For this reason "Saints and Places" is a delightful book. It contains descriptions of places, principally in Italy, and mostly in or near Rome, which the author has visited, and which are connected intimately with some saint or distinguished historic personage. The text is not taken from guide books, but it is written by the author and tells us what he saw, so that the reader sees through his eyes.

The illustrations are beautiful, and, together with the text, they make a book which is well worth having and which is worth while keeping.

THE APOCALYPSE OF ST. JOHN. A Commentary on the Greek Version. By *J. J. L. Ratton, M. D.* 12mo., pp. 417. New York: Benziger Bros.

In January, 1906, the present writer published a book on "The Apocalypse, The Antichrist and The End," and in 1908 a supplementary book of "Essays on the Apocalypse." These books were designed to show that the Revelation was given in the year 67, that the letters to the Seven Churches were predictions concerning the Seven Ages of the Church of Christ, and that the Jewish and Roman themes of the book were historic forecasts, which have come true. These works were so well received and favorably reviewed, notwithstanding their many shortcomings, that the author ventures now to publish a "Commentary" on the Greek text of the Apocalypse. Further study, especially of the original Greek of St. John, has strengthened the conclusions reached in the works above mentioned.

The usual custom has been followed of giving the Revelation its ancient title, "The Apocalypse." But that word seems to have had an obscuring influence on the study of the book. Its real title is "The Revelation of Jesus Christ." Many of those who have neglected "The Apocalypse," as being a difficult and mysterious book would have felt compelled to read "The Revelation of Jesus Christ."

As Dr. Ratton's book is the only commentary in English by a Catholic writer, and as it has already merited the approval and commendation of Scriptural writers, it is a notable acquisition to Biblical literature and deserves a warm welcome and liberal patronage. There is no book of divine revelation which requires a more competent guide and which is less widely known. For this reason also Dr. Ratton's achievement is more noteworthy.

SAINT FRANCOIS XAVIER. Par le *R. P. A. Brou, S. J.* Two volumes in -8 raisin avec cartes (xvl.+446, 448 p.). Beauchesne, Paris.

A new biography of St. Francis Xavier being indispensable, Father Brou gives it to us full of life, full of reference and full of details. We are now able to follow the Saint through the various stages of his life and better to acquaint ourselves than in the past with what that marvelous Apostleship was. The author has reconstructed with great care the Asiatic surroundings in which it was exercised. He has not only had for reference the various documents published during the past fifty years, but also a process of beatification still unpublished. It has thus been possible to allow the witnesses of action so often wonderful to speak directly for themselves.

While this book will be welcomed to all those who are interested in the history of missions, it will be above all most interesting to missionaries themselves. They will see in detail the method of the Great Apostle, and without doubt will be consoled for their own trials in seeing with what great griefs and disappointments his life was clouded. It is through this that he will draw them to himself, becoming their model through his heroic virtues.

DE ECCLESIA CHRISTI. *Antonius Straub, S. J.* Duo volumina, pp. 500 et 916. Neo Ebor: Fr. Pustet.

The distinctive feature of this extensive and learned work on the Church is its extreme orthodoxy. The author takes a decided position in regard to certain questions, which other authors generally put in less positive terms. For instance, concerning the "ex cathedra" nature of the Syllabus of Pius IX., the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. on the invalidity of Anglican Orders and the "Motu

Proprio" of Pius X. on Modernism. Regarding the "Temporal Power," he holds that it could not be relinquished without a violation of the prerogatives of Papal Infallibility as defined by the Vatican Council. The author's purpose evidently is to counteract the tendency to minimize Catholic doctrine at the present time and to combat the tendency to Modernism.

It is a really learned work, hardly suited for the classroom, but of unquestionable value for reference.

THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF THE LADY SAINT CLARE. Translated from the French version (1563) of Brother Francis du Puis. By *Mrs. Reginald Balfour.* With an Introduction by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., and twenty-four illustrations. Crown 8vo., $1.25, net. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is the English translation of a quaint sixteenth century French version of Thomas of Celano's legend of St. Clare of Assisi —the companion and friend of St. Francis and the foundress of the Second Order of Franciscans, or the Poor Clares, as they are now called. Father Cuthbert's introduction deals with the personality of St. Clare and how she preserved the spirit of "holy poverty" in her rule. Four letters of St. Clare to Blessed Agnes of Bohemia are included in the volume—also those passages in the "Fioretti" and the "Speculum Perfectionis" which tell of the relations between St. Francis and St. Clare.

The book contains twenty-four illustrations, including a series of engravings by Andreas Collaert of the same date as the French translation, and a drawing by Benozzo Gazzoli of St. Francis receiving St. Clare into his order.

THE HOLY BIBLE. Translated from the Latin Vulgate. 12mo. New York: C. Wildermann Company.

A very attractive edition of the Bible, with annotations, references, historical and chronological index and maps and illustrations. The pictures are unusually good, being reproduced from photographs by Underwood, of New York. The paper is excellent—hard and opaque, while the type is new, with open face. It is a book which can take its place next to the best in the Protestant market.

A CHILD'S RULE OF LIFE. By *Robert Hugh Benson.* With drawings by Gabriel Pippet. Quarto, pp. 25. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Quaint is the word best suited to describe Monsignor Benson's Rule of Life for children. Beginning with the duty of raising the mind and heart to God at the awakening moment in the morning and ending with the recommendation of the soul to God before

the eyes are closed in sleep at night, each duty of the day is set down in simple language and pleasing rhyme, which the author expects the child will learn and put in practice. The task is made easier for him by the pictures which Mr. Pippet has drawn and which appear at the top of each page. They show children doing what the rule requires them to do, and make the lesson clear and pleasing. The proper atmosphere is created by a border in red made up of toys and pets and nursery accessories generally, interspersed with articles of childish devotion. Quaint is the word.

BREVIOR SYNOPSIS THEOLOGIAE MORALIS ET PASTORALIS. Auctoribus *A. Tanqueray* et *E. N. Quevaster*. Small 12mo., 607 pages, half morocco, net, $1.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Index Analyticus: de ultime fine actuum humanorum, de actibus humanis, de legibus, de conscientia, de peccatis, de virtutibus in communi, de fide, de spe, de virtute caritatis, de virtute religionis, de virtutibus moralibus, de virtute justitiæ, de contractibus, de varii statuum obligationibus, de præceptis Dei et Ecclesiæ, de censuris ecclesiasticis, de Sacramentis.

A clear, precise and scientific exposition of the questions which a priest is called up to solve in the confessional or in his daily relations with the souls entrusted to his care. The authors make it a point to state in brief and terse language not only what is lawful or unlawful, but also expedient and advisable.

DE PASTORE ANIMARUM. Enchiridion Asceticum, Canonicum, ac Regiminis, iuxta Recent. SS. Pontific. Encyclic. ac SS. RR. Congr. Novissimas Leges Digestum. *Pr. A. M. Micheletti.* 8vo., pp. 708. S. Ludovici: B. Herder.

In this rather full work the author tells us that he has tried to bring together all those documents from ascetical, canonical, liturgical and theological sources which pertain to the pastoral office, together with the Sacred Scriptures, the teachings of the Fathers, the Apostolic Constitutions and the Decisions of the Congregations, to the end that the pastor of souls may the more easily perfect himself for the discharge of his duties and the more effectively labor for the salvation of souls.

The work is very complete and breathes throughout the learning and piety of its distinguished author.

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